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## THE FRENCH CLERGY AND THE WAR.

THE excellent attitude of the soldier priests of France, who, being forced by an evil law to serve in the army, cheerfully accepted and splendidly performed an uncongenial duty, has been a subject of admiration to friends and foes.

Their influence over their comrades has dispelled many prejudices and brought ignorant souls nearer to God; their ready performance of dangerous tasks and in many cases their happy initiative in moments of crises, have proved that the cloisterlike atmosphere of the French seminaries, far from stunting their mental and moral growth, made an excellent preparation for the strenuous life that is now their portion.

But the soldier priests only represent a single section of the French clergy that the war has touched; older priests, whose age debarred them from active service, have in a widely different sphere usefully served their country. There are the Bishops whose dioceses lie on the line of fire or in the regions held by the enemy, the priests whose churches have been shelled and whose parishioners have been treated as prisoners; there are also many martyred priests, all of whom deserve to be made known. Their generous self-sacrifice, if more obscure than that of the soldier priests, reflects as much honor on the Church to whom they owe their training. It proves, too, that in times of peace they were often harassed and persecuted by an anti-clerical Government, in times of intense peril and tension they naturally took their place as leaders. In some cases their moral

superiority contrasted with the unworthy attitude of the public functionaries who fled when danger was at hand; in others, on the contrary, as at Nancy, the "préfet" and the Bishop might be seen working hand in hand for the common welfare.

Even in the "départements" that lie out of reach of the German cannon the war brought the French clergy new and important duties. They had to provide for the refugees of less favored regions, for the orphans whom the war has left fatherless, for the women whose means of livelihood have failed. Another more delicate and difficult task devolved upon them: That of keeping up the courage of the *non-fighters*, who, after thirty months of war, are inclined to lose something of their spirit and energy. As a rule, we may safely say that the Bishops and priests of France met these claims with generous self-sacrifice. While at the front the soldier priests fought and died, they spent themselves at home in works of apostleship and charity.

When in August, 1914, the German armies invaded the north and east of France, several French Bishops found themselves in immediate contact with the enemy. It was, as our readers know, a moment of intense tension and deadly peril; the "miracle" of la Marne had not yet restored the confidence of the French people in their soldiers and their leaders and the seemingly irresistible German army was sweeping across Champagne and Picardy towards Paris. There was much confusion in the official world during those first weeks of the war, but be it said to their honor, the Bishops and priests kept their presence of mind and around them the terrified people naturally rallied. At Meaux, Monsignor Marbeau found himself in the space of a few hours obliged to act as the "Governor" of his episcopal city. The town was evacuated by military authority, the representatives of the Government had fled, there only remained a few hundred people, some were too poor and too infirm to leave; others thought, like the Bishop, that they must remain at their post and take the risk. The latter rallied around Monsignor Marbeau, and on September 7 a spirited proclamation, signed by them and the Bishop, informed the inhabitants of the measures of order and discipline that had been taken by those whom the desertion of the official authorities had forced to take up the reins of government. The proclamation appealed to the people's trust in God, to their patriotism and public spirit. Happily, the battle of the Marne having proved a French victory, only German scouts and patrols came to Meaux, but thousands of wounded French soldiers soon poured in, and the Bishop had to provide for their relief. He is a marvelous organizer. The trains to Paris being cut off, a priest, on a motorcycle, was sent by him to summon doctors, surgeons, nurses, who brought remedies.

Monsignor Marbeau was present everywhere; he visited the hastily organized hospitals, pressed all the valid inhabitants into the service of the wounded and, trains being wanting, he arranged that the disabled men should be removed by boat to hospitals at some distance from the line of fire and presided in person at their departure.

At Châlons sur Marne, which was occupied by the enemy on September 4, the Bishop, Monsignor Tessier, sought an interview with the Crown Prince of Saxony and, through him, he convinced the German paymaster that the city was unable to bring forward the enormous sum, 8,000,000 francs, demanded of the inhabitants. Owing to the Bishop's energetic protestations, the sum of 500,000 francs that the municipal authorities had at their disposal was accepted for the present, and the victory of the Marne happily settled the question of further payments. At Soissons, Monsignor Pechenard, when the Germans occupied the town, from September 1 to September 12, was at the head of 3,000 people only, but these much-tried inhabitants found consolation and strength in the daily meetings organized by the Bishop for their benefit. These gatherings took place in the Cathedral. They consisted in familiar talks, during which their pastor counseled and encouraged his people, telling them of the practical measures that had been taken to mitigate, as far as possible, the evil of foreign invasion.

Since then Soissons was furiously bombarded, its churches were much injured, many more people left and the Bishop was finally obliged to retire to Château Thierry, whence he governed his unfortunate diocese and assisted the famished and homeless people. "We are in want of everything," he wrote, "of money, food and clothing." The recent advance has permitted him to return to Soissons.

Even more damaged than Soissons is Reims, where, as we write these lines, the venerable Archbishop, Cardinal Luçon, is still at his post. He lives in a cellar, spends his time visiting the poor and sick and last Christmas he celebrated midnight Mass in another huge cellar, where the altar was made of empty champagne cases and the congregation consisted of refugees and soldiers. The priests of Reims, following the example of their leader, continue, under the German fire, to cling to their pastoral work, and their faithful performance of their daily duties under the circumstances has an element of heroism.

Another Bishop, Monsignor Landrieux, now Bishop of Dijon, is closely connected with Reims, where, for many years, he was "curé" of the Cathedral. It was he who, on the 19th of September, 1914, when the enemy's bombs set fire to the woodwork of the Cathedral, decided to remove the German wounded, who were lying

on straw inside the great church, but his decision was opposed by a crowd of citizens, incensed by the methodical destruction of their Cathedral. Three times Monsignor Landrieux and two other priests, the Abbés Thinot and Andrieux, forced their way into the burning building and came out carrying or leading the wounded prisoners. With quiet courage they faced the angry people outside, and by dint of perseverance accomplished their charitable task. This same young priest, the Abbé Andrieux, was taken as a hostage by the Germans when they left Reims. Hearing this, Monsignor Landrieux hurried to the "kommandatur." "You are surely mistaken," he said. "M. Andrieux is a young priest; I am the curé, and I have a right to be chosen. Our names are so much alike that you have made a mistake; let me take his place." The German chief refused to alter his arrangements, but happily, at the end of some hours, the hostages were sent back.

The Bishop of Arras, Monsignor Lobbeday, died in December, 1916, his health broken by the hardships he underwent at Arras the previous year.

Few cities in France have suffered more grievously than this ancient capital of Artois. Its picturesque "places," with their gabled houses, were a memorial of the Spaniards, who once occupied Arras, and its fine old "hotels," stately and solemn, had an aspect of solid prosperity. Now, the belfry, the town hall, the churches, the old houses, the huge Abbey of St. Wast are either much injured or totally ruined. For many months the Bishop's tall figure was seen going to and fro through the desolate streets and down to the cellars where his people had to burrow, out of reach of the enemy's shells. He was indefatigable in his endeavors to assist and encourage his flock, and, till the favorite shrine of "Notre Dame des Ardents" was damaged, used to assemble the faithful there several times a week, the bell that called them to church mingling its sounds to those of the cannon that never ceased day and night.

He occasionally left Arras to preside at ceremonies along the firing line; once in a church filled to overflowing the whizzing and then the explosion of a big shell might have produced a panic if the Bishop's presence of mind had not controlled the crowd. Standing well upright in the pulpit he first gave his blessing to the people, then he explained that the women and children were to go out before the men and that the officers present would direct the manœuvres. These were successfully carried out to the sound of a spirited "cantique," that kept the people employed while they obediently trooped out, according to the Bishop's orders. Needless to say that he left the pulpit only when every one was gone. Another time his clergy came, as they used to do in more peaceful days, to wish him

a happy "fête." Monsignor Lobbeday cheerfully received their greetings, but a big shell falling on a neighboring lilac bush scattered the flowery petals far and wide and somewhat disturbed the visitors. A worthy canon, however, considered the matter as a joke. "It is," he said, "the Kaiser's bouquet."

After a year of hard life, during which he lived like the rest in a cellar, the Bishop became convinced that the government of his diocese could not be duly carried out from Arras, where his priests only had access to their chief pastor at great risk and with many difficulties. He was persuaded in the course of 1915 to take up his residence at Boulogne sur Mer, whence he could freely communicate with all his priests, except of course with those who are still detained in the villages held by the enemy.

At first the Bishop spoke hopefully of the happy day when he would return to his beloved Arras and assist his people to rebuild their ruined city. Then by degrees he seemed to understand and to accept that another should fulfill the task he had hoped to assume. His magnificent constitution had been sorely tried by months of privation and anxiety, and in December, 1916, he died, almost suddenly, after having ordained two new priests in his private chapel the same morning.

The Bishop of Nancy, Monsignor Turinaz, has seen a large portion of his diocese taken possession of by the enemy; thirty-four of his priests have been removed to Germany and four have since died there; eleven are officially reported as having been shot by the enemy in the first year of the war; the fate of others is still veiled in mystery. The old Bishop bears up vigorously under these trials and remains at Nancy; the Germans occasionally bombard the town. The prefect, M. Mirneau, is a patriotic and able public servant, and although they differ on religious questions, he and the Bishop work hand in hand to encourage and support the much-tried people.

Another Bishop, who is the coadjutor and future successor of Monsignor Turinaz, was in August, 1914, on account of his age, called upon to serve in the army and as military chaplain has since then won golden opinions from the troops, who value his quiet courage and absolute devotedness. Monsignor Charles Ruch was given the Legion of Honor some months ago; the *Journal Officiel* explains the motives of this distinction when it informs us that the coadjutor of Nancy, in spite of his episcopal dignity, sought no privileges and by his devotion to the wounded, his presence of mind and admirable courage won the respect and affection of the men. "Among them," adds the paper, "he is the living representative of religious faith and ardent patriotism."

Another Bishop has lately been summoned to take his place at the front. Monsignor de Llobet, Bishop of Gap, is a comparatively young man and, as such, was touched by the military law. He had only been stationed at Gap a few months when the summons came, and his activity and zeal had already won the esteem of the people of this mountainous diocese, one of the poorest in France. Many of its villages were accessible only on foot, and when Monsignor de Llobet, alert and active, appeared among them the people's joy knew no bounds. The Bishop hastens, whenever he has a few days' leave, to return to Gap, where his absence is sorely felt. At the front he is deservedly popular; he is a fluent speaker, and those who have heard him address the soldiers realize that he possesses the rare gift of clothing sublime truths in simple words; without taking away anything of their sublimity, he makes them accessible to his audience.

At the Gold Coast another Bishop, Monsignor Mourey, is doing military service in his own diocese, and, quite lately, at the front, a soldier-priest, Monsignor de la Bonninière de Beaumont, was informed in the trenches of his appointment as coadjutor of the Colonial Bishop of St. Denis de la Réunion, a post that he will only join when the end of the war makes him a free man.

Two other prelates, an Archbishop and a Bishop, are separated from the rest of France by a wall of fire, across which we sometimes gather news of their attitude in circumstances of exceptional gravity. The venerable Archbishop of Cambrai, Monsignor Chollet, and the Bishop of Lille, Monsignor Charost, have, we know, repeatedly stood between their unfortunate flock and their German masters. They have, alas, been powerless to prevent many evils, but they have never ceased to intercede, protest and remonstrate; the people know that their watchfulness and devotion are to be depended upon, and instinctively these oppressed and suffering citizens turn to them for support. We shall know more when the northern provinces are freed, but in the meantime we may rejoice that here, as elsewhere, the Church is worthily represented.

In a humbler sphere many French parish priests, like the Bishops, proved themselves the best friends of their people at the time of the enemy's advance towards Paris in the autumn of 1914.

At the little town of Nanteuil le Handrin, not far from Compiègne, the "curé," Abbé Hanson, went to meet the invaders; he explained, interpreted, expostulated to such good purpose that no houses were burnt and no atrocities were committed. His attitude, at once calm and fearless, won from the German colonel words of praise. "Mon-sieur le curé," said the officer, who, after having been fierce and threatening, had quieted down, "you are a brave man."

At Senlis, in the same district, the German troops arrived on September 2. They found the Mayor and the "curé" of the Cathedral both at their post. The former was summarily shot because the rear guard of the retreating French army attacked the first German soldiers who entered the city. The "curé" was informed that the Cathedral would be burnt because shots had been fired from the steeple upon the German troops. He knew that the report was false and he immediately sought the general in command. "I give you my word as a priest," he said, "that there is but one key that opens the door leading to the steeple; that key has never left my pocket. I am quite ready to prove that what I say is strictly true and will conduct you to the steeple if you choose to ascertain that my statement is correct." In the end the old priest's exertions were rewarded and the Cathedral he loves was saved.

At Achouvilliers, in the Somme, the "curé," who was over eighty, clung to the church that he had served for forty years. His parishioners had fled, but he found plenty to occupy him in ministering to the wants, spiritual and material, of the French soldiers who perpetually passed through the place; he encouraged the living, buried the dead and tried, with trembling hands, to repair the damage done to his church. At last stringent orders came from the French military authorities that Achouvilliers must be evacuated. The old priest had to submit, and as the motor car, placed at his disposal, was leaving Achouvilliers a German shell crashed upon the church and destroyed the steeple. At Guerbigny another parish priest remained alone to help, counsel and support a little group of people, the only ones left in the village.

At Vitry le Francois, whence the Government officials promptly fled, the "doyen," the Abbé Nottin, faced the invaders. He is a learned and popular priest, whose excellent attitude was of untold assistance to the terror-stricken people. At Péronne and at Roye, towns in "la Somme," that have now been taken possession of by the French troops, two abbés named Carou, uncle and nephew, distinguished themselves in the autumn of 1914 by their helpfulness and charity. The "doyen" of Mouzon, close to the frontier of Belgium, had more tragic experiences about the same time. He was seized by the Germans and made to walk at their head against the French, in hopes that the latter, seeing a priest, would not use their arms. The "doyen" was an ardent patriot, extremely charitable; he happily survived the ordeal.

The "curé" of Maing, the Abbé Delebecque, was less fortunate; he had been professor in an ecclesiastical college in the Diocese of Cambrai before being named "curé" of the village of Maing. Quite early in the war he was cycling back to his parish, after attending

a funeral Mass at Dunkerque for his father. He had consented to take charge of letters written by some French soldiers to their families who, living in the districts that were held by the enemy, had no news of their fighting men. The abbé was arrested, searched and the letters were found. Correspondence between the captive provinces and the rest of France being prohibited, he was tried and condemned to death. He was, however, permitted to spend the night in prayer in the Church of St. Nicolas at Valenciennes, and having received Holy Communion the next morning, was led on foot to the place of execution. He recited the prayers for the dying as he walked along in the chill morning twilight, attended by a German Catholic priest. On arriving he gave the officer in command a letter for his mother and repeated that he willingly offered his life for the salvation of France. A few minutes later he fell under the enemy's bullets, and was buried on the spot. The superior of the College of Notre Dame succeeded a little later, owing to the intervention of the German chaplain, in removing this good priest's body to bury it in consecrated ground.

In September, 1914, the Abbé Delebecque was the seventh priest shot by the enemy in the single Diocese of Cambrai. About the same time as the Abbé Delebecque was executed at Valenciennes, a Jesuit, Father Veron, who was acting as military chaplain, fell into the hands of the German army that was marching toward Paris, in September, 1914. He was made to follow the troops and had to carry the men's provisions. On the 7th of September he fell down from sheer exhaustion and, although kicked and beaten to make him rise, was unable to stir. A secular priest, who was also a prisoner, succeeded at last in removing him to a wayside cottage, where, at daybreak on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, he died. His companion finally made his escape, and he reported how Father Veron, during his days of martyrdom, prayed incessantly and to the end remained patient, gentle and forgiving.

A civilian, M. Arnould, who has since returned to France, tells a somewhat similar tale. The story is a horrible one, but its truth is vouched for by many witnesses; its hero is an old man of seventy, the "curé" of Sompuis. When in September, 1914, the Germans invaded Champagne, they passed through Sompuis, near Chalons sur Marne, arrested the "curé" and his old servant and obliged them to walk as far as Sedan. Other inhabitants, who were prisoners like themselves, made up the party, but the latter state that the old priest was selected as a victim and intentionally maltreated by the soldiers and that their efforts to interfere on his behalf proved vain. The "curé" was made to walk with naked feet, was kicked, beaten, trampled under foot, flogged with a horsewhip

until he died on reaching Sedan of the injuries he had received on the way. His old servant was also brutally maltreated and is now in Switzerland, the inmate of a madhouse.

It would be unfair to generalize the hardships that many French priests underwent at the hands of the enemy during the first six months of the war; but there are numerous cases where the "curés" were, on account of their priesthood, treated with peculiar cruelty; this is a fact that is abundantly proved by trustworthy testimonies, that will one day be made public. The temper of the German soldiers depends largely on the attitude of their officers, whom they are taught to obey blindly. Their iron discipline is one of the great secrets of their power, but it often tends to obliterate the sense of right and wrong and to stifle the voice of conscience.

We must add in justice that the "atrocities" committed in France in the autumn of 1914 are less frequent in 1917, though the recent "deportations" of the inhabitants of the captive towns of Northern France prove that methods of terror still hold good among our adversaries. These deportations have, as our readers know, prompted the generous interference of Benedict XV.

All the priests of France are not militarized; those who remain at their ecclesiastical post are generally old men, among whom the "curés" of the devastated districts of the line of fire deserve a special mention.

In the "zone of the armies," as the regions nearest the firing line are called, are over twenty-three hundred churches partly or wholly damaged by the enemy's artillery, and in many cases a priest watches over the ruins and keeps up habits of prayer among the few people who with curious tenacity cling to what was their home.

A work has been founded for the object of assisting these ruined churches; it is encouraged by the French Bishops, and it numbers throughout the country thousands of active workers who have undertaken to supply the stricken homes of prayer with linen, vestments and church furniture. The priests who cling to these devastated districts occasionally write to the "œuvre," either to state their wants or to thank their benefactors for the assistance extended to them, and their letters, better than any description, convey an idea of the difficulties with which they are grappling. "It rains in my church like on the high road," says one. Another writes from the Vosges: "My roof is shattered, my sacristy emptied, all my church furniture, benches, altars, statues, baptismal font, are in bits, my stained windows are smashed to atoms." A third says more laconically: "I am in want of everything, for I have lost everything."

Other letters describe the delight of these priests who, camping among the ruins, receive all that is necessary to say Mass; one ex-

presses his gratitude and tells how his little choir boys and parishioners, after helping him to unpack the precious gifts, join in thanking the generous benefactors to whom they are due. The same words come back in almost all these letters: "Your generosity will permit me to reëstablish religious worship in this poor place." The words are simple enough, but they convey to us the thought that dominates these faithful priests, whose efforts tend to keep alive the flame of prayer.

One of the most sorely tried was the "curé" of la Croix au Bac, in Flanders, whose handsome new church was burnt by the enemy on the night of October 15, 1914. The "curé" was able to save the Blessed Sacrament and a few vestments; all the rest perished. This devoted priest managed to build up a temporary refuge, where he says Mass for the present. Another Flemish village, Nieppe, has a parish priest whose tenacious courage is admirable. His church was destroyed by the shells last August; the following Sunday he said Mass in an open field; then he collected a few planks and built a shed, where he gathered his flock. In another temporary barrack he collected a quantity of French and Belgian little girls and persuaded some secularized nuns to take charge of these little ones. M. Henry Cochin writes of this brave priest: "He is calm, full of holy joy, he encourages every one and preaches confidence, victory, faith and prayer."

At Houplines, close to Armentieres, within reach of the German cannon, the two parish priests were killed. Nevertheless, Mass is still celebrated among the ruins of Houplines for the benefit of the civilians and soldiers who live in the half-destroyed town.

At St. Remy, in the heart of the forest of Charmes, in Lorraine, the "curé" raised an altar and put a few benches in a big cavern, half of which serves as a stable for the soldiers' horses.

In other villages of Lorraine where the church is destroyed the "curés" say Mass in their presbytery. Another parish priest writes from the village of Magnieres, in Lorraine, to M. Maurice Barres, the Academician and Deputy: "I took advantage of the good will shown by the Prefect when, after the invasion, he thanked me for having remained with my parishioners under the bombs. As soon as my wounds were healed I asked him to let me use the village school-room, which, in the absence of the schoolmaster, was of no use, and it is there that I have said Mass during the last year." Another parish priest at Loisy, close to Pont a Mousson, writes that his church has no choir left, but, nothing daunted, this energetic pastor has parted off from the ruins the portion of the church that remains and mended the windows. "I have so far had nothing to say," he

adds; "the soldiers worked for me for nothing; after the war I will pay for the planks."

The following letter also comes from Lorraine. The "curé" of Bernecourt, whose church was roofless, writes: "A commander, whose three sons have been killed and whose generous piety is fired by his sorrow, has enabled me to give my church a temporary roof."

The zeal and perseverance of these humble priests is indeed worthy of admiration. The Bishop of Chalons tells us the story of one whose attitude exemplifies the spirit that fills them all. A few days only after the battle of the Marne he visited a village where the church and most of the houses were destroyed. He found the "curé" busily employed in repairing the damage done to his church and house. The cannon was still active, but the good priest, around whom had gathered a few volunteers, was too much in earnest to mind, and his work absorbed all his thoughts. To give their people a spiritual home, however humble, to guard them against the evils that develop more rapidly in centres where the Sacramental Presence of Our Lord is absent, such is the stimulant that urges the priests whose parishes lie on the firing line to superhuman efforts.

But all the priests in France are not serving God in the army, on the frontier or in the provinces that are still held by the enemy; yet every one of them has a patriotic duty to perform, and upon each one weighs, more or less heavily, the weight of the war.

An excellent little tract, written by a learned priest belonging to the Diocese of Paris,\* has clearly and forcibly drawn attention to the part played by members of the clergy whose functions lie in the towns that have escaped the trial of foreign invasion. If these priests were not, like many of their brethren, touched by the tragedies of the war, they were none the less called upon to use their influence to mitigate its evils. A German general at the beginning of the conflict condemned a frontier priest to be executed "because he was the soul of resistance in his parish," although it was proved that he never fired a shot. Hundreds of ecclesiastics throughout France deserve the same praise; they have been "the soul of resistance" by their unceasing endeavor to strengthen, elevate and brace the spirit of the nation to meet the hardships that are the consequence of the prolonged ordeal.

While the Bishops at the front faced the enemy and endeavored to protect their people, those of the less dangerous regions devoted themselves to assisting the widows, orphans and refugees of the war. Monsignor Gibier, at Versailles, and Monsignor Riviere, at Perigueny, founded works for their assistance. At Guimper, in a

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\* "Le clergé et les œuvres de guerre," par T. B. Eriau, Bloud et Gay; Paris, 1917.

poor district of Brittany, an association founded by the Bishop, Monsignor Gourand, was able at the end of six months to assist more than two hundred and fifty orphans. At Grenoble, Monsignor Maurin, who has since been made Archbishop of Lyons, employed hundreds of women who were thrown out of work by the war to make clothes for the soldiers and let them work in the large "salon" of his house. The Bishops have been no less kind and helpful towards the destitute refugees from the invaded "departements," who, since the month of August, 1914, have been living far from homes that the enemy has occupied.

The vicar general of Verdun, Monsignor Henry, is indefatigable in the mission he has assumed with regard to the refugees from Meurthe et Moselle; he visits them in the different towns where they have settled, collects money to assist them and keeps in touch with them by his helpful sympathy. At Limoges, the Bishop, Monsignor Guibbiets, is a native of Arras and was once professor at Lille, hence the particular sympathy with which he made the refugees from the Pas de Calais welcome. He received them, we are told, "as though they were his children," gave them help, found work for some and even created a weekly paper to serve as a link between these scattered people. The Catholics of Limoges, stimulated by their charitable and popular Bishop, have distinguished themselves by their active and generous kindness, not only towards the refugees, but also toward the soldiers at the front. Between October 15, 1914, and October 15, 1915, they sent to the front 20,529 pairs of socks, 4,000 tubes of iodine, besides large quantities of groceries, provisions and clothing. The Dioceses of Orleans and Versailles, at the suggestion of their Bishops, proved themselves equally generous.

It is fair also to notice with what free-handed patriotism the Bishops of France put their seminaries and colleges at the disposal of the Red Cross Societies for the use of the wounded. Some of these buildings were, of course, requisitioned, but in the Diocese of Orleans thirty-three out of one hundred and sixty buildings belonging to the Catholics were spontaneously offered by the Bishop. The great Diocese of Lyons put ninety buildings at the disposal of the wounded, making a sum total of 5,534 beds.

It is safe to state that throughout France the Bishops have taken the lead of all the associations and works started in favor of the refugees, widows and orphans of the war. In certain dioceses, at Versailles and Guimper, for instance, where the marked personality of the Bishops powerfully influences their flock, their action is perhaps more marked, but it exists everywhere in a more or less degree. The Bishops at the front had a more perilous task to fulfill when

they stood between their flock and the invading foe, but if the task of their brethren is less heroic, it needs a long and persevering effort that has its distinct value. After thirty months' war the money of the Catholics of France has been drained by many claims and the strain put upon their courage has been submitted to a severe test; if their generosity and their spirit have proved equal to the occasion, it is owing in great measure to their spiritual leaders' excellent attitude.

In another circumstance the French priests proved their patriotism, and some members of the Government, anti-clerical though it remains, publicly recognized their generous and efficient support.

To face the huge expenses caused by the war the French Government appealed to the people; it demanded, first, that they should subscribe to the war loan; second, that they should bring their gold and exchange it for paper money, to save the heavy loss that is the consequence of the payment in paper of the foodstuffs, munitions, etc., bought from the neutrals. The Government appeal was immediately backed up by Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, in the name of the Bishops of France. He explained for the enlightenment of the ignorant the use of the official appeal and added strong words of encouragement. "It is the duty of the Catholics," he said, "to bring their assistance to the country," and he begged them to respond as largely as they were able to the war loans started by the Government.

The French Bishops, following his lead, repeated the same injunctions in their pastoral letters, and the parish priests were advised to explain and comment their instructions to their flock.

When we remember that a few years ago the French Bishops were banished by the Government from their episcopal palaces, that were most unjustly confiscated at the same time as all ecclesiastical property throughout the country, we cannot but be satisfied with the indirect homage now paid to the clergy of France by their spoilers and persecutors. The assistance so generously extended by the priests to the campaign started by the Government in a patriotic spirit drew warm expressions of gratitude from M. Ribot, the Minister of Finances, who publicly recognized that the influence of the Bishops and priests had contributed to make the loan a success. Monsignor Marbeau, the Bishop of Meaux, who in tragic circumstances rendered signal service to his country, recommended the national loan and the bringing in of gold in terms that deserve to be quoted. He emphasizes the support given to the Government by the clergy, "on whom one can always rely to give an example of sacred union . . . and who strive by all means and at the cost of any sacrifice to secure the triumph of our dear France."

It is consoling to notice with what childlike confidence the people in many districts followed the lead of their priests. In spite of its *official* Godlessness, rural France generally believes in the disinterestedness and devotedness of its priests. In some places three-quarters of the gold handed over to the banks came through the clergy; the Bishop of Grenoble brought 150,000 francs in gold that had been given to him personally, and in the Diocese of Versailles the Bishop publicly announced that at the end of three months 800,000 francs of gold had been collected by his priests. In September, 1916, the single Diocese of Paris, through its parish priests and Catholic schools, had made over to the Bank of France over five million francs' worth of gold.

One case in point proves that even the skeptical and revolutionary Paris workman occasionally accepts the direction of his "curé" in matters patriotic. A most popular parish priest is the "curé" of St. Jean l'Evangeliste, at Montmartre; he is well known as a writer and keeps closely in touch with the artists, workmen and clerks that make up his big and hard-working parish. With his usual "verve" he touched on the question of the war, and his people, who are generally poor, promptly put more than 300,000 francs of gold into his hands to be taken to the bank and exchanged for paper money.

The Prefect of the Rhone, many directors of the Bank of France throughout the country and M. Ribot in the Chamber on November 9, 1916, rendered loyal testimony to the hearty manner in which the Bishops and priests of France had assisted the Government at a difficult crisis; they thus implicitly recognized the extent of the clergy's influence in spite of all that had been done to destroy it, and explicitly acknowledged that the said influence is exercised with the sole view of benefiting the country.

In another branch of the national service the clergy of France have from the beginning of the war efficiently served the country. There is no doubt that a strong feeling existed among the neutral, and even among some allied nations, against anti-clerical France and its Government, whose attitude in religious matters has often been singularly unpolitic as well as unjust.

To destroy these prejudices and to prove that France has different and better aspects than those that are most commonly attributed to her it was necessary to carry on an enlightened campaign among allied and neutral nations. Many associations and committees have been founded for the purpose; they are doing useful work and have enlisted warm sympathies in favor of France, but, writing on the "French clergy and the war," we here are dealing only with the associations that have a religious tendency and that are, more or

less, under ecclesiastical control. The committees conducted by laymen have won the interest of neutrals by advocating the generosity, self-sacrifice and heroism of fighting France; the committee of which we here speak draws the line between *official* France, that has many acts of persecution to account for, and the real soul of the nation, as it stands revealed by a tremendous ordeal. It is called the "Comité Catholique de Propagande" and is directed by the eminent rector of the Catholic University of Paris, Monsignor Baudrillart. Among its active members are Academicians, journalists, Deputies, lawyers, generals, all of whom are men of culture, high character and social importance. This committee, that has in its composition a happy blending of lay and ecclesiastical members, has published an important work in two volumes: "Catholicism and the German War." The book has been translated into six languages, and over 75,000 copies have been bought or given away. Besides these learned works, that are signed by well-known writers, the committee has edited a number of popular tracts that touch on the war. Four millions of these have been distributed in France and abroad, and even at a moderate estimate we may believe that they have been read by ten million readers, whose judgment may have been considerably modified in consequence.

Spoken words are often more convincing than books, although the influence of the latter is generally considered as more far reaching and durable, but a lecture suggests questions and invites explanations. Lecturers, selected by Monsignor Baudrillart's committee, have been sent to Switzerland, Italy, the United States and South America, where they have explained from the standpoint of truth and justice the origin and methods of the present war. Spain, where prejudices against France are strong and are generally combined with devotion to the Church, was visited by Monsignor Baudrillart in person. His historical studies that were pursued in Spain and his important work on Philip V., its first Bourbon sovereign, gave him a unique position among the more cultured Spaniards. His visit was a distinct success. He is a clear and forcible speaker; the consideration that he enjoys at home and abroad gave weight to his words, and his lectures in Madrid and in the provinces gained many friends to the cause of the Allies. He was able, from his personal experience, to tell them of the difference that exists between official France, sectarian and unbelieving, and the real soul of France, with its hereditary traditions of faith and generosity, that a supreme trial has fanned into flame.

The good work that is done by the committee, of which Monsignor Baudrillart is the moving spirit, is recognized by the Government's agents abroad, who consider that among the different com-

mittees of propaganda the one that he directs holds the foremost place. It is a costly work, and the mere fact that the clergy and Catholics of France have been able so far to face the heavy expenses that it entails proves once more their generous patriotism.

It is easier to measure the sacrifices that are demanded by a work of propaganda than to give an exact account of its immediate results. These are evidently satisfactory so far, but it requires considerable time to make a lasting impression on minds that have been colored by the tremendous propaganda carried on by Germany. A notable Spaniard writes to a member of the Catholic committee: "Your propaganda is doing immense good here at Tolosa;" another that its effects are "formidable;" a third that the booklets and tracts are read with increasing satisfaction. The same happy results are obtained in South America; a correspondent writes from Santiago that the ideas promoted by the Catholic committee are slowly but surely making their way. The same note is struck by friends in Chile, Argentina and Ecuador, where the Germans at the beginning of the war completely controlled public opinion.

Curiously enough, there is a close connection between a military success at home and an increase of popularity abroad; in this respect the resistance of Verdun and the German repulse at Paris and Douaumont were an efficacious argument, especially with certain neutrals. "The more well armed, brave and successful we seem the more inclined are the neutrals to believe that our cause is just," says the booklet I have already quoted. Moral arguments may influence cultured and thoughtful minds; success is, alas, a more powerful argument with the masses.

From the facts that we have quoted the friends of France may rest assured that in presence of an ordeal the magnitude of which it is difficult to exaggerate, her clergy has proved itself worthy of its calling.

The Bishops and priests on the line of fire, the clergy of the districts held by the enemy, those who in the centre west and south are safe from invasion, have, according to the duty that lay before them, worked heart and soul for God and their neighbor. The tasks that they assumed varied according to the necessities that surrounded them, but all demanded self-sacrifice and perseverance; the humblest task in these days of difficulty and tension required an effort that in times of peace is unknown.

That the war presses heavily upon the French clergy is undeniable. The empty places of the ecclesiastics at the front have to be filled somehow; old priests retired from active work and religious of different orders have come to the assistance of the harassed and over-wrought parish priests, who can no longer carry on the many

works that depend upon them, but in spite of the self-devotion of these volunteers much is left undone, and it cannot be otherwise.

In the country one priest now serves several parishes; his strength is often severely tried by the exertion, and necessarily the spiritual interests of his flock somewhat suffer. In certain places the overworked "curé," whose time is divided between villages that sometimes lie far apart, is efficiently assisted by a parishioner. We know a parish district near Paris where the lady of the manor read the prayers, taught the children their catechism not only in her own parish church, but in other churches that were left without a pastor. In the plains of "la Beauce," under the shadow of Chartres' glorious Cathedral, several villages are served by an old priest. In one of these centres, where he says Mass every Sunday, but cannot return in the day, a peasant woman assembles the people in the evening, recites the rosary and leads the singing. By her faithful devotion to this apostolic task she keeps alive the flame of faith and preserves among the villagers habits of prayer. It was my good fortune to be present at one of these services on a certain Pentecost Sunday; in a close-fitting Beauce "coiffe," this good Christian reassembled the prayerful women that the old Flemish painters loved to take as their models; around her were grouped the old men, women and children that are now the only inhabitants of the villages of France.

Cases like this one are not rare, but however deep and devoted is the zeal that endeavors to supply the place of the missing priest, his absence entails much suffering and many evils.

When the war is ended other difficulties will arise; the deaths of the soldier priests on the field of battle have left blanks that it will take years to fill. Here, as in all the painful problems suggested by the war, we must turn to the great truths that, like eternal stand posts and beacons, loom through the darkness that surrounds us; we must believe that good may come out of evil and God's beneficial purposes be worked out through pain, loss and even through apparent failure.

The Catholics of America, bound to France by the ties of brotherhood that link the sons of a common mother, will surely rejoice to know that, encompassed by many difficulties, the French priests have lived up to their ideal and have powerfully contributed to elevate, sustain and encourage their much-tried countrymen under an ordeal that is not yet at an end.

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## THE QUADRICENTENARY OF THE SO-CALLED REFORMATION AND THE DAWN OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THE Lutheran denomination in the United States is celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the nailing to the door of the castle church at Wittenberg of the ninety-five theses by Martin Luther on October 31, 1517, which marked the beginning of the so-called Reformation.

If Martin Luther is to be accorded the poor distinction of being the parent of Protestantism, his children know not what he wrought. For they are celebrating the birth of a schism some four hundred years old, which is but a short space of time in God's reckoning and in the annals of the Roman Catholic Church.

Europe, still in the throes of war and largely embittered against the land of Luther, seems to be turning a deaf ear to the jubilee event. There are too many stepsons of the schism crying aloud that Christianity has failed, and to what extent it has fallen short of its progressive mission among civilized peoples we must point to the undying work of heresy of the apostate monk of Germany.

Those lofty souls who are occupied with the thought of reëstablishing in the Christian world the peace and good will of the angels who heralded the birth of the real founder of the Christian religion are not occupied with Luther's tenets of revolt. Some may even recall the wars that followed in the wake of Luther's work of revolution. The world has not heard of any special effort put forth by the Lutheran Church for the bringing about of peace. The world has, however, turned its eyes to the Holy See and the Father of Christendom, Benedict XV., because from him proceeded the clarion call which the world, it is hoped, will at last heed.

Prior to the present European war a would-be prophet of the pulpit in Germany thought he foresaw the complete conversion of the world to Protestantism, presumably to be brought about by the conquest of the German arms. What Catholic Germany might think of such a possible outcome of the war and the millions of Catholics in other war-ridden lands never perturbed the mind of this Salesian pastor. One would think that by this time the lesson had been thoroughly learned that the Catholic religion is here to stay and for all times.

Speaking from his pulpit on July 26, 1914, four days before the war, this preacher referred to thus addressed the members of his congregation: "War or peace? We will know it to-morrow. But what we know to-day already is this, that this war will be the final

spiritual struggle of German Protestantism against Slavic and Roman Catholicism. Luther and his people will triumph." It has also been stated that a preacher of the Prussian Court, Wilhelm Hoffman, has foretold the conquest of the whole of Europe, Turkey included, by the gospel of Luther. It has been pointed out by the historian Goyau that it is proposed that the same German-Lutheran god, proclaimed in 1871, be again raised upon his Teutonic throne, notwithstanding, of course, the sharp protests by the French and Anglo-Saxon Protestants. And with Goyau we ask, "Where is the voice of the Catholic Centre?" But we cannot believe that the spirit of Windthorst is dead, and the voice of religious freedom will be heard in due time raised in protest against anything like Protestant intolerance. There are too many signs that the day of such intolerance is passing rapidly away. Failure is branded on the brow of Protestantism, which is fast drifting towards religious Nihilism. A better understanding of Roman Catholicism, its power and prestige and influence, is more apt to result after the inauguration of a new era of peace among the nations, the complexion of which will be changed religiously as well as politically.

Let us now come to consider the Reformation, so-called—what Luther was and what he taught and what we may expect in the way of a renascent religious unity.

It is not difficult to concede that revolution and reformation are not synonymous terms; wherefore, the movement of the sixteenth century led by Martin Luther and commonly referred to as the Reformation was nothing short of a revolt against the Mother Church, established and founded by Christ Himself.

To reform does not mean to revolt. To reform by revolting is to break away from that which stands in need of reform and establishing in its stead a new order of things in an entirely new institution. This may be done to advantage in civil and political life, for as constituted authority in a governing body or governing head in any form of government gets its sanction from the consent of the people, so that people may form a new constituted authority by virtue of majority rule and by their own consent. But to revolt against divine authority or to overthrow a Church's government that was founded by Christ was to establish a new organization without the sanction of the Divine Head through His vicar on earth, which is anathema. Hence, too, the schismatic condition of the Protestant Church.

The peculiar position in which the Protestant Church finds itself, viz., a division into sects of various and often contradictory tenets, cannot help result in unrest and that natural desire for unity, to get back to what the Church once was and was meant to be by

Christ, who promised her oneness and indivisibility. His promise will be kept, and the Mother Church has remained despite the Reformation. The unity our separated Christian brethren are craving for will never be realized until the truth is driven home that they must go back to the true fold of Christ, from which they have strayed so long and so unwisely. When that day dawns they will raise statues to such true reformers as Loyola and Borromeo and turn Luther's face to the wall for the fanatical, mystical dreamer that he was.

To know Luther, what he was and what he wrought is to know his pernicious legacy to mankind, that is to say, that portion of mankind which has come directly or indirectly under his influence. There is a vast portion of the Christian world which not only deplores the doctrines of the monk of Wittenberg, but rejects his legacy of revolt against the religion of their fathers and only shares it in the sense that it must live surrounded by its erroneous influence and keep from stagnating in its atmosphere. It is a legacy which leaves the inconvenience of rejecting the participation in the supposed advantages it would offer and positive refusal to accept it as a legacy at all. The Catholic mind is consistent in holding aloof from accepting what it tenders, because it realizes that it is on the other side of a schism some four hundred years old and is in a position to trace erroneous philosophy and theology to its source—the apostate doctrines of Martin Luther.

An old German proverb tells us that an apple falls not far from its stem. The fact that Luther was born of a stern and harsh father and mother, who once beat him for some trivial offense until the blood came, cannot be overlooked in gauging the character of Luther, which was not moulded in early youth under the most favorable conditions and influences. It is not surprising, then, to learn that—as a novice—Luther was beset with feelings of despair regarding his salvation and tortured his soul day and night with the thought that his sins had not been forgiven. He was urged to hope; but this hope he translated into faith, and so the idea of justification by faith alone took possession of him. That man's justification was also due to good works did not impress him. Yet the Scriptures, by which Luther so exclusively stood, but dared to change to suit his doctrines, make it plain that the soul shall be finally judged by whether we have fed the hungry, given drink to the thirsty, clothed the naked and so on; in a word, by our good deeds of charity and brotherly love during our pilgrimage upon earth.

Without a real religious vocation and proper piety and virtue, Luther was never true to the spirit and ideal of the Church. He despaired of himself and feared God rather than loved Him. He

was too easily scandalized, and with his scholastic training he failed to make that distinction which would have saved a learned and able man to the Church, namely, that in its doctrines and ideals the Church was true and that to break away from her was heretical, but to reform her abuses from within was consistent and logical.

Intellectually stubborn, he acknowledged his own violence of character and often said: "I keep three savage dogs, Ingratitude, Pride and Envy; he whom they bite is well bitten." He defiantly determined to use his reasoning powers to excuse his actions and his erroneous opinions, and so interpreted the Scriptures to mean what he would have them mean and gave a new interpretation to the religion of Jesus Christ.

Moreover, in following out his lines of reform, so-called, Luther was influenced by concupiscence, which is too sadly evident from the story of his life. Once he decided to disregard his priestly vows, he chafed under the restraint of celibacy. His spiritual pride was his real misfortune and his succumbing to his own concupiscence weakened his will. His "subsequent breach of his vows and his marriage with a former nun was a sacrilege, which to Catholic eyes showed plainly how he who begins in the spirit of pride, even though his purposes be good, may end in the flesh."

A study of Luther's "Table Talk" reveals the fact that he was unblushingly lewd in his conversation. He speaks freely of such things as St. Paul has admonished should not be mentioned among Christians. His attitude in this respect was consistent with his doctrine that man could not do otherwise than sin, as he exhorts "to sin boldly and to believe more boldly." Thus he gave free reign to man to do as he pleases and renders vain Christ's sacrifice on the Cross. The evident contradiction of such an abhorrent doctrine lies in his exhortation to believe and yet to act contrary to what that belief naturally inspires one to practice to assure one's salvation. The saying, which is rightly or wrongly attributed to Luther, "To be a Lutheran is to live well; but to be a Catholic is to die well," is in accordance with his doctrines. Protestants, as well as Catholics, are shocked by Luther's filth, and as for his doctrines, Lutheranism itself is a poor follower of his uninspiring and contradictory tenets.

Luther often spoke of the devil following him about. His tortured imagination and his upbraiding conscience were probably what he mistook for a visitation from the evil one. In fine, there is nothing about Luther's career as a reformer to inspire those who know what it means to turn apostate. The picture is a gloomy one at best and must fill any one with misgivings as to the sincerity of the man's mission. In all Protestantism no one has ever dared to think of Luther as a saint. Christ, the founder of the Christian

religion, was holy; Luther, the would-be reformer of that religion, was unclean. The choice is not difficult to make.

Luther's adoption of the rôle of reformer was unfortunate, for he was not the man for the task. The much felt need of reform in the Church of which he was a member and a priest became with him a matter of sentiment, particularly after his visit to Rome, where he was scandalized by the lasciviousness and luxury of a certain element among the clergy. He rashly decided that the whole fabric must be defective because of the defection of some unfaithful keepers of a trust, as if the Church could not survive even this. Between the scandalous lives led by certain monks and prelates and the stability of the Church's doctrines and its claim on Christ as its founder, notwithstanding such corruption within its fold, Luther could not draw the line of demarcation. He looked for all wheat and no chaff in an institution which, though divinely founded, yet was human in its government and so subject to the weakness of the flesh that humanity is heir to. He utterly overlooked the wheat in the shape of those who had not sinned in the manner that shocked him. And because of the chaff he found his cause sufficient for revolt against the Mother Church that had nurtured strong, holy sons and true, as well as those who refused to appreciate her tender care and guidance.

Luther himself was not strong enough to rise above the corruption of his time, but fell a prey to the influence of the Humanistic views of the Italian naturalism; he imbibed the spirit of free-thinking. The Humanists of the Renaissance, "who saw in the revival of classical paganism," as Father Grisar has put it, "the salvation of mankind," had their attraction for Luther, and he became imbued with the liberalism of the age and the new idealism and spirit of independence which was manifested about him. And so the true souls within the Church who longed for a real reformer, a man who would lead men back to a strict observance of the tenets of Holy Church, were not destined to find such a one in Martin Luther; for his was essentially not a spirit of reform, but one of revolt.

Luther's falling away from the Church was at first marked by his neglect of his religious duties, even of the duty of saying Mass, for which he had a repugnance. He frankly admitted that inward contrition for sin was something foreign, almost unknown to him. He believed in a contrition based upon love of God, but not upon fear, which the Church recognizes as salutary also, as it leads to the more perfect form of contrition. But he does lay stress on his teaching that concupiscence still exists in man and draws him toward sin, or, rather, of itself makes him a real sinner, so that no actual

turning away from sin can take place in the heart. The fact remains that the man who repents from a motive of love of God can will to persist in the state of grace because of his love of God and his positive aversion for sin, because it offends God and is an expression of hatred of God or at least a disregard of God and His commandments.

There is seen in Luther not a sudden revolt and apostasy, but a gradual undermining of the beliefs which he at first strenuously defended. "He at first regarded man as capable of resisting his evil passions; at any rate with assistance from above." "He is mistaken," says Grisar, commenting on Luther's later attitude, "not only in his common statement that man's evil inclination, even though involuntary, is sinful in God's sight, that it is in fact original sin, and that it would carry man to damnation were God not to impute to him Christ's righteousness; he also errs by unduly magnifying the power of concupiscence, as though the practice of virtue, prayer and the reception of the sacraments did not weaken it much more than he is willing to admit."

The real starting point of his erroneous teaching, according to the same source, "was his unfavorable estimate of good works and of any effort, natural or supernatural, on the part of man. He made his own the deadly error that man by his natural powers is unable to do anything but sin. To this he added that the man who by God's grace is raised to justification through divinely infused faith and trust must, it is true, perform good works, but that the latter are not to be accounted meritorious. All works avail nothing as means for arriving at righteousness and eternal salvation; faith alone effects both."

"To place our hope in anything but God, even in the merit of our good works, is to have false idols before God." This, then, is Luther's first challenge against the dogma of the Church. God regenerates us while we remain passive. And so he fell into a vague, obscure mysticism which paved the way to heresy.

A close examination of Luther's theological training reveals the fact that "he never esteemed or made any attempt to penetrate himself with the learning of Albertus Magnus, Thomas of Aquin or Bonaventure, notwithstanding the fact that in the Church their teaching, particularly that of Aquinas, already took the first place, owing to the approval of the Holy See." Thus Grisar. Scholasticism had fallen into decay, it is true, but by his neglect of the better schools Luther shut out from his mind "the elements of knowledge of true and lasting value—of which tradition embodied the work of centuries of intellectual effort on the part of some of the world's greatest minds." Rather than be guided by reason.

accordingly, he was led by his feelings and experiences to misinterpret the true doctrine of the Church. Aristotle, as Christianized by Aquinas, he decried; for Aristotle, he thought, laid too much stress upon the importance and merit of human effort and human works. Under the guise of such expressions he attacked the dogma and the laws of the Church.

Since Luther's time Germany, and largely through Germany—Protestant Germany, the Germany that Luther helped to make—the world at large has had to suffer the consequences of liberalism and erroneous philosophy, the poison of which France and other nations have begun to admit. Is it the beginning of the end? Will man at last come to realize that in trying to go further than Aquinas they have not gone as far? That in trying to improve upon the **religion of their forefathers**, who antedated Luther's pragmatism, they have corrupted the Church of Jesus Christ? And those who have not broken faith with the Mother Church, but who come under the influence of Luther's legacy, must have common sense enough to realize why Leo XIII., condemning the inroads of Higher Criticism, cautioned the churchmen to go back to St. Thomas. The legend to the effect that Our Lord appeared to the Angelic Doctor and told him he had spoken well of Him comes home to us even in this twentieth century of warring creeds and nations, in that St. Thomas has indeed spoken well of Christ, and who shall arise to speak better?

"For all acts necessary for salvation," Father Grisar points out, "true Scholasticism demanded the supernatural 'preventing' grace of God." But Luther followed Biel, who held that man is able without grace to avoid all mortal sin, keep all the commandments and love God above all things, a doctrine which the Thomists and even the Nominalists declared against. It was the true theology of the Middle Ages also and it is good Catholic doctrine to-day that a man must be inwardly justified by God before his good works can be of value for the obtaining of eternal glory.

Father Grisar further points out that from his disparagement of the merit of good works Luther passed to an admiration of self-abasement, apathy and abnegation of self. He exhorts a trustful despair of oneself and one's works. It is scarcely an exaggeration, then, to formulate this new doctrine of Luther's to mean that we are by nature sinners and must go on sinning, and since we cannot be otherwise than sinners or add to our righteousness by good works, we should be content to hope in our regeneration through Christ. A man who assumes this attitude is in much the same condition as the lukewarm Catholic who falls back into sin over and over again without succeeding in bettering himself morally,

despite the repeated confession of his faults in the tribunal of penance, as if, according to Luther, we cannot keep God's commandments. This doctrine of Luther's does away with free will in the choice of good which can please God. He expounded the terrible thesis that free will in general is dead; that when we are virtuous we sin, because we are then guilty of sinful love of self. He teaches absolute predestination to hell, and resignation to hell as the highest act of virtue. He thus became the expounder of a pessimism which was at utter variance with the theology of the Church, and he paved the way to his absolute reform of that theology which he deemed necessary.

Luther preferred to see the powers of the will depreciated and everything placed to the account of grace and divine election. Man is no mechanical toy without a free will. And the truth neither lies in regarding ourselves able to achieve victory over sin by sheer force of our will unaided by Divine Grace; nor does it lie in ourselves being passive and being moulded by grace from above without any effort on our part. To hold either of the two formulated opinions set forth is to give assent to a half truth. The truth of the matter lies in the fact that by the efforts of our own will in the direction of moral good with the help of God's grace we are to avoid sin and save our souls.

Another evidence of Luther's contradiction and inconsistency lies in his condemnation of the want in the divinity studies of his time to make use of the Holy Scriptures and the traditions of the Fathers of the Church to the extent that in its condemnation he made his battle-cry: "Scripture only, and nothing but the Scripture; away with all Scholasticism." The result was that he gave his followers the right to interpret the Scriptures to mean what they pleased, which is inconsistent with the oneness of Divine Truth and which took away from the infallibility of the teaching head of the Church the right to interpret disputed doctrine, as was and is inconsistent with the Divine intention. He rails against scholasticism—he who never knew the best of it—and yet takes sides with Occam, a schoolman whose scholasticism was of the weakest sort and whose theology was most meagre.

Next we come to a consideration of Luther's gloomy views regarding God and predestination. His were the mystical views of Quietism, namely, to be passive and resigned if one is predestined to hell. He overlooked God's goodness and inexhaustible mercy and that He wills not the death of the sinner, but that he be saved.

If a given individual were to decide that he is predestined to be saved and that, therefore, he need not concern himself about his moral conduct, and even if he dared to presume upon God's mercy by leading

a sinful life, he would be regarded as a foolhardy person. For he could feel certain that because of his evil life he was rather predestined to damnation. Accordingly, he would find more comfort, in leading as nearly as possible a blameless life, since he might thereby be consoled with the thought that on the face of the evidence in his favor he was saving his soul. The supposition either way that he is either to be saved or damned because so predestined by God and that, no matter what he does, his fate is already determined by God's knowledge of what his end is to be, is manifestly absurd. One knows that one must some day surely die. But the knowledge of the fact that one must die is not the cause of one's death.

Luther did not distinguish between temptation and actual sin, and denied that the will is free to decide to give into temptation and consent to sin or resist the temptation and not sin. He further held that it depends on the will of God whether a thing is good or bad. Scholasticism regarded virtue and vice as something real, as qualities of the soul which adhere to it inwardly and inform it; so that evil deeds and vices render a man evil and virtues render him good. By his theory of imputation, denying that vices and virtues exist in the soul, he paved a way for the doctrine of the transformation or transvaluation of all values, which forms the basis of much erroneous modern philosophy, notably, that of Nietzsche.

We now come to consider Luther's attack upon indulgences. "The indulgence preachers," he says, "must be withstood, because they are overturning the whole system of penance; not only do they set up penitential works and satisfaction as the principal thing, but they extol them, solely with a view to inducing the faithful to secure the remission of satisfaction by their rich offerings in return for indulgences. Therefore, he has been obliged, though unwillingly, to emerge from his retirement in order to defend the doctrine that it is better to make real satisfaction than merely to have it remitted by securing an indulgence."

True it is that the pandering of indulgences by unscrupulous preachers was an abuse that needed correction; yet the doctrine of indulgences was not therefore erroneous or invalidated, nor did the Church sanction the sale of indulgences. It must be remembered that Luther was not alone in his condemnation of the abuses in the manner of dispensing and preaching indulgences. Bishops had pointed them out and statesmen had protested against them. Tetzel did not altogether avoid the abuses, and later the Papal Legate, Miltitz, sharply rebuked him for his indiscretions. Here was Luther's opportunity to align himself on the side of those who would have corrected the abuse for which the Church was not responsible. But

he preferred to attack the Church and the very doctrine of indulgences in his startling theses. He obstinately refused to retract his teachings, which his condemnation of indulgences offered an excuse to expound and which were condemned as heretical. He could not humbly get on common ground with others who desired to really reform the abuse growing out of a beautiful and wholesome doctrine. He preferred to defend his opinion against all odds and so threw over the entire doctrine concerning indulgences, as if the abuse of a salutary institution sanctioned by God's Church and lawgivers rendered it worthy of wholesale condemnation. He, therefore, laid himself open to the charge that he was ready to revolt against the Church on the point of indulgences as a subterfuge for so doing, and his intentions to reform sank into the background, never to be revived or bear good fruit as far as he was concerned.

Luther's attitude regarding the binding force of the Church's teaching and the infallibility of her visible head, the Pope, remained unchanged for some time after he had assailed some of her principal beliefs, and he even insisted upon submission to that authority as incumbent on all who desired to be true Christians. He announces, "We have an authority which has been implanted in the Church, and the Roman Church has this authority in her hands." It was only after the Leipzig disputation, as Father Grisar points out, that he denied the doctrinal authority of general councils and so he became logical and consistent in his revolt, inasmuch as to assail any one belief of the Church's teaching is to undermine the entire doctrinal edifice. With him ecclesiastical authority gave way to private judgment. What the baneful influence of private judgment has been in matters of religious belief is only too well known. Witness the result in the many conflicting doctrines of Christianity, the many forms of Protestantism in its many denominations. Now and then the statement is made that Christian doctrine is essentially one. Is this the case? The supposed truth of this assertion is not borne out by the facts. For it is in the divergency of views regarding the essential doctrines that the erroneous and schismatic position of Protestantism lies. Christ's truth cannot now be this and now that. Christ could not contradict Himself, since He is Divine Truth Himself. Nor could this have been the intention of Christ. Accordingly in founding His Church as a teaching body of His truth, He had to, in the very nature of things and to be consistent, ordain that what was bound on earth should be bound in heaven and what was loosed on earth should be loosed in heaven. And so He commissioned Peter to feed His sheep and His lambs, and giving him the keys of heaven, promised that the gates of hell, the gates of error, should not prevail against His Church. To assail the doctrines of the Church is to assail the nature

and the divinity of Christ Himself, and to contradict Christ is to undermine the foundation and the essentials of Christianity—it is to attempt to undermine the rock itself upon which the Church is founded.

Luther himself said: “The Church cannot err in proclaiming the faith; only the individual within her is liable to error. But let him beware of differing from the Church; for the Church’s leaders are the walls of the Church and our fathers; they are the eye of the body, and in them we must seek the light.” And this must ever remain true, despite the fact that the Popes themselves may have been bad. For Christ has promised they shall not err in their teaching, and no Pope speaking *ex cathedra* on matters of faith and morals has ever been known to sanction corruption in certain members of the Church or to have promulgated false doctrines.

Christ’s gospel is the gospel of truth. When Christ spoke, He meant us to know what He meant. In establishing His Church He meant that organization, as His teaching and soul-saving institution, should properly interpret His gospel and preach it to all the world. This divinely established teaching force is the Catholic Church. She is the Mother Church and she alone claims the infallibility of her teaching head, Peter’s successor and Christ’s vicar on earth. No other Church has so bound its members and given the assurance that what it binds is also bound in heaven. Nor did the Mother Church cease to be the real Church of God because of certain abuses within or because of Luther’s defection. Our vaunted love of “fair play” does not permit us to condemn any institution out and out because of the defection or imperfections or even crimes of some of its members. The institution may be as solid as a rock, if built on firm and sound principles, and it will continue to flourish because of its good members and because of its improvement by getting rid of its bad members. It is exactly so with the divine institution, the Church of Christ. Luther saw the weak members, was shocked by them, forgot the good members, thought himself superior to the institution itself and after beginning aright by really trying to reform it, he ended by daring to break away from it and establish a new church. In so doing, he did not, however, overthrow the old Church, nor did he have Christ’s consent to change what He decreed.

The average Protestant mind remains largely an unenlightened mind regarding the true teachings and beliefs of the Catholic Church. The attitude of its clergy is one of ridicule and condemnation, in many instances, towards the Mother Church, and this, of course, does not help towards an understanding of what Catholics practice and believe. Sacred theology as the Catholic clergy know it is to them a closed book. Christ’s gospel to them is such as a child might

understand, and every argument "about it and about" only results in their estimation in rendering obscure what Christ never meant to be obscure. But according to the varying and oftentimes contradictory interpretations of the gospel truths, it would seem that the Protestant clergy have been getting on famously by their adherence to the principle of private interpretation and each man his own Holy Spirit. That is why Protestantism is broken up into so many sects, and so these last things of the schism are worse than the first. The inconsistency of the Protestant position with regard to the revelation of Divine Truth itself has time and again become apparent. Hence the Oxford movement and Newman and many notable conversions since that time.

Regarding sin and salvation, this is exactly the condition of Protestantism to-day. If sin is condemned, its condemnation is not followed by any exhortation to confession of sin and penance. Faith alone in Christ and that He will save the sinner is appealed to and with the arousing of religious feeling and the attendance at service, the matter of sin is considered a closed incident and the sinner feels satisfied that he is regenerated. It is his faith alone that has made him whole, but he does not show himself to the priest nor does he care to consider Christ's mission to His representatives: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them. Whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained."

Ever charging Catholics with ignorance of the Bible, the Protestants themselves have not learned to respect the whole truth; and if they knew more about the Mother Church and its teachings, they would more readily be able to answer their own prejudices and calumnies and come to realize at last that they only enjoy a smattering of what their forefathers possessed.

Our separated brethren argue that in doing away with ceremonial and turning iconoclasts, they approached a simplicity of worship, the very spiritual simplicity of the primitive Church. They seem to forget that as the Church waxed strong and more beautiful, she grew richer in her ceremonies and her divine service by right of His promise that what was bound on earth should also be bound in heaven. In the attempt of the iconoclasts to get nearer the spirit of Christ, as they considered it, and away from the letter, we know to what fanatical extremes they were driven. But men still honor their great dead with portrait and statue; you must not so honor the saints of God, as if in truth we were no longer in the body, but out of the body. In fact, the emptiness and undignified impressions of a lack of ceremonial in Protestant worship is not inspiring and does not make the appeal to the intellect through the human senses as does the impressive service of the Catholic Church. So much depends

with them upon the preacher, whether he is clever or not as a speaker. And woe to him and his charge if he is a poor preacher. It will take a revival meeting conducted by a cavorting evangelist to weave the spell about them.

If the Church of Christ as an organization has a tangible human side, it must have—to be effective wholly—a human appeal. But it can only have this human appeal through its edifying ceremonials and ritual, which are part and parcel of its sacrifice and its sacraments and its sacramentals—all institutions by Christ Himself, since He ordained its ministers to teach and bind by its teachings what was consistently then to be bound in heaven. And since the means of grace are to be applied to souls by human agencies, namely, by the priests of the Church, they are of necessity surrounded by ceremonial.

The worst canard that has been put forth by our separated brethren of the Protestant persuasion is that the Reformation was as significant in the history of the world's progress as was the French revolution, since it was the beginning of religious freedom, even as the political upheaval in France marked the birth of democracy in autocratic Europe.

Prior to Luther's day men were free to be Catholics, heretics or atheists, as they chose. A time there was, it is regrettable, but the Catholic Church has no apologies to make to Lutheranism concerning it, for Lutheranism did not exist when there was an inquisition. Men were ardent followers of the faith in those days and he who was a heretic was sometimes burned at the stake. Men, however, had different ideas then about defending their religious beliefs against would-be revolters against the true Church of Christ. Had Luther lived in a certain century of the Church's strength, he might have fared badly. But men have become gentler in their dealings with antagonists of truth, but we owe no thanks therefore to the religious liberty inaugurated supposedly by Luther. For, in the days of Elizabeth, the stake was also employed against Catholics. And had not Luther made it possible for Henry VIII. to divorce and remarry, Queen Bess might not have been inspired to burn heretics who were not heretics.

If, then, Luther and his doctrines of revolt against the Mother Church are supposed to have given religious liberty to the world, it must have begun much later than when his revolt proved in very truth to be a revolt by causing the horrible uprisings and bloody wars that followed in the wake of his preachings.

Again, the birth of religious tolerance is in no way bound up with Luther's institution of his own Church, but sprang into being with other good reforms that mark the gradual progress of the

human race. If at any time prior to the colonization of America there was Catholic religious intolerance in Europe, there was also that Protestant intolerance which found its way to the shores of the new world and made the exponents of tolerance the most intolerant. It was the Ark and the Dove that bore the proper spirit of religious freedom to the country that Columbus, the Catholic, discovered.

And yet to this very day in this land of liberty the reptile of prejudice still shows its fangs and Catholics are regarded with suspicion. But steps have been taken to correct these prejudices and properly educate by word and example those who are ashamed to longer impugn our patriotism and our beliefs.

The Protestant takes the stand that a Catholic must be the opponent of liberty because he professes a religion "so confined on all sides." The charge is hurled against us still that we are priest-ridden and believe what we are told to believe, without any question or personal investigation of the truth. This seems to be the main source of suspicion directed by Protestants against Catholics and Catholicism.

No man would enjoy such little freedom as the man without a country. He would be gladly confined by being attached to some organization and directed by some laws. We who are bound to the Mother Church consider ourselves the children of light and we bask in the sunshine of a religion that frees our souls from the bondage of sin as no other religious institution can. We could desire no better freedom. We accept without question the doctrine of Christ that makes for our salvation, the true Christian freedom from the powers of darkness, and we do not profess to understand more than the Church He established to teach us fully and clearly how we may attain that freedom. Nor, finally, do we distort His teachings and make ourselves slaves to different errors regarding those teachings, by attempting to be our own interpreters of what Christ meant when He spoke, despite the fact that He once for all, as was consistent with His divine wisdom, established His Church to teach all nations and to bind and loose on earth what He would thereupon bind and loose in heaven.

It has been pointed out that "Dogmatic controversies have at all times served to place the Church's teachings in a stronger and a clearer light. Moreover, the errors and fury of Protestantism had contributed powerfully to the suppression of certain abuses which had grown up in the Church in times of struggle and through the fostering connivance of temporal princes. Abuses were abolished, modified or replaced by something new, so that a real reformation took place in the Church."

When Luther threw down the gauntlet to the Church, he did not realize that it would be taken up with such zeal by such saints of God as Loyola, Charles Borromeo, Pius V., Philip de Neri, Vincent de Paul, Teresa of Jesus, Francis de Sales and others. And since their day the Catholic Church has been growing stronger and more beautiful and is still giving its saints to God. And to-day while the children of the schism known as Protestantism are celebrating the birth of the Lutheran heresy, the dawn of Christian unity is breaking and the Good Shepherd's promise that there shall be one shepherd and one fold is drawing nearer to its realization.

In the midst of this world-war we are in the throes of a great birth. The death-knell of autocracy is being sounded and the glad tidings of a new era of peace are proclaimed to the peoples of the earth. And with the establishment of that peace we hope religious intolerance and prejudice shall give way to a demand for more authoritative teachings in matters of faith and morals. It will be found only in the bosom of Christ's sacred spouse, the Holy Mother Church of Rome.

Like a bolt of promise out of a clearing sky of controversy came the announcement from Rome recently that Pope Benedict is about to appoint a commission to renew a movement, begun so auspiciously by Pope Leo XIII., looking to a reunion of Christianity and the cultivation of friendly relations with the Anglican and Russian Churches. Considering the close proximity of these Churches to the Roman Catholic Church, this is the initial important step in the direction of the unification of all Christian Churches to which the Christian world has been looking for some time past and which some day must be realized.

Rev. Dr. Aurelio Palmieri, of the Library of Congress, a recognized writer on ecclesiastical subjects, has stated that the new movement will be directed particularly toward the establishment of a reunion of the Russian Church and the Papacy and to a thorough reëxamination into the theology of the validity of Anglican or Episcopal ordinations, which was settled dogmatically in the negative in a Papal bull by Leo XIII. The further establishment of the invalidity of Anglican orders by the commission would bring home to those who wish that it might be shown that these orders are valid, the necessity of aligning themselves on the side of that Church whose ordinations are valid.

In a recent interview Dr. Palmieri pointed out that "The interest of the Vatican in the problem of Christian unity has been aroused by the recent progress of the world conference, the well-known initiative movement of the American Episcopal Church. The movement towards Christian unity started by the world conference ex-

cited interest and sympathies in Rome, and Cardinal Gasparri, in the name of the Pope, wrote to the secretary of the world conference, Robert H. Gardiner, several letters, which seem to reproduce the style and the feelings of Leo XIII. But that correspondence would not have had any tangible results if the conference had not met with a great success in Russia. The official organ of the Holy Synod has praised the initiative of the world conference and exhorted the Russian hierarchy to give their coöperation to it." Professor W. Ekzemplierski, editor of "The Christian Thought in Russia," in a letter to Dr. Palmieri said: "It is with a feeling of joy that Russians see their American brothers take in hand the initiative of Christian unity with energy and assiduity."

"Of course Rome cannot see with indifference the growing friendship between Americanism and orthodoxy," Dr. Palmieri declared, "and consequently the new commission of Cardinals will examine whether American Christianity feels instinctively the need of harmonizing the various tendencies of the Christian mind to form a united Protestantism, which would be the first step toward a united Christianity.

"In this field it is felt in Rome that the United States has a providential mission to fulfill. America is an immense reservoir of Christian energies which cannot now exert their whole influence, for they are scattered. Therefore, the fact that divided branches of Christianity may meet and discuss in the spirit of tolerance the controverted points among the Christian churches is already a great victory over the spirit of intolerance and division."

We are to enter, therefore, upon the dawn of a new era of religious unity. It is reasonable to suppose that after the present war the death-blow will be dealt to those false prophets of our day and generation wherein materialism has been rampant. For by dint of mechanical invention and genius it has been shown forth by the contrivances of war in so deadly an array to what extent mind can prove superior over matter. But matter cannot prove superior in the realm of the spiritual. Just as mind in the very nature of things is superior to matter, so the spirit, which animates the mind, as well as some matter, is superior to both mind and matter. And this is being proved, too, on the bloody battlefields of Europe to-day, where the heroic fortitude of the men in the trenches, their recorded humaneness not only to one another, but even to their enemies during the lull in arms, and their unselfish devotion to duty and their principles of patriotism even unto the dregs of death, brings home to the heart of man the beauty and the strength of which his soul is capable and stirs and decides in him the belief that his spirit is immortal.

And so, after the war, when the conscience-smitten powers that made such a bloody and destructive war possible turn back to God and the things of God, men's minds will once more turn to religious reform. The question why Christianity has failed will be answered by the realization of the fact that it has failed because of that division and dissidence which has caused a corruption or a confusion regarding faith and morals, and men will seek to get together once more on common ground of belief and practice of their religion. They shall seek to upbuild what has disintegrated so disastrously, and it will have to be understood that the religious dissension and revolt was wrought by the launching of the greatest of all schisms the Church of Christ has had to contend with, the schism of Martin Luther.

Wherefore, after having paved the way to a union of Christendom on a common basis by bringing back the Anglican and Episcopal Churches to the fold of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolical Church, the sects whose creeds are closest to the principal form of the Protestant Church will gradually fall into line, and the lesser sects will either join hands in the movement or drift along until they are absorbed by the newer reform movement that makes for unity or remain outside of the pale of truth to their own destructive exclusion. Then shall Elias return to earth and great prophets and saints shall again arise and the Church of God, more resplendent and glorious than ever, shall stand upon the unassailable rock, victorious over the powers of the infernal pit, over heresy and unbelief. The powers of darkness that sprang into being with the first great revolt against God by Lucifer and his rebellious cohorts shall remain to tremble with confusion at the summoning sound of Gabriel's trumpet on that last day when God shall pronounce His final judgment. The Church Militant shall forever pass away and the Church Triumphant live on forever in God's kingdom that is not of this world.

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## ARMENIA AND THE ARMENIANS.

EUROPEAN politics being now in such an unsettled condition, the situation changing from day to day—thrones toppling, revolution in one country, rebellion in another, strikes in several, unrest in all—we do not intend to enter into that vexed question of Armenian politics here, but rather to give a brief description of the country, the people, their character, their circumstances and their religion.

The name of Armenia was first applied to the country in history in the fifth century B. C. The first King of Armenia was Tigranes I., who lived in the sixth century B. C., but the most renowned monarch of his dynasty was Tigranes II., called the Great, who lived from 90 B. C. to 55 B. C. From his days Armenia rose to be a great power, and her prosperity continued until the ardor of the Crusaders began to fail, when she was deprived of the assistance of Western Christendom to protect her against the two great Moslem nations of Turkey and Persia. Under their oppression from 1393, when the last Armenian king died in Paris, her name as a nation was blotted out from history. From then down to modern times massacres, atrocities, tyranny, violence, persecution and oppression of every kind have been her fate. Yet through all these horrors and in the face of incredible sufferings the Armenians have clung to their faith with extraordinary tenacity.

Armenia was the first nation to embrace the Christian religion as a nation. Christianity was established as the State religion in Armenia before Constantine established it in his empire. The Apostle of Armenia was St. Gregory the Illuminator, who, in the year 303 A.D., had a vision at a place called Etchmiadzin, in the Russian Caucasus, and he built a tiny chapel there to commemorate it; this chapel is still preserved by the walls of the Cathedral at Etchmiadzin, which enclose it. The patriarchal See of Armenia is at Etchmiadzin, which means "the Son of God come down," and this was the subject of St. Gregory's vision. The Cathedral of Etchmiadzin stands in the centre of the quadrangle of a monastery, and St. Gregory's little chapel is considered by Armenians as one of the holiest places in the world. In this Cathedral the head of the Armenian Church, who is called the Catholicos, is consecrated.

The Armenian Church is in schism, but there is a body of about 100,000 souls, called the United Armenians, who are in communion with the Catholic Church. They are the only Eastern Christians except the Maronites, who use unleavened bread in the Holy

Eucharist as we do. They are governed by a Patriarch, who is styled the "Patriarch of Cilicia of the Armenians." He lives at Bezoumar. The United Armenians were converted by Catholic missionaries and united with us under Pope John XXII., but many more conversions were made by the Jesuit Fathers later.

The heretical Armenians are Monosophites, believing that Our Lord had only one nature, the Divine. They reject the mixed chalice to emphasize their heresy, because the water is emblematical of the human nature of Our Lord, so they use undiluted wine. The monks of the United Armenians follow the rule of St. Anthony, those of the schismatic Church that of St. Basil, like most of the Eastern Churches.

Both the United and the schismatic Armenians are strongly attached to their faith. The schismatic Armenians all over the world have the greatest love for their Church, because they have no country of their own, so having no political unity, they crave ecclesiastical unity and a national Church makes up to them for the lack of a national State. In the library of the monastery at Etchmiadzin are contained 4,000 manuscripts, consisting mostly of Armenian versions of the Greek and Syrian Fathers of the Church; some are translations and date from the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth centuries. There is a modern academy or university also at Etchmiadzin, which was founded in 1874, and is an important centre of education, students coming there from Turkey for a three or five years' course of study. It is under the government of the Catholicos, who is the head of all Armenians of the schismatic Church. He is elected by the whole people, every diocese being represented by a delegate. Two candidates are chosen, and until the recent Russian revolution the final choice rested with the Czar of Russia. When the present war broke out the Catholicos was George V. Surenian, an old man. His dress is the usual black cowl of all Armenian monks, but he is distinguished by a diamond cross, worn over his forehead, and a Russian order. The Armenian cross differs from all others by the arms being nearer the top and much shorter than in the Latin cross.

The Armenians, like all the smaller Eastern Churches, cling to their Church from patriotic motives, and it is because they are national Churches that they have had to endure so much persecution from the dominant races, and for the same reason they have had strength to resist all attempts to proselytize them, for they feel they are fighting for their national existence as well as for their faith. This point is very important to note, for it is one very great reason why they have refused union as a nation with either the

Catholic or the Orthodox Church. The Catholic Church, which by its very name proclaims that it is universal and for all nations, has always opposed the idea of national churches, so that by joining her Armenians feel they are sacrificing their hopes of a restored Armenian nation to a certain extent. On the same grounds the Armenians, had they joined the Orthodox Church, would have been protected by Russia against Turkey and Persia, but loyalty to their own nation, and as they think therefore to their Church, is their predominant passion, and with them Church and country are bound up in each other.

Besides being national, the Armenian Church is essentially democratic in its government. The National Assembly, which sits at Constantinople (or did before the war; we cannot say what it does now), represents the will of the people and is the final authority on all administrative questions, but in ecclesiastical and spiritual matters the Catholicos has to consult one of two committees formed by the National Assembly, but he has the power to nominate Bishops to their sees in Russian Armenia. Armenia resembles another unhappy nation, namely, Poland, in many respects, particularly in that both countries are under the rule of three powers, Poland of Germany, Austria and Russia, Armenia of Russia, Turkey and Persia.

Armenia Proper, or Greater Armenia, that is the north and north-eastern portion, belongs to Russia, the southeastern part to Persia, and Lesser or Western Armenia, or Cilicia, to Turkey. These three divisions of the country meet on Mount Ararat, which rises in the midst of a vast tableland, varying from 3,000 to 8,000 feet high. Turkish Armenia includes Erzeroun and Diabekr. The rivers Tigris, Euphrates and Araxes all take their rise in Armenia. The traditional site of the Garden of Eden is said to be in the valley of the Araxes.

Armenians all think that if an independent kingdom of Armenia could ever be reëstablished it would have to be in Lesser Armenia, which being on the coast is accessible to the Western powers. There is a great tendency now in Armenia for the Armenians to become westernized, and the Turks are far less of a religious force now the Young Turks are in power than they formerly were. Armenians are all thoroughly Western in their ideas and tend more and more to Occidentalism.

Another note of the schismatic Armenian Church is simplicity of doctrine. They accept only the three first General Councils of Nicea, Constantinople and Ephesus. It is said that when the Nicean Creed was brought to St. Gregory the Illuminator he summarized their faith as follows: "As for us, let us glorify Him who was

before the Eternities and worship the Father, Son and Holy Ghost now and forever." Their faith in the Incarnation is contained in the name of Etchmiadzin as interpreted above. The Armenian Church has been cruelly persecuted, but it has never persecuted, and is singularly free from ecclesiastical tyranny of every kind. Many of the monks and regular clergy are excellent scholars and critics and well versed in modern Biblical criticism.

In 1903 the Russian Government, jealous of the Armenian schismatic Church, sent a body of troops to Etchmiadzin to despoil it of some of its wealth and treasures, pretending that the Armenians were using their ecclesiastical riches for revolutionary purposes. Troops broke into the cathedral treasury and carried off money and plate, while other soldiers occupied farms and lands belonging to the monastery. All the churches were closed, and the Russians tried to bribe the clergy and school teachers to become Orthodox by offering them double the pay they were receiving, but no one accepted the bribe. It is good to know that at the end of a year all the stolen property was restored and the Armenian Church was once more free.

Mass is only said twice a week, as a rule, in the schismatic Church, and that on Saturdays and Sundays, very early in the morning; on the other weekdays the morning office of the Church is said before 5 o'clock, after which the priest goes to work in the fields and is generally accompanied by his wife, for the secular clergy all marry and are generally ignorant men as compared with the regular clergy, but the Armenians are by no means an ignorant people; on the contrary, they are highly intelligent and have excellent schools; they are very keen about education, and are quite up-to-date on this subject and abreast with Europeans. Every or almost every Armenian village has its school.

The Armenians were the first people to issue a newspaper in the Near East, and the first book printed in any Eastern language was in Armenian. Armenians take more interest in Europe and European politics than any other Eastern race, for they are under the impression that the great Powers of Europe are ever consulting how to help them, and English and Americans are welcomed all over Armenia as possible saviors of their unhappy country with the greatest cordiality.

There are a great number of American Protestant missionaries in Armenia, particularly in Turkish Armenia, where they live in a sort of enclosed town, consisting of a hospital, schools, houses and colleges. To the hospitals the Turks come as freely as the Christians, but leave the schools and missionaries severely alone.

The largest of the American missions is at Marsovan. The missionaries have taught the Armenians English, so there are many who speak a little English.\*

Besides the village schools there are a large number of secondary schools, seminaries and academies all over Armenia, and the Lazarian Academy at Moscow, founded by an Armenian named Lazarus, is the best in Europe for Oriental languages. The monasteries also are centres of learning. There are many Armenian monasteries in Cappadocia, where the influence of the early Christian Church still survives to some extent, for this was the country of St. Basil and St. Gregory. There is one of these monasteries near Talas, one of the most mediæval and picturesque of Eastern towns. The monastery consists mostly of cells in caves of high rocks, with a river running below, and some small buildings on the edge of the cliff. The monks are said to be dull-looking men, gloomy in aspect and untoured. The Armenians are the strongest people of Western Asia, and it is probably their great bodily strength as well as their heroic courage which have helped them in their struggle for existence against their cruel persecutors. Armenians and Greeks both hate the Turks as oppressors, but they hate each other still more from jealousy, and will fight on the least provocation.

In the massacre of Adana (the capital of Cilicia) in 1909 between 3,000 and 4,000 Armenians were murdered or burnt alive or butchered in some way. This massacre was partly planned by Turkish Jews from Salonica, but it must also be said that it was also partly due to the unwise and revolutionary conduct of the Cilician Armenians, who openly planned to reëstablish a kingdom of Armenia, although the mass of the Armenian people thought this was folly. No massacre of Abdul Hamid's equaled this one of Adana in ferocity; it began in the Bazaar of Adana. The courage and pertinacity of the Armenian are shown in the extraordinary way in which, as travelers tell us, they settle down again after these massacres, knowing that the merest trifle may provoke another outbreak at any moment, especially in Turkish Armenia. Persian Armenians, notwithstanding the fact that Persia is a Moslem power, are quite contented, although even in Tabriz, the chief city, the poverty of the people, the dirt and insanitation of the city are indescribable. In the great bazaar here weavers may be seen weaving carpets; the shops open to the street, glowing with brilliant colors in contrast to the surrounding squalor.

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\*These missionaries at first did much good, but they have recently taken to proselytizing Catholics.

Armenia abounds in ruins of ancient palaces, churches, monasteries and fortresses. Ani, the ancient capital, has many castles and 101 churches, now in ruins, reminding the traveler of the time when Armenia was, as Greek and Roman historians tell us, a flourishing country which supplied other nations with flour, wine and butter. The peasants are mostly agricultural, but more in proportion rise to a higher class than in any other country. A large proportion of Armenians belong to the learned professions, the rest to commerce and trade. The chief food of Armenia is milk, dates and curds; this last is always served in a huge bowl, the "butter in a lordly dish," of Deborah, and is said to be most refreshing and nourishing and pleasant to the palate. Barley and millet are more grown than wheat.

Armenian Christians are more cultivated and more intelligent than their neighbors. Lord Bryce considers them equal in industry, intelligence and energy to any European race. They are very patriotic and love their country passionately, but they are not narrowminded, and admire and love other nations, especially Western peoples, as well as their own. They are loyal and faithful to their rulers and have great military qualities; they are noble characters, and are never guilty of treachery such as their neighbors the Kurds and their rulers the Turks practice. They are thoroughly honest, as the Turkish proverb implies. It says: "Eat with the Kurd, but sleep with the Armenian," meaning that the Kurd will rob you while you sleep, but you may trust the Armenian not to do so.

The Kurds, whose country lies to the south of Turkish Armenia, are as dishonest and mean as they are fierce and predatory. The Turk will eat with them because what religion they have, which is very little, is Mahommedanism, but he won't with the Armenians, because they are Christians, and so their food is unclean in his eyes.

Armenian women are not secluded like Mahommedan women; they have had the franchise for some time and are highly honored by their husbands, to whom they are faithful wives, and they are devoted mothers to their children. They are also very brave and have often sacrificed their lives to save their honor from the barbarians with whom they have come in contact in the past. The Armenians are the most artistic people in Turkey; they illuminate and paint well and embroider beautifully. There are thousands of manuscripts in Armenia illuminated with beautiful pictures. They paint well, and Armenian artists have exhibited in all the great European capitals. It has recently been discovered that Armenia had an architecture of her own before the Christian era. The best

examples now are the churches. The style is said to be like the schismatic Armenian Church—extremely national. One feature is the horseshoe arch, which the Arabs have copied. Armenian architects have built mosques for the Turks, and the Turks have converted Armenian churches into mosques. One of the most beautiful mosques in Stamboul was built by an Armenian architect.

The Armenians have a rich store of folklore and folk-songs, which have recently been set to Armenian music. They have also a good many hymns; some of the best were composed in the thirteenth century. The tunes of these are quite unique and have a very strange rhythm; their system of musical notation was invented in the thirteenth century and is quite different from any other; it was improved in the eighteenth century. They have a great love of music and song, and have minstrels called *ashoughs*, who are often blind and go about from village to village singing at weddings and other festivities, carrying their instruments, which are distinctly Oriental, with them. They also sing on the bridges and in the squares of the cities.

The fifth century is styled the Golden Age of Armenian literature. It produced over fifty chronicles and histories, still in existence, written in ancient Armenian, which Armenian scholars describe as the most flexible of languages. The best example of the period is said to be a history of one Faustus Byzand. Another historian, Lazar of Parii, describes the invention of the Armenian alphabet and the wars of the Armenians and Persians down to A. D. 455. A later writer, Gregory of Narek, who lived in the seventh century, wrote canticles which are still sung in the Armenian Church.

The most remarkable example of Armenian genius and culture is to be found in the Mekitarian monastery of St. Lazar, in Venice, or rather on the island of St. Lazaro, in the Lido, given by the Venetian Government to the Armenian. Mekitar, a native of Sivas, who founded the brotherhood in 1715. The work of the Mekitarists is to perfect the Armenian language and to translate into it the most important works of other European languages and manuscripts of historical value. From the mother-house of St. Lazar, and the branch-houses at Vienna and Trieste and several Hungarian towns the monks send forth to Armenians in the Near and Far East reviews and translations of works on history, geography, natural science, travels and philology. From Lord Byron's day to our own the monastery of St. Lazar has been the admiration of all travelers who have visited it and seen the industry of the monks. Mekitar belonged to the Catholic Church, and his monks are members of the United Armenian Church.

At Sivas, which was the birthplace of Mekitar, there is the monastery of St. Nishan, in which the Bishop of Sivas resides. This monastery was founded in the thirteenth century. It is described as spotlessly clean, cleanliness being an Armenian virtue, but it is very bare; the walls are covered with plain hangings; heavy, padded-leather curtains take the place of doors to the cells and the wood-work is unpainted; the whole place is warmed only by charcoal braziers.

The Bishop of Sivas has no bed of roses, for he is always opposed by the Turkish authorities on the one hand and by the Greek Orthodox Church on the other. The late Bishop of Sivas was cruelly murdered in the latest Armenian massacre, when he was shod with iron and driven forth and made to march till he succumbed to the torture and died. Sivas is the ancient celebrated city of Sebastea, the old Seljuk capital, and still one of the largest cities of Asia Minor, but by no means an attractive place. It is haunted by memories of Timur the Great, who is said to have buried alive 4,000 Armenians there, in a place still called the Black Earth. But modern Armenian atrocities are quite equal to if not surpassing in horror anything Timur did. Under Abdul Hamid, in 1895 and 1896, thousands of Armenians suffered martyrdom rather than give up their faith for the Moslem religion; 100,000 then perished.

When the Italians took Tripoli the Turks were so enraged that any reprisals they could take against Christians in general seemed justifiable in their eyes, and at a place called Kara Geul a massacre of Armenians as the nearest victims took place early one morning, with burning and pillaging, and here the homeless people who escaped fled to the mountains. It takes very little to initiate one of these massacres. A slight dispute between a Moslem and an Armenian or a Moslem and a Greek will start one; if either of these subject people dare to revenge a wrong done by a Moslem, or if a drop of Moslem blood is shed in a dispute, then the fanatical and racial fury of the Turk is roused and wholesale murders may be the result of a trifling quarrel. The population of a whole village, as at Kara Geul recently, may have to flee to the mountains or be destroyed, and so it happens that Armenian villages are often found hidden in the mountains, or behind cliffs or rocks, or in other inaccessible parts of the country. This gives Cilicia the appearance of being much less densely populated than it is in reality, as the presence of these hidden villages is unsuspected.

Lord Byron, who greatly admired the Armenians, said that their virtues were the virtues of peace and their vices the vices of compulsion. They are apt to be contumacious and quarrelsome, and

from long persecution cringing in their manner to strangers. They are no sportsmen, and for this reason are not popular with English travelers. In Russian Armenia, where they enjoy much more liberty, their best characteristics come more to the fore than in Turkish Armenia, where for the last thousand years their lives have been one long struggle for the right to live, against tyranny of the most diabolical kind, through which they have preserved their faith with extraordinary courage and fidelity.

The Armenian liturgy is derived partly from that of St. Basil, partly from that of St. James. Mass is sung in the ancient plain-song of the Armenians, and is divided into two other parts, as in most of the Eastern Churches: the first part is called that of the Catechumens, the second the Mass of the Faithful. At the Sursum Corda the deacon calls out "The doors, the doors," which is a survival of the ancient custom of closing the doors at this part of the Mass to shut out the catechumens.

The Mass of the Faithful includes the Song of the Cherubim, a canticle unknown in the Western Church. In the Mass the Armenians read a prophetical lesson from the Old Testament as well as the Epistle and Gospel. The final Gospel from St. John has only been said in their churches since the fourteenth century, when it was introduced to them by some Dominican missionaries, who taught them several other Catholic customs. The last Gospel is read in the body of the church at the conclusion of Mass. Armenian churches are not very large; they have massive walls seven or eight feet thick, and very small windows, so they are dark and gloomy. They are square with four apses; in the eastern apse the altar is placed; the tower is polygonal with a short spire. The greater number of Armenians live in Turkey, where they are surrounded by Moslems and Kurds, who are encouraged by the Turks to despoil them, so they are between two fires. Only a minority live in Persia, but there are a good many in the Russian Transcaucasus. It remains to be seen what the fate of this noble, suffering Christian people will be at the conclusion of the present war.

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## RELIGION AND MORALITY ACCORDING TO ST. THOMAS.

WHEN St. Thomas in the "Quaestiones Disputatae"<sup>1</sup> maintained that virtue is a mean between two extremes, he was but continuing a very ancient tradition. In taking this stand he appeals to the definition of Aristotle.<sup>2</sup> But the concept is much more ancient than Aristotle, going back to the dim twilight of ethical speculation. Pindar warns against the excess of insolence, and urges us to understand that "the right time is the best and that all things by nature have their mean."<sup>3</sup> The Greek mottoes, "nothing in excess," "the mean is the best," "preserve the mean,"<sup>4</sup> were guiding thoughts in the ethical tradition that sprung from the almost mythological antiquity of the seven wise men of Greece. The ideal of guiding one's life between the extremes of poverty with its forced abstemiousness and wealth with its wanton profligacy was painted in Plato's description of Socrates, the ideal man of pagan antiquity. He was not a recluse, he did not live in a barrel, he did not withdraw from the haunts of men, nor was he effeminate, nor did he give himself up to rioting and drunkenness. But, on the contrary, he lived among men, he taught in the market-place, he banqueted with his friends. And though they might besot themselves with wine, Socrates preserves the mean in the midst of their excesses, and when they fall drunk beneath the table, he rises and betakes himself to his morning bath and is ready for the work of the day.

This ideal of virtue was taken by St. Thomas and made over and developed into the concept of Christian Morality.

Virtue has for its end the preservation of the *bonum rationis*, the good of reason. What is this good of reason? St. Thomas often contrasts it with all those pleasures to which our emotions impel us blindly. Our soul is like a ship blown about by every blast, certain to be wrecked unless he who holds the tiller guides the bark to the harbor of perfection. How attractive are these allurements of sense! Usually and to the common run of people they are far more appealing than the good of reason. But this is so only in the present order. In the long run, which stretches into eternity, the most attractive good is the good of reason. True happiness and the highest end of man are one and the same thing. And

<sup>1</sup> "De Virtutibus in Communi."—Q. I., Art. XIII.

<sup>2</sup> VII. Ethics, cap. VI.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted from Willmann: "Geschichte des Idealismus," I. pp. 242-3. Pind. Q. II, 13, 46.

<sup>4</sup> Op. c., p. 248.

man's true and highest end is the exercise of reason and its consecration to the service of God. If we ask for a filling out of the concept of the good of reason, we would find it in the Thomistic analysis of the concept of Justice. It is the perfect fulfillment of man's function in those manifold relations to God and his fellow-man in which he finds himself actually constituted. He who makes himself an intellectual and moral agent perfectly capable of performing his function with maximum efficiency in the service of God and man, he it is who possesses in its fullness the *bonum rationis* and preserves that due measure of moderation in all things that makes a virtuous man.

And withal it is human reason, illumined in the present dispensation of grace by the brightness of the "*lumen veritatis primæ*" which outlines the ideal of morality and delineates the form according to which the model of our lives should be constructed. Reason points to the ideal and at the same time directs our activities in its construction. This does not take place in the Christian dispensation by the unaided powers of will and intellect, but by the grace of God, who illumines the ideals of our minds with a divine light and inspires our wills with a supernatural strength.

It is thus that St. Thomas expresses these thoughts.

"The ideal of man considered merely as man is not the same thing as his ideal when he is considered as a citizen. For when we consider man merely as man, his ideal end is the perfection of reason in the knowledge of truth and the regulation of his lower desires according to the rule of reason. For what is truly proper to man is reason. The ideal of man considered as a citizen is the harmonious fulfillment of his place in the Commonwealth. Hence the Philosopher says<sup>5</sup> that the virtues of a good man and of a good citizen are not one and the same. But man is not only a citizen of an earthly city, but he also has citizenship in the heavenly Jerusalem, whose ruler is the Lord and whose citizens are the angels and all the saints, whether they rule in their glory and rest in the Fatherland or wander as yet upon earth. Thus the apostle says (Ephes. ii., 19): 'You are fellow-citizens with the saints and the domestics of God.' Man's nature alone is not a sufficient title to this citizenship, but he must be elevated to it by the grace of God."<sup>6</sup>

Still we often forget that "we have not here a lasting city, but seek one that is to come." (Hebrews xiii., 14.) We forget our divine destiny in the midst of the things that are of the earth earthy and are in imminent danger of shipwreck amid the perils that surround us. Thus the work of our salvation is like the steering of

<sup>5</sup> III., Politics.

<sup>6</sup> "Quæstiones Disputatæ"—"De Virtutibus in Communi," I., sec. 1d.

a bark through the channels of a strait in which there are many reefs, some wholly submerged and hidden beneath the waters, some lifting their heads above the waves which wash over them with ominous gurglings. There are many ways in which the ship of our lives may be driven or steered upon the shoals and the precious cargo, the "good of reason," be lost.

I rather think that Dante had the Thomistic concept of the *bonum rationis* in mind when he described the Souls in Hell as those "*ch' hanno perduto il ben dello intelletto*"—those who had lost the good of reason. Let us pause a moment to consider this idea. What we take care of and guard sedulously is not likely to be lost. What we lose is not thrown away, but slips out of our possession without our knowing it. And so we can save the good of reason by prudence in the management of our lives, or we may lose our hold upon it gradually and imperceptibly. "*Facilis descensus Averni*" and broad is the way that leads to destruction. No one step takes us from virtue to vice, from perfect innocence to mortal sin, from the straight and narrow path to the mouth of hell. For gradual and not sudden is the slope that forms the *descensus Averni*, and the broad road is a highway of respectable and considerable length. "*Ex minori vitio*," says St. Thomas, "*potest oriri majus peccatum*."<sup>7</sup> And when one does sin, it is always because in some manner one has allowed oneself to be tricked and deceived by false appearance for "no one," he says, "is led to sin except under the appearance of good."<sup>8</sup>

The idea is repeatedly expressed in Scripture. St. Paul warns us to "prove all things" and "hold fast that which is good." (I. Thess. v., 24), to "stand fast and hold the traditions we have learned" (II. Thess. xi., 14). Again he says: "With fear and trembling work out your salvation." (Phil. xi., 12.) In the Apocalypse we read the warning, "that which you have, hold fast till I come" (xi., 25), as if it were very possible to lose the gifts upon which our salvation depends. And our Lord warns us that in the last days many will be deceived by false appearances, and that sanctity alone will enable us to see in their true light the deceits and allurements of the world. "For then will rise up false Christs and false prophets, and they shall show signs and wonders, to seduce (if it were possible) even the elect."

According to St. Thomas the structure of Christian Morality presents a definite mechanism by which the *bonum rationis* and the golden mean of virtue is protected and guarded amid the difficulties that beset us.

<sup>7</sup> "Summa Th." II., 2. LXXIII., sec. 111, ad tertium.

<sup>8</sup> "Quaestiones Disputatae"—"De Virtutibus," XXIV., sec. 10, corpus.

He points out the perplexities amid which we labor. The attainment of our end is not easy. From the very dawn of life we feel the blast of those winds which drive us on to destruction—the blind forces of our nature, our unreasoning striving, our turbulent emotions and strong desires. No wind, however favorable, will blow the sailboat into the harbor. It is the rudder alone which guides, and it is the will alone which can lay hold of the good of reason—the moral and spiritual things of life. Their beauty is obscured by the clouds of sense knowledge and the pleasures of life, as the mouth of the harbor is hidden by a dense and impenetrable fog.

Hence it is if man is to attain to his true end and destiny, he must by a voluntary effort seek to know the good, to practise it and to withstand the allurements of his emotional life, which lead him to the good thing which is not real, but only apparent.

Now there is, as I have said, a definite mechanism in the structure of Christian Morality by which this is effected—and this is the apparatus of the cardinal virtues. It is prudence which reveals to us the good of the understanding, and justice, by which we act according to the dictates of reason. But all virtue is not knowledge. It is here that St. Thomas with Plato and Aristotle transcends the Socratic concept of virtue. And it is here, too, where he points out a mistake all too common in our day of placing too much reliance on education as the remedy for crime. In spite of knowledge, well-grounded and thoroughly inculcated, men may, nevertheless, meet shipwreck in the turbulent sea of their passions. Who knows better than the medical student the certain and inevitable consequences of sexual excess and the abuse of drugs? But does that deter them from tasting the forbidden fruits of pleasure and the misuse of remedies whose very use is fraught with danger? Not always. It is not sufficient to know; we must also be able to do.

What hinders us from doing is not the lack of the native strength of action, but rather the impediments that stand in the way of normal voluntary activity. Of these impediments there are two. One is passive—an impediment strictly so called; the other is active. It is less properly an impediment, but might rather be compared to the wild and unruly horse which Plato conceived of as striving to take the bit in his teeth and dash the chariot to pieces. "There are two ways," says St. Thomas, "in which the will is hindered from following the straight path of reason: one in which it is attracted by some delight to do what is contrary to the demands of right reason. The virtue of temperance removes this impediment. The other way lies in this, that the will shrinks from that which is in

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<sup>9</sup> "Summa Theologica." II., 2. Q. CXXIII., sec. 1, corpus.

accordance with reason, because of the presence of something hard. To remove this impediment, there is required fortitude of mind by which difficulties of this kind are resisted."<sup>9</sup>

If you ask now how are these virtues acquired, the answer comes that a virtue is made perfect by its acts. But not any and every act perfects virtue, but only those which are done carefully and with the maximum perfection that we can muster at the moment of action.

Thus stability in virtue is the work of a lifetime. And from the point of view of reason, the exercise of virtue must commence in childhood and be persevered in continually if in this life we are to realize in ourselves the perfect ideal of the moral man. How rare even in old age is moral perfection! How far and in how many ways we all fall short of the moral ideal. And what is worse, we do not know it, and we do not want to know it. Vanity and the pride of life make us dream that we are what we want to be, and thus we esteem ourselves better than we are. For in every mind there shimmers the starlight of moral concepts, and we are drawn by the attraction of virtue even when we listen to the allurements of sin. And by a natural impulse we attribute to ourselves a great deal that we do not possess, but only one desire.

In the Thomistic concept of the allurements of sensible goods and the blinding of the mind to the true ideals of reason, there lurks, it seems to me, something that nowadays we would term subconscious motivation. There is no little evidence to show that men often act upon the basis of subconscious motives. When these facts are presented by some writers, the reader is apt to gather the impression that one may be the mere toy of hidden forces and then lack all responsibility for what he does. But to admit subconscious motives does not necessarily imply the denial of responsibility. This is very important to understand—especially in view of the fact that the subconscious is such an important factor in recent psychology.

A little distinction will clear the way to understanding the difficulty and its answer. It is one thing to feel an attraction for a certain course of action; it is another to know why it attracts. Furthermore, it is not necessary for me to know why this course of action attracts in order to adopt it, or decline absolutely to have anything to do with it. Let me take an example. It has been pointed out by Professor Healy, of Chicago, that a certain number of cases of stealing are due to the fact that from one and the same bad companion a child not only learnt stealing, but also received his first introduction to bad sexual habits. The association between the two was forgotten and did not become conscious until re-

vealed by a psycho-analysis. Stealing acquired a peculiar indescribable charm, an utterly unreasonable attraction. Supposing that stealing has a subconscious motivation from sexuality, does this mean that the child has lost all responsibility? It may aggravate the temptation, but does it mean that it is irresistible simply because its source is subconscious? Is there not the same responsibility to live up to the moral ideal in spite of all allurements to the contrary? It seems to me that there is. Stealing may appeal with indescribable and inexplicable charms, but granted a normal mind, it can still see that no matter how it attracts, it is incompatible with the moral ideal, and granted a normal will, it is still possible to live up to one's responsibility. I do not mean to say that it would be useless to learn the cause of the unreasonable charm. On the contrary, it has been found that it is very useful, for the attraction dwindles once its source has been discovered.

In the analysis of a few cases of the loss of faith, I have found that the superficial difficulties which appear as the representing symptoms, so to speak, are not the real ones. They may be answered entirely to the person's satisfaction, and have absolutely no effect upon the restoration of the lost faith. I have been so impressed by this fact that I think I have learned a valuable lesson; pay little attention to the apparent difficulties and seek the underlying cause. It will often be found in the moral life of the individual. The reason why these cases run such a chronic incurable course is that to cure them means a moral reformation, an entire making over of the whole personality. Few confessors realize what patience and expenditure of time this means, and fewer still would be able and willing to make the sacrifice that it entails. Now all this is inexplicable if we conceive of faith as an intellectual act determined by the premises and following from them with the necessity of the conclusion. This was not the view of St. Thomas. He argued that Faith is meritorious for salvation, and if meritorious, it must be free. Faith in the last analysis is commanded by the will and not determined by the intellect.<sup>10</sup> If this is so, we can readily see how anything that interferes with the consecration of our wills to the absolute and eternal good must inevitably weaken the groundwork of faith.

If gradually our mind is clouded by the pleasure of sense, if the intellectual virtues of understanding, knowledge and wisdom are weakened and their ideals dimmed, then our mental attitudes undergo a change. Imperceptibly we commence to look at things from an entirely different point of view. What before seemed very

<sup>10</sup> Cf. the author's article, "St. Thomas and the Will,"—*Cath. Univ. Bulletin*, 1911.

clear and evident appears wholly without foundation, not because its evidence has grown weaker, but because the eye of faith is dimmed. The "*Lumen Veritatis Primae*," which after all is the very Essence of God Himself, still shines and throws its light upon our soul, but it is laid down as a spiritual law that the divine light will no more penetrate the mists of sin, than the rays of the sun will pierce a scarred and steamy cornea. And so it is that some men see not, and being blind themselves, maintain that the Sun of Justice shines no longer, and renouncing their citizenship in the heavenly Jerusalem and forsaking their obedience to Christ and deserting the fellowship of the angels and saints of God, they seek purely a human citizenship; they descend to that which is of the earth earthy, and wallow perhaps in the mire.

Let us heed the lesson. All sin is dangerous. It has far-reaching consequences in the structure of our mind. It is no more local in its effects than a drug which is injected into a vein and in a few seconds is distributed to every organ of the body. So sin multiplies the difficulties under which we struggle, penetrates deep into our subconsciousness, stills the good and stirs up the evil, and though for a time we may cling to our moral ideals, they eventually slough away, and faith itself, the very heart of religion, ceases to pulsate and our spiritual life is extinct.

So far the thread of our discourse has moved within the realms of what I may term Thomistic morality, that is to say, morality which has been vivified and spiritualized by grace. Though we have spoken of faith, it has been in relation to the moral virtues and for the sake of illuminating the relationship between them and religion. How different is this Thomistic Ethics from pagan morality! What a superstructure St. Thomas has built upon the foundations of Aristotle. And still it all rests on the *dictum rationis*. The obedience of the moral virtues is still listening to the voice of conscience, is still the submission to reason sitting in judgment upon conduct, is still the steering of a middle course between the extremes of our passions by which we escape the dangers of the world and hold fast to the good of reason.

We now pass to concepts which transcend reason, and because they do so we may regard them as in a peculiar sense proper to religion by which we attain to God Himself, who is infinitely above all reason and all that human intelligence can conceive.

Were we citizens of earth alone and not co-heirs of Christ and fellow-citizens of the angels and saints of God, morality would suffice, or rather it would offer to us the best prospect of happiness that we could possibly find amid the many allurements of the world. But it would not always suffice and there would be times and

occasions when some individuals would find it woefully lacking. Aristotle realized this when he considered the possibility of the pinch of poverty and the calamities of Priam. And so he shrunk from saying that the contemplation of truth would be sufficient in itself to make a man independent and happy. He felt that the wise man must be provided with a moderate share of this world's goods, and shielded from great and overwhelming misfortunes, and granted all this, that he might exercise his mind in the contemplation of truth—not for a day only, but for the whole span of an ordinary life: "For as one swallow does not make a spring, so one day or a short time does not make a fortunate or a happy man."<sup>11</sup>

And so he recognized the limitations of philosophy and defined the happy man "as one whose activity accords with perfect virtue and who is adequately furnished with external goods, not for a casual period of time, but for a complete and perfect lifetime."<sup>12</sup>

It is precisely here that religion arises to supplement morality and lift the clouds of this world's misfortunes and clear the skies that the Sun of Justice may shine and illumine our minds with the rays of the "Prima Veritatis," the Primal Truth. And so St. Thomas supplements the idea of the *dictum rationis* or the voice of conscience with that of the motions of divine inspiration, and adds to the moral virtues the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

The moral virtues make it easy for us to follow the dictates of reason and so lead us to our human end and bestow upon us a natural happiness. But our true end is not natural, but supernatural, not in the world, but in heaven, not man, but God, and so we must be disposed to listen to the voice of God and hearken to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. "It is evident," he says, "that human virtues perfect man, inasmuch as he is by birth subject to the dictates of reason in regard to his internal and external acts. It is necessary, therefore, that there should reside in man higher perfections according to which he is disposed to the movements by which God would direct him. These perfections are called gifts, not only because they are infused by God, but also because by reason of them man is so disposed that he is rendered readily subject to the motions of divine inspiration, as Isaias says (l., 5): "The Lord hath opened my ear and I do not resist. I have not gone back."<sup>13</sup>

St. Thomas speaks here of nothing extraordinary as the inspiration, for instance, of the Holy Scriptures, nor of anything miraculous as locutions and visions made to favored souls. But he refers

<sup>11</sup> "Nichomachian Ethics," I., 6.

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Book I., ch. 11.

<sup>13</sup> "Summa Theologica," Q. I., 2; Q. LXVIII., 1, corpus.

to something that is the common property of all Christians, for every soul in the state of grace shares to some extent in the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and so intimately interwoven in the texture of our mental life are the operations of enlightened reason and of grace, that it is hard for us to say that this is of God and that of man. It is something in which we all share, for we are all bound to be not only *moral*, but also *religious* beings.

And so Father Hecker, whose spiritual doctrine was drawn from his constant reading of the Angelic Doctor, was never tired of insisting upon our supernatural destiny and its attainment through obedience to the dictates of reason and the voice of the Holy Spirit. Thus he said: "The aim of Christian perfection is the guidance of the soul by the indwelling Holy Spirit. This is attained, ordinarily, first by bringing whatever is inordinate in our animal propensities under the control of the dictates of reason by the practice of mortification and self-denial; for it is a self-evident principle that a rational being ought to be master of his animal appetites; and, second, by bringing the dictates of reason under the control and inspiration of the Holy Spirit by recollection and by fidelity and docility to its movements."<sup>14</sup>

Leo XIII. in his encyclical letter for Pentecost, 1897, refers thus to the action of the Holy Spirit: "Among these gifts are those secret warnings and invitations which from time to time are excited in our minds and hearts by the inspirations of the Holy Ghost. Without these there is no beginning of a good life, no progress, no arriving at eternal salvation. And since these words and admonitions are uttered in the soul in an exceedingly secret manner, they are sometimes aptly compared in Holy Writ to the breathing of a coming breeze, and the Angelic Doctor likens them to the movements of the heart which are wholly hidden in the living body."

The concept is a common one in Scripture. St. Paul tells us of the spirit that speaketh with unutterable groanings and warns us "to grieve not the Spirit." Again he asks us: "Know you not, that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (I. Cor. iii., 16), and our Lord promised the Paraclete, who will abide with us forever, and assures us that we shall know him because he will abide with us and will be in us. (St. John xiv., 17.)

St. Thomas, therefore, is only accentuating a Scriptural concept when he speaks of the voice of God as something distinct from the voice of reason, and he legitimately distinguishes the gifts from the virtues because it is one thing to be obedient to human ideals, but another to be faithful to divine inspirations.

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<sup>14</sup> "Life," by Elliott, p. 307.

The Angelic Doctor makes still another distinction between the virtues and the gifts. The traditional concept of virtue is, as we have seen, moderation, the mean between two extremes, the avoidance equally of both excesses and defects, use without abuse. The gifts, on the other hand, break down all restraints of moderation, cast all barriers aside, thread their way no longer through a rocky strait with dangers on either side, but launch out into the deep sea itself, and leaving the world and all its pleasures behind, shape their course directly to eternal life.

The beatitudes are the expression of their mode of action, and what is more unreasonable, from a merely human point of view, than the extreme doctrine of these very beatitudes? They are essentially Christian concepts, wholly unknown to pagan philosophy and comprehensible only to one whose centre of gravity is in the world to come and who has stored up his treasures in heaven.

1. "Blessed are the poor in spirit," said our Lord, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Virtue teaches us to use moderately the riches of this world and accept its honors without vanity and immoderate rejoicing. The gifts teach us to despise wealth, fame, high station in life and all those things on which men set their hearts, to give them up utterly and seek happiness in the imitation of the poor life of Christ, who had not where to lay His head.

2. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." Virtue restrains us from following too ardently the lure of our passions, lessens their violence and subjects them to will and understanding. The gifts unite our minds and hearts to God, so that we have no other will but His, and rest on the bosom of Christ in perfect tranquillity, in the fullness of peace and joy in the Holy Spirit.

3. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Virtue teaches us to endure sufferings with patience; the gifts, to embrace them with joy and even go so far beyond patient and willing endurance that they teach us to seek suffering and contempt, to rejoice in the folly of the cross and to inflict upon ourselves the voluntary suffering of mortification and self-denial.

4. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill." Virtue dictates that we give to every man his just due, to circumvent no one, to neither trick nor deceive nor injure nor revile, but to give every one whatever belongs to him without any show of hatred or partiality. The gifts, on the other hand, make us overflow with goodness and kindness. They make us lose sight of our own rights in yielding to the convenience of others. They make us seek out opportunities of doing good and fill us with a desire, as of hunger or thirst, to be engaged in good deeds towards our neighbor.

5. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Virtue with its worldly prudence dictates that we dispose of our goods where some return at least is to be expected, and so the virtuous man gathers around him his relatives and friends and showers liberally upon them his bounty and kindness. But the gifts move us to give for the love of God, and our charity accordingly is directed by the needs that we perceive rather than by any hope of return or personal affection from the one to whom we give. And so we live up to our Lord's precept: "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind: and thou shalt be blessed, because they have not wherewith to make thee recompense." (St. Luke xiv., 13, 14.)

6. "Blessed are the clean of heart, because they shall see God." No virtue can have as its reward the vision of God, but this is the reward of the gift of understanding—so intimately connected with cleanliness of heart by which all sin and all vain imaginings and all errors of reason are utterly banished from the mind.

7. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The gifts are the tokens of citizenship in the kingdom of heaven, the pledges that we are co-heirs with Christ, signs of our fellowship with the angels and saints of God. Those who uphold the harmony of the communion of saints and the tranquillity of order and the bond of peace are in very truth the children of God and heirs of heaven. And if in so doing they suffer persecution for justice's sake, little does it matter, for "theirs is the kingdom of heaven." For "Blessed are ye when they shall revile and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly for My sake. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in heaven."<sup>15</sup>

How wonderfully sublime is the Thomistic analysis of the gifts and the beatitudes. It is only the expression of the doctrine of the Saviour, who came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it, not to take us out of this world, but to leave us in it yet not of it. And while it gives ample scope for human charity, it opens the doors to divine contemplation. It justifies at once the Sister of Charity in her hospital, and the discalced Carmelite behind her black veil in the cloister. In fact, it finds its most perfect expression in the folly of the cross. For after all the natural virtues can make us understand most if not all of modern charity. But only the gifts give us an insight into a saint like the sweet and gentle St. Francis of Assisi, who gave up all that he might be like Christ.

Should we not stop a moment and think whether or not in our

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<sup>15</sup> Cf. "Summa Theologica," I., 2; Q. LXIX., sec. 3.

innermost hearts we are pagan or Christian, whether we practice morality or religion, whether we participate in the virtues and not in the gifts? And then fix our gaze upon the eternal truths and view all things from the standpoint of Christ and by that divine grace which is always given to him who asks, listen not merely to the voice of reason, but hearken to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and let God lead us whithersoever He will.

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## MARLOWE AND "THE HEAVY WRATH OF GOD."

WITHOUT a doubt one of the most stupendous events for any adventurer in literature is a first reading of Christopher Marlowe's play, "Dr. Faustus." This at least is a masterpiece which deserves to be forgotten so that the same thrill and elevation may come with each new reading. That Elizabeth dramatist had a rather meteoric career. Out of Cambridge he came with others who were called the "University wits," flashed for a moment across the darkness of an undistinguished British stage, and lighting an hour or two was gone. He left his imprint, however, indelible upon the English drama. Thereafter the chronicle history play became a heroic work of art, not a mere chronology. Thereafter the blank verse of his "mighty line" sounded sonorously across the boards for many years to come. Thereafter there was power and strength to theatrical literature: Richard III., whatever royal genealogists may say, is a lineal descendant of Barabas; Faustus and Tamburlaine. From the cheap social satire and cheaper buffoonery, from the dry chronicle catalogue of political event and the dryer classical forms of Seneca, he led his art in dignity and grace.

"From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits  
Aud such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,"

he marched in stately measures which Shakespeare was glad to tread and countless other artists anxious to imitate.

Yet, however great his artistic conquests, the chief value of Marlowe to our modern views of literature and life does not concern any meticulous drawing of analogies or presentation of parallel passages, nor in any discussion of purely literary origins. He stands for something far greater. He stands for Tragedy, complete and everlasting. He is a prime example of a man who has gained the whole world and lost his own soul.

Back to the Greeks we go. Back to the old Aristotelian definition of tragedy, as the inevitable result of a broken law. In three characters Christopher Marlowe depicted this tragedy of the broken law and the fall of man, no longer the mere fall of princes in the mediæval conception of tragedy as the adventures of the unfortunate great. Tamburlaine was ambitious for military power and sought to be a superman. Barabas was ambitious for gold, "infinite riches in a little room." Faustus was intellectually ambitious for power and sold his soul to Satan for the temporary skill of the magician. Each broke a law and met the just punishment he deserved. Each

gained a passing physical victory, but met a psychic defeat—which was followed by the inevitable downfall. The spiritual was neglected; the material conquest was achieved; but the spiritual failure came as a final act of retributive justice. Of what avail were the riches of the Jew of Malta, the skill of Tamburlaine "to entertain divine Zenocrate," or Faustus' pleasure in "the face that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Illium," when the degradation which these achievements entailed descended upon the offenders against divine and moral law?

Nor is it fantastic to speak thus of Marlowe, as represented in his three greatest plays, for an almost perfect analogy existed between the characters he depicted on the stage and the character of the man himself. Here was a fresh young university student come up from Cambridge. In London he gained the success deserving to his genius and to his idealism. But at the same time he was gaining that success he was compromising the high ideals for which he had been taught to stand. In his life there lies the material for the most stupendous tragedy, in the Aristotelian sense, that the world has ever seen. It is the old, old theme of a broken law and of the retributive hand from heaven. His degeneration was a double one. In a spiritual way, Marlowe courted disaster by professing himself an atheist, and only the accident of his death saved him from the persecuting hand of "good Queen Bess." In a material way, Marlowe degraded himself lower than the lowest rascals, rogues and rakes of London taverns, and his death is supposed to have been the direct result of a clandestine love affair of an illicit nature. He died, we are told, in a tavern brawl—stabbed amid a swarm of outcast knaves with his own dagger, in a quarrel over a disreputable wench. It is, in fact, almost fitting that he should have been killed with his own dagger, for he had himself courted disaster in matter and mind, and had compassed his own ruin. The law was broken, and the stage was set for a tragedy in the ancient sense. Well might it have been he, and not Faustus, who exclaimed:

"O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!"

and later of his soul:

"Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells?"

This was the greatest tragedy of the Elizabethan age: greater than any play was this actual living tragedy completed by what Faustus would call "the heavy wrath of God," and moderns "the moral consequence."

Yet when we skip blithely over a couple of hundred years or more we find a change in the literary ideals of the English-speaking people. We come to the "period"—delightful phrase dear to the academic mind—called the Age of Romanticism which saw the full fruition in letters and in politics of an independent, individualistic philosophy of life, protesting against authority—that philosophy which rose with, or as a part of, or as a result of the Protestant Revolt. In a steady tendency towards simplification by eliminating formal restraints, men walked down the lane of the least resistance and broke into open rebellion at the end of the eighteenth century. Not only to political action do the words of Madame Roland apply: "Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Back to a pure and unregulated nature did the world see itself marching. In literature there was rejection for the old manners and materials in favor of more independent forms and ideas. They vainly called it a greater sincerity and a slighter formality. According to the romantic ideal, each poet was a prophet, priest and seer who interpreted the things of nature, humanity and his own feelings in his own way. It was the age of introspective individualism. Wordsworth and Whitman are its apostles; the tragedy of the broken law was forgotten because law had been discarded.

Out of this general tendency grew the sentimental romance which may amuse, but also undoubtedly teaches false ideas. There are thousands of examples which might be adduced from nineteenth century fiction, but we shall confine ourselves to the career of Marlowe. And first we must understand his thesis—a thesis which he did not put into personal practice. For not Tamburlaine, nor Barabas, nor Faustus represents Marlowe's own intention so well as Paris in Lyly's play, "Contentment Is My Wealth." Unfortunately, the evils of Marlowe's chief characters were also Marlowe's own, and he, like these characters, fell "to be plagued in hell." Yet this lesson of the three leading personages in Marlowe's theatre was not acceptable in nineteenth century England, which continued to protest against rules and dreaded responsibility. His plays were not very well liked. But the treatment which his life itself has received is even more indicative of the modern mind. In 1837 Richard Hengist Horne published a drama dealing with the tragic end of this most promising of Elizabethan songsters who wasted his genius and proved his own theory of damnation by selfish irrespect for the ordinary moral laws of matter, mind and soul. But Horne went to great pains to make Marlowe's passion for the wench a worthy one and to have the girl change her way of life. It was the typical nineteenth century interpretation, giving an intense story, but one neither true to facts nor plausible. It was the

characteristic refusal to see the tragedy which must result from misconduct. It insisted on false external sentiment. It was romance, and therefore not real. Then, as if to prove that we have not as yet discarded these shifting, irresponsible sentiments, we bought and read and praised two more similar, idealized narratives based on the same tragic career. In 1901 Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Monks) published "*Marlowe: A Drama in Five Acts,*" in which, though in "*The Wolf of Gubbio*" she has shown the true Franciscan spirit and a thorough sympathy with the virtue of rigid Catholic principles, this authoress revels in distorted romanticism and makes Marlowe repent of his sins at the last moment of his life, besides ascribing to him a loftier love than he then felt or deserved. In 1913 Mr. Alfred Noyes published in "*Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*" another narrative of the death of Marlowe, in which he likewise adds an unwarranted repentance and spreads over all an unreal glamour of simulated virtuosity.

Now, no one has a right to dispute with these three writers for painting the figure of Marlowe strange and strong. But the tendency to condone his actions because he was—in the modern romantic sense—a poet is contradictory to right morality and destroys the virtue of his biography. The tale is the story of failure, self-inflicted because he sinned in a spiritual and in a material way, by denying his God and by associating too freely with dissolute drunkards. It is the tragedy of the broken law. Yet the moderns dodge the issue and spoil the moral.

This inclination to sentimentalize over genius and to ascribe to it virtue, instead of condemning its vices, is likewise seen in many of our modern romances. Dauville's story of the career of "*Gringoire*" and McCarthy's story of Villon in "*If I Were King*" are examples of the same thing. Ribald taverners with a facility at rhyming as well as murder and gaming are glorified because they defied institutions, because they defied social conventions, because they broke laws whose violation should have involved them in stupendous tragedies. We have, indeed, gone far from the straightforward morality of Aristotle.

This other question of a deathbed repentance is more difficult to handle, but the answer seems fairly clear. The idea of the forgiveness of sins in a definite and exact way is as old as Christianity, yet it is extremely doubtful if Marlowe's repentance for sinning in matters of faith and morals was genuine enough to warrant this forgiveness. Still, our quarrel is not with Marlowe himself, but rather with these moderns who have written him down in such a manner that their fictitious characters of Marlowe could not be convincingly repentant. They end their narratives in a vaguely

romantic way and lack the power of a definite tragedy. Their lesson lacks definiteness and strength.

And here we come to our chief point of disagreement with modern literature: the old, old contrast between the classical standard and the romantic irresponsibility. Ever since Wordsworth and Scott our writers have tended to some degree to be individualists, to preach independence and to slight the definite formality of ordinary laws which have been synthesized and established in Catholic practice out of long experience with problems of morality. In Wordsworth, in Tennyson, in Browning, in Swinburne, in Turgenev—our latest fashion—the inclination has been to emphasize individual rather than social origins for our moral motives. Tricked out in pleasing phrase, ideas of an incomprehensible feeling have been put forth as “deep” and “true.” It is pantheism which they teach, and an indefinable and untrustworthy emotional reaction of an unreasonable sort. What the world needs is not a substitution of vague poetic idealism for religion, but a clear consciousness of the difference between the refined and the vulgar, between right and wrong, between black and white. These men of letters condemn exact definitions, and exalt introspection and psychological experience—forgetting that true traditional definitions are the long-standing result of painful mistakes in previous experience. They want to make the mistakes all over again, and fear to look ahead lest they learn that all their experiments may lead them in the end to the same definitions which they now reject.

The threefold temptation of Christ in the wilderness corresponds in some degree to the three plays of Marlowe. Barabas resolved to covet gold, Tamburlaine military and political mastery and Faustus “a world of profit and delight.” Marlowe tried to show the fruitless folly of their choice. And we very much fear that the world of to-day, if it is to be judged by its expressed opinions—as we have judged it from its mistaken conception of the character of Marlowe—would choose to shout in loud tones: “Freedom from restraint!” and follow in the footsteps of Barabas, Tamburlaine and Faustus. It would be individualistic, almost enough individualistic to urge that Christ should have yielded to the temptations of Satan for the valuable “experience” that might have resulted therefrom. But the world must heed the lesson to be read in both the works and the life of Marlowe, that there is no way to hide “from the heavy wrath of God,” that the Aristotelian idea is still sound, and that there is always one inevitable consequence of a broken law—tragedy.

FRANCIS PAUL.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE USEFULNESS OF CHRISTIAN DOGMA.

OUTSIDE of the Catholic Church there is a growing tendency towards what we may call "the weariness with dogmas."

Under the specious pretext of fostering a materialistic culture, of promoting social welfare, of giving greater value to the practical sides of life, speculation on the highest truths of Christian dogmatics is excluded from scientific study and looked upon with a supercilious glance. Dogmas, it is declared, have entirely lost their importance in our busy days. We no longer flock into the hippodrome or stroll around the monasteries of Byzantium, where tumultuous crowds once struggled for the orthodox settlement of abstruse theological quarrels and took an intense interest in the solution of dogmatic riddles. God is believed in our days to be far from our earthly mansions. He lives and reposes in regions which are beyond the reach of any created mind, and therefore it would be wiser to turn our eyes to the trifling things of our daily life than permit our minds to flutter over the clouds which wrap the arcana of the Godhead in a veil of mystery.

Such are the echoes we often hear from the great army which vegetates rather than militates under the banner of religious indifferentism. At times we hear them even from the lips of Christians, unable to understand why, during so many centuries, the most gifted leaders of theological thought have labored over the dogmatic teaching of Christianity and have thrashed out the inner meaning of truths which elude every effort of the mind.

Again, and this time appropriately mingled with blasphemy or sneer, we hear the same voices from those who no longer feel the life-giving warmth and fascinating beauty of Christian faith. Thus, from different sides, we have evidence of the spread of a latent antipathy to Christian dogma, which fills so many pages of the history of the Church, which has stirred up so many controversies, which has nourished so many mystical souls and enraptured so many clever minds. There is considerable value, therefore, in testing the seriousness of these objections against the utility of dogmatic truths and in throwing into relief the rôle they play in the spiritual and intellectual life of Christianity, and thus in vindicating the honor of Christian dogmatics. As Catholics we are firmly convinced that the supreme magisterium of the Church assures genuine progress in the field of dogma by means of dogmatic formulæ. But what is the value of these formulæ? Do they offer us real doctrine, perennial truth, which we could never hope to

pluck from the majestic tree of Christian revelation? Do their terms express an objective reality or a mere apologetic figment? Do they phrase a speculative concept or a practical rule of conduct? By shaping them does the Church aim to clothe with unchangeable words a string of sentences whose meanings vary in accordance with the aspirations of endlessly succeeding generations and with the evolution of Christian consciousness? In a few words, by elaborating her dogmatic formulæ, does the Church aim at establishing a truly revealed doctrine or does she merely intend to soothe to rest interminable controversies which rend the Christian world asunder and waste its energies?

Before answering these questions it will be desirable to sum up the objections raised by modernists and adogmatists against the practical value of dogmas. As far as possible the writer's own words are used.

A notable opponent of the utility of Christian dogmatic formulas is the French mathematician, Edward LeRoy. Owing to his famous book, "*Dogme et critique*" (Paris, 1907), he has become the head of the school of reformers within the pale of the Catholic Church who seek, as they say, to infuse new life into the moribund body of traditional apologetics. LeRoy and his followers attempted to "naturalize" the Christian faith by filling up the wide gulf which they alleged to exist between Church and science and by reconciling modern thought with the rigid dogmatic intolerance of the Catholic Church.

To reach this end LeRoy traces in the darkest colors the pitiful and desperate situation in which dogmas appear to modern society. Modern scientists look upon them as useless formulæ both in the practical arena of life and in the theoretical region of science. They claim for themselves the right of subjecting dogmas to the verdict of reason, to the test of scientific criticism, to the investigations of modern thought. Dogmas are metaphysical entities vanishing in the streams of time.

According to LeRoy, the arguments brought forth by the traditional apologists are of no worth to modern minds. They are received with irony by savants and philosophers. In these days, he says, apologists of Christian dogmatics seem not to understand modern psychology. Both in written and spoken argument they use a language incomprehensible to their contemporaries, and their argument is heard with a smile of compassion or a shrug of the shoulders. To tell the truth frankly, dogmas, "these cold blocks of lava," as Sabatier calls them, clash with the religious consciousness of to-day. And the reasons for that failure of Christian dogmatics can be found, thinks LeRoy.

In fact, what does the dogma offer to modern society? In its very essence it is a proposition, which descended from heaven, though framed in human words. It cannot be explained nor demonstrated; it cannot find root in the domain of scientific research. Even those who subscribe to it feel obliged to avow that they are not able to emerge from the thick cloak of mystery enveloping their act. We cannot give a direct demonstration of dogmatic truths. Even the Catholic Church anathematizes the boldness of those who pretend to handle dogmas as they would the truths of the physical order. If, therefore, a direct demonstration of dogmas is at a variance with their nature, it is no wonder that modern society dislikes them, and that the idea itself of dogmas is repugnant, an object of scandal: "*L'idée même du dogme repugne, fait scandale.*"

The admirers of the traditional apologetics maintain that there is an indirect demonstration of dogmatic truths. But, LeRoy says, that kind of demonstration is quite insufficient. In order that we may be able to force the consent of men to dogmatic truths and to overcome their hesitation, it would be necessary to show that God really spoke to humanity. Hence it follows that the indirect demonstration of dogmas would rest upon an act of intellectual submission to a transcendent authority; that truth would flow into our hearts through the channel of an external source. This being so, dogma would signify a yoke of bondage, a limit imposed upon human reason; it would connote spiritual tyranny, coercion of the will; it would suppress the freedom of scientific research, and, in the last resort, it would dissolve the inner life of thinking men and destroy the principle of immanence which generates that inner life.

Let us grant for a moment, says LeRoy, that dogmas are the rich inheritance of a supreme authority, before which all created minds must bend. Of course, that authority would feel it necessary that dogmas be made intelligible to the believers in them. If this were the case, dogmas would not contain even the slightest shadows of ambiguity, being clearly truths of the highest value.

It cannot be denied, says LeRoy, that dogmas are nothing else than obscure and ambiguous formulas. They are involved in an envelope of metaphysical expressions; they lack a truly objective and definite meaning; they are deprived of a well fixed theoretical value. They are, so to speak, aerial phantoms. Modern society does not need such lifeless tenets, which have the only merit of reminding us of the psychological fashions of ages past. Theologians extoll them as immutable forms, but in fact they have no bearing on the progressive forces of mankind. They comprise transcendental propositions which have wandered from the orbit of modern life. It is in vain that we strive to discover in them a

gleam of light with which to make easier the solution of the problems of our own time. While scientists and philosophers are at work enlarging the field of human knowledge, dogmas remain imbedded in the consciousness of believers—dead formulas, sterile germs, useless theorems. No wonder, then, if they fall into disfavor in an age which sets its values exclusively from an utilitarian point of view. Truths that are really useful for the time being are those which facilitate new outlooks on life or which disclose new shafts of precious ore, and value is to be attributed only in proportion as ideas exert a salutary influence upon the cultural development of society. It follows that dogma as it is conceived by the champions of the traditional apologetics is not reconcilable with modern thought; it is a stumbling-block to the advancement of learning. No authority on earth has the right to force my assent to a proposition which I am not able to understand or to approve a demonstration which seems to me devoid of proofs and logical strength. Dogma might be tolerated as a moral affirmation, but it would be wrong to attach to it any theoretical value.<sup>1</sup>

The theories of LeRoy have not even the merit of novelty. A few years before the publication of his book they had been spread in Russia by the so-called Russian adogmatists, Demetrius Merezhkovsky and Basil Rozanov. The school of Russian adogmatism, which traces back its origin to the religious nihilism of Tolstoi, avers that Christian theology runs parallel to philosophical agnosticism. Both culminate in the unknowable. The Supreme Being of agnosticism is as inaccessible as the dogmas of Christian theology. Dogmas are the chains of the spirit, the dungeons of the mind. They do not open to us new horizons, but prisons, whose walls we must throw down to enjoy our spiritual freedom once more. What does the modern man learn from the dogma of the Trinity? How could that dogma be applied to our life or utilized solving the moral and ethical problems of our own time? In a word, assert the Russian adogmatists, there is no point of contact between the dogmas of the past and modern aspirations. Dogmas, says Rozanov, are stones served instead of bread they are the multiplication tables of religious truth; Christian dogmatics are but a meaningless grammar of magical formulæ. It would be wise to close all theological schools and to abolish the study of theology, for then the Christian faith would experience a revival of its genuine and vital forces.<sup>2</sup>

Thus rapidly surveyed, we see the arguments of both Western

<sup>1</sup> "Dogme et critique," pp. 6, 9, 11, 13—16, 19, 25.

<sup>2</sup> "Zapiski Peterburgskikh religiozno-filosofskikh sobranii." Petrograd, 1903, pp. 426, 456, 468.

and Eastern adogmatists. We believe it the first duty of a Christian apologist not to conceal or to weaken the arguments of his adversaries. Catholicism is the religion of truth, and as such it looks without fear at the changing face of human error. As Leo XIII. wrote in a letter to Ludwig Pastor, the historian of the Popes: "The Catholic Church needs truth, needs truth, needs truth." However strong may be the assaults of the enemies of Christian revelation, however skillful their strategy against the divinely wrought edifice of Christian truth, we may face their aggression in all confidence.

In order to show the inconsistency of the logic of our adversaries, we have to answer and elucidate a double question: 1. Is it true that dogmas are useless to the modern intellectual life and incapable of answering the needs of our own time? 2. Is it true that dogmas are empty formulæ and lifeless theories?

The adogmatists declare that dogmas are devoid of objective reality. What reason do they advance for this assertion? They have none. And let us note here that we are dealing in this paper only with those who allege their loyalty to Christian faith and who admit the necessity of divine revelation. The admission of the fact of revelation implies that man is taught by a superior intelligence, and the acceptance of revelation means a belief in an order of truth which is inaccessible to any created mind and that revelation brings man in contact with this truth. They are not the product of human speculation; they are a radiation on earth of the divine wisdom. And if we admit not only the possibility, but the existence of those revealed truths, dogmas are the natural outcome of a revealed religion.

The reasonableness of that inference is so plain that even the patriarch of the modernistic theories of dogmatic evolution, Auguste Sabatier, could not refrain from binding the life of dogmas to the life of Christianity itself: "By suppressing Christian dogma," he writes, "you would suppress Christianity; by discarding all religious doctrine, you would destroy religion. How many great and eternal things there are which never exist for us in a pure and isolated state! All the forces of nature are in the same case. Thought, in order to exist, must incarnate itself in language. Words cannot be identified with thought, but they are necessary to it. The hero in the romance, who has said that he was able to think without speaking, was not so ridiculous as was once supposed, for that hero is everybody. The soul only reveals itself to us by the body to which it is united. Who has ever seen life apart from living matter? It is the same with the religious life and the doctrines and rites in which it manifests itself. A religious life which did not express itself would neither know itself nor communicate itself. It is, therefore, perfectly irra-

tional to talk of a religion without dogma and without worship. Orthodoxy is a thousand times right as against rationalism or mysticism when it proclaims the necessity for a Church or formulating its faith into a doctrine."<sup>3</sup>

But the necessity of dogmas being frankly asserted, are we right to say that there is no content, no reality in dogmatic truth? From a religious and a natural point of view the answer can only be negative. Still more, we assert that dogmatic formulæ are full of meaning and sense; they are the true expressions of truths which spring up from the fullness of the Essential Truth. Certainly, would it not be absurd to say that the only realities which we know are those we touch with our hands or those we see with our eyes? Were it true, we would deny the Supreme Reality, which is the source of created realities. In a like manner we cannot affirm that empirical truths, which rest upon our personal experience, are the only truths worthy of that name. If God exists, if God lives in Himself and is the source of life, we cannot fail to acknowledge that there are truths which concern the uncreated being, the eternal life, the almighty activity of God. And it is precisely those truths, those divine mysteries which are expressed in the dogmatic definitions of Christian faith. Dogmas reveal to us the plans of Divine Providence for the government of the world and define for us the divine significance of the incarnation of the Son of God and of our redemption; they point out the final destiny of human souls. They give us, therefore, a system of truth which mirrors the very life of God, which broadens the horizon of our knowledge of God, which leads us straight to the portals of the sanctuary of God.

To say, therefore, that dogmas are empty, high-sounding phrases would mean that a fuller knowledge of God, a more intimate acquaintance with His supereminent beauty is useless; that theology deserves to be rejected as a frivolous pastime of indolent dialecticians.

When I affirm that God exists, I utter a truth which I can arrive at in a natural way—that is, by human speculation. Now, that truth augments the patrimony of our learning. Science, in fact, does not evolve in the constant flux of external phenomena, but in the realm of ideas. If we would limit the dignity of science to those departments of learning which either exploit to our own profit the natural forces or aim to increase our material welfare, undoubtedly the scientific patrimony of humanity would be a very small one.

When I affirm that God exists, I utter at the same time a theological and a philosophical truth—a truth which is known to me by

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<sup>3</sup> "Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion Based on Psychology and History" New York, 1902, pp. 249-250.

reason and by revelation, a truth which raises me from the obscure valleys of the earth to the lofty summit of heaven, and which, in a different way, descends from heaven into the depths of my soul. By saying that God exists, I am firmly convinced that I express a truth which belongs to philosophy and to religion, a truth which contains no empty words, but an objective reality, the affirmation of the existence of God. Now take one of the dogmas of the Christian faith, which came to our possession only by the way of revelation. I say that there are three Divine Persons in the indivisible unity of the divine essence. What does that dogma contribute to the patrimony of my knowledge? No doubt it gives to me a clearer, a fuller notion of the Divine Being and of the inner life of the Godhead. My reason is unable to penetrate the ineffable arcana of divine life. But this innate weakness is healed by the love of God for men. It is God Himself who bends towards me, who endows me with the splendors of His infinite wisdom, who through Jesus Christ and His Apostles teaches me and reveals to me a reflex of His divine beauty. And if we do not consider as useless philosophical speculation which clears up for us the notion of God, which in a natural way draws us near to the Divine reality, it is quite evident how grave an error we would commit in belittling divine teaching which enables us to enjoy a deeper insight into the mysterious life of God.

In short, we follow two paths in our ascent towards God. One leads us to Him by the light of human reason; the other by revelation makes us adoptive sons of God and sharers of the Infinite Wisdom. By our labors we possess the lesser science of God, a science which is not beyond the limits of our natural powers. By the goodness of God we are called to share that light which . . . "comes down from the Father of light." (St. James i., 17.) The former science enunciates philosophical truths and is the origin of natural Theology; the latter gathers up the revealed truths, which are defined and systematized in dogmatic formulas. It follows that any one who denies the utility of those dogmatic truths denies at the same time the utility of a higher knowledge of God and criticizes God Himself, who in His love for man revealed to Him a facet of His divine beauty. And if we declare useless the data of divine revelation of God, there is no reason why we could not equally well criticize that section of philosophy which in a natural way deals with God, His divine attributes and His government of the world.

To come closer to our problem, it may be said that those dogmas which have merely a speculative content do not speak either to our intellect or to our heart. For instance, according to LeRoy and Rozanov, the dogma of the Holy Trinity is of no use in our life.

Christian faith is above all the practice of Christian virtues. Christian faith is life rather than teaching. No one could maintain, says LeRoy, that the dogma of the Holy Trinity fosters the development of scientific thought or the moral training of the heart.

Let us grant for a moment that speculative dogmas do not exert any influence on the spiritual life of a Christian. Yet it cannot be denied that they give a powerful contribution to our intellectual life by bestowing upon us a better and clearer knowledge of God. But that is not enough. We can boldly assert that even mere speculative dogmas while enlarging the horizons of our scientific knowledge of God burn our hearts with the flames of a purer and more ardent love of God.

Christian dogmas have their own beauty, for they disclose to us some hidden features of the beauty of the Divine Being. It would be beyond our purpose here to dwell on the superhuman beauty of Christian dogmas, on the æsthetics of Christian dogmatics, all the more since that subject is fully treated in an admirable work of F. Lingens, S. J. But it is a recognized fact that the most gifted and heroic souls of the Catholic Church, S. Augustine, S. Bonaventure and Saint Theresa, tasted an ineffable joy and sweetness in the meditation of those sublime mysteries which are scorned at as fruitless in the writings of the above quoted adogmatists. Once more, it is a recognized fact that our love of God increases in proportion with our knowledge of God; the more closely we gaze at this divine beauty, the more ardently our heart burns with the flames of this love. By means of dogmas God is no longer hidden from our eyes by a veil of thick clouds, nor does He vanish in the mists of philosophical abstractions. We gaze up into His divine Being at the light of a supernatural revelation. We contemplate Him as Wisdom, Life and Love; we approach nearer to Him; we feel the supreme joy of intimate possession of Him, and that joy is great enough to show that dogmas really contain an element which nourishes our Christian life. Of course, that intimate possession of God gained by a deeper insight into His mysteries is not a common prerogative of all Christian souls. It gets away from those who flatter themselves that they are attaining the highest summits of enraptured contemplation of God on the wings of labored human speculation. But the souls in which the supernatural faith is deeply rooted, the souls which do not pretend to penetrate the mysteries of the Infinite Being by the pale light of human understanding, those souls will know the things which God hath prepared for them who love Him (I. Cor. ii., 9.)

Among the dogmatic truths which LeRoy classifies as fruitless in our Christian life we would mention the dogma of transubstan-

tiation. But that dogma, when viewed by the light of revelation, discloses to us the greatest marvels of the love and almighty power of God. To our mind that dogma points out that there are no limits binding the Divine Omnipotence and that His love for men achieves prodigies which cannot be conceived by human reason. As a Catholic, I am firmly convinced that my faith in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist makes known to me a truth which I could not possibly have reached without the superior light of revelation. The knowledge of that truth widens the extent of my knowledge of God. That dogma is not equivalent for me to a barren theorem. A practical value is inherent in it. It does not only furnish food to my intelligence, but a refreshing draught to my soul athirst for God. Since I am convinced that Jesus Christ is really present in the sacrament of His love, I go nearer to Him, as to the source of my inward religious life; I search for Him and the dogma of the Real Presence reveals to me that even in my earthly life "I can make of Him the flesh of my flesh, the blood of my blood," to quote a beautiful saying of St. Cyril of Jerusalem.

It follows, then, that the dogmatic formula which expresses to me the Eucharistic mystery is the source and the inexhaustible spring of ineffable joys. I feel, I taste, I experience what the Catholic dogma enunciates to me, and when I pray before the Blessed Sacrament, my Christian consciousness opens to me the realities which underlie the dogma of transubstantiation. Jesus attracts me to Himself by the fascination of His all-conquering love: I believe that He is present in the Eucharistic bread, and my heart ascends to Him. And while my reason, enlightened by faith, contemplates the marvels of His love, my heart, following the ecstasy of my mind, raises up to God its voice of ardent prayer; and that prayer, which is the practical outcome of a dogmatic truth, softens my sorrows, stills the discordant cries of passions, makes smooth the rugged paths of my daily life, strengthens my soul in the fulfillment of Christian duties, keeps me afar from the allurements of vice, and, so to speak, fastens my heart to that of my Saviour.

How many souls were spiritually born anew at the feet of Jesus, which the Catholic dogma declares present under the form of the Holy Eucharist? How many passions have been subdued and crushed in a closer contact of our soul with Jesus become our sacrifice in the Blessed Sacrament? How many tears have been dried by the softening hand of our Saviour, hidden in the mysterious token of His love? How many sighs of sorrow have been transformed into cries of joy after a prayer to the Eucharistic Lord? How many noble deeds, and great enterprises, and productive

apostleships, and admirable sacrifices, and voluntary crucifixions, and sanctified lives, and heroic deaths have been begotten, matured and achieved by the union of truly Christian souls with Jesus living in the Eucharistic memorial of His love? The best proof of my thesis is to be found in the lives of the saints, whose unrivaled moral perfection directly flowed from their prayers to Jesus, the victim of His love for men in the Holy Eucharist.

If, then, the history of the Catholic Church contains so many instructive pages with regard to the fruitful influence exerted by Catholic dogmas upon the intellectual and practical life of Christian souls, how could one without a flat denial of a recognized truth fling discredit on Catholic dogmas, as if they were empty formulæ and fruitless statements? If the dogma of the Transubstantiation did not express, to quote a saying of LeRoy, "*la réalité sous-jacente*" of the real presence of Jesus Christ, doubtless all the marvels of moral restoration and elevation of souls to the sunlit heights of holiness would be an insoluble riddle. The savant, *a la moderniste*, affects to laugh in his heart at the simplicity and superstitious credulity of the faithful who believe that Jesus Christ is really present in the Holy Eucharist, and who are willing to give up their lives for the defense of the Catholic dogma. The Holy Eucharist, to his mind, is only a symbol, a moral stimulant. He would even allow a tribute of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament, as if Jesus Christ were present in it, but in the inmost recesses of his heart he would say to himself: "The real presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist is a myth, a moral figment, a purely theoretical formula, *pure nonsense*."

But, it may be objected: We have not a direct demonstration of dogmas; we do not know at all what their terms define; we are defenseless against the rationalists who ask for the reasons of our belief in the Trinity of Persons in God and in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist.

We grant that a direct physical and evident demonstration of dogmatic truths is out of the reach of our faculties and of human possibilities. No doubt, we grasp the meaning of the terms which clothes dogmatic formulas, but we are not able to take in their logical connection. We know, for instance, by revelation that there are three Divine Persons in the unique divine essence; but the mystery itself of the life of the Divine Persons in God is above and beyond the thinking powers of every created mind. So far as the natural life is concerned, we shall never sound the unfathomable abyss of the divine life.

Yet we ought not wonder at this. Even in the fields of our natural knowledge we meet with truths which are beyond our reach. What evidence, for instance, have I of the victories of Marius upon the Cimbri and Teutones? None; I accept them on the authority of those who witnessed the historic events. In other words, I believe the man who down through the course of centuries has brought me the record of those victories. And if I believe in the testimonies of men, why should I not believe in the infallible testimonies and true words of God, who reveals to me the impervious arcana of His life? Why should man enter a claim to having logically and fully demonstrated those truths which are above our understanding, when daily experience teaches him that numberless truths of the physical order are firmly believed, adhered to and accepted, although they have not a direct and evident demonstration of their credibility?

The argument upon which we rest is frequently invoked by Christian apologists. It furnishes to Massillon a page of inspired eloquence, to which we cannot refrain from referring here: "In all the world around us we find nothing but enigmas; we live as strangers upon the earth and amid objects we know not. To man, nature is a closed book; and the Creator, as it would appear, in order to confound human pride, has been pleased to overspread the face of this abyss with impenetrable obscurity. Lift up thine eyes, O man! Consider those grand luminaries suspended over your head, and which swim, as I may say, through those immense spaces in which thy reason is lost. Who, says Job, has formed the sun and given a name to the infinite multitude of stars? Comprehend, if thou can, their nature, their use, their properties, their situation, their distance, their revolution, the quality or the inequality of their movements. Our age has penetrated a little into their obscurity, that is to say, it has perhaps better formulated its conjectures than preceding ages; but what are its discoveries when compared to all of which we are still ignorant? Descend upon the earth and tell us, if thou knowest, what it is that keeps the winds bound up; what regulates the course of the thunders and of the tempests; what is the fatal boundary which places its mark and says to the rushing waves, "Here you shall go and no farther;" explain to us the surprising phenomena of plants, of metals, of the elements; find out in what manner gold is purified in the bowels of the earth; unravel, if thou canst, the infinite skill employed in the formation of the very insects; give us an explanation of the various instincts of animals; turn on every side, nature in all her parts offers nothing to thee but enigmas. O man! thou knowest nothing of the objects, even under thine eyes, and thou wouldst pretend to fathom the

eternal depths of faith! Nature is a mystery to thee, and thou wouldst have a religion which had none! Thou art ignorant of the secrets of man, and thou wouldst pretend to know the secrets of God! Thou knowest not thyself, and thou wouldst pretend to fathom what is so much above thee! The universe, which God has yielded up to thy curiosity and to thy disputes, is an abyss in which thou art lost; and thou wouldst that the mysteries of faith, which He has solely exposed to thy docility and to thy respect, should have nothing which surpasses thy feeble lights. Oh blindness! were everything, excepting religion, clear and evident, thou then, with some show of reason, mightst mistrust its obscurities; but, since everything around thee is a labyrinth in which thou art bewildered, ought not the secret of God, as Augustine once said, to render thee more respectful and more attentive rather than more incredulous?"<sup>4</sup>

God spoke to man, and I believe in His word. We cannot directly demonstrate the inner meaning and connection of the formulæ which express the dogmatic truths of the Christian faith. But we know that we can submit an indirect demonstration of their credibility. And this precisely is the task of Christian apologetics, which demonstrates the full credibility of the divine revelation, and which shows clearly that Jesus Christ revealed to us the secrets of His Father, the mysteries of the divine wisdom. I believe in the teaching of Christ. The word of the Saviour is a word which fills the pages of history, which echoes in the course of centuries, which moves all ages to tears and contrition, which inaugurated the era of Redemption. Were we to deny the historic reality of that word of life uttered by the lips of Jesus, we should be forced to reject and repudiate the most certain testimonies of history.

Add to that the fact that Jesus Himself spoke to us as God. We do not find on His lips the word of "a transcendent authority." His divine authority is and it will always be real and living. We know that God spoke through Him, because He Himself acted in His life as the Son of God. He bore witness to His divinity.

"But I have a greater testimony than that of John. For the works which the Father had given Me to perfect; the works themselves, which I do, give testimony of Me, that the Father hath sent Me.

"And the Father Himself who hath sent Me, hath given testimony of Me; neither have you heard His voice at any time, nor seen His shape. (St. John v., 36-37.)

"Jesus answered them: I speak to you, and you believe not; the works that I do in the name of My Father, they give testimony of Me." (St. John x., 25.)

He gave a practical demonstration that He was the Son of God. He showed to men that He was invested with a divine mission and

that He had the power of confirming His claims with marvels. He was able to fulfill His works in the name of the Father. By His miracles Jesus Christ gave a direct demonstration of His Divinity, and if we are not to reject His miracles without open contempt for the most positive historical documents, we have no further need of direct demonstrations of the dogmatic truths of Christian faith in order to accept them.

My understanding, so limited in power, cannot embrace the infinite ocean of the Divine Wisdom. I believe in the assertions of a learned teacher even when, in my ignorance, I cannot grasp their inner truth. In a like manner, if the Divinity of Christ is shown to me directly by irrefutable arguments, if I am fully convinced that Christian dogmas are the faithful expression of those truths which Jesus Christ revealed to us, I firmly believe also in the truths which are included in the deposit of divine revelation, although I feel incapable of comprehending them. To grasp them inwardly, to demonstrate them directly, my intellect would need to participate in the purest act of the vision of God, that is, it would become itself a Divine intellect. But to learn of their existence, to profess them with the strongest conviction of my mind and the firmest adhesion of my will, it will be enough for me to know that Jesus Christ is God, that He revealed those truths to man, and that He has made it man's duty to accept them and believe in them as the infallible word of God. This, then, marks the scope of the task of Christian apologetics, and simple common sense declares that this will suffice to justify my firm adherence to the dogmatic truths of the Christian faith.

Besides, it is a plain falsehood that the dogmas of the Holy Trinity, of the resurrection of Our Lord, of His real presence in the Holy Eucharist are devoid of significance in our minds. Doubtless he who looks at the formulæ expressing those dogmatic truths does not grasp the intimate connection of their terms, the inward reason of the mystery, but he finds that there is nothing indefinite in their phraseology. If we question a child who has thoroughly studied the catechism of the Christian faith about the significance of the dogma of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, he will promptly answer that immediately after the death of Our Saviour on the Cross His soul reëntered His body. He will clearly distinguish between that dogma and the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, for the concepts included in the terms of the former dogma are quite different from those included in the latter. And if we state that the concepts of the dogmatic truths are distinct from each other, it follows that dogmas are not obscure and senseless formulæ. If experience shows to us that it is impossible to confuse one dogma with another, if the statement of a dogma awakes

in our minds a series of concepts which are not set forth by the other dogmas, it is evident that the dogmatic formulæ are clear enough to give no ground for doubt as to their content, although they are not directly demonstrable. A truly Christian soul is satisfied with knowing that there are Three Persons in the unique divine essence. With unwavering faith he adheres to that truth sanctioned by the authority of Jesus Christ, who speaks to us as God. He needs not and he dares not turn his myopic eyes towards the unfathomable abyss of the divine life. Such a Christian lives a life of supernatural faith; an evident and perfect knowledge of the mysteries of God would wrest from him the merits of that virtue.

We must not forget, however, that if every attempt at a direct demonstration of Christian dogma is at variance with the Catholic notion of revelation, it is also no matter of doubt that human understanding, under the light of faith, is able to arise, to a certain extent, to a relative comprehension of dogmatic truths. By stating this, we outline a doctrine which was set forth by the Vatican Council.<sup>5</sup> Still more! With Cardinal Franzelin we can say that if by means of analogies we were unable to reach a limited comprehension of those revealed truths which the magisterium of the Church proposes to us as truths of faith, we would also fail to have explicit faith in them; for the material object of our faith does not consist in the terms framing the dogmatic truths, but in the truths themselves, which are expressed in dogmatic formulæ.<sup>6</sup>

When speaking of God we use terms and expressions which directly refer to created things, to finite and perishable objects. But, on the other side, when applied to God, these terms and expressions do not convey the same meaning as when they refer to creatures. When they are used with regard to God we eliminate from their inward meaning whatsoever imperfection which bears the impress of human limitation and impotence. We use such phrases, with reference to God, *supereminenter*, as theologians say, that is, in a manner which indefinitely surpasses all that man is able to imagine. One may object that a knowledge of God, which proceeds by way of negations, the *via negativa* of Christian mystics, is an imperfect one. But it is to be noted that that imperfection is not inherent to

<sup>5</sup> Ratio, fide illustrata, cum sedulo, pie, et sobrie quaerit, aliquam Deo dante mysteriorum intelligentiam eaque fructuosissimam assequitur, tum ex eorum, quae naturaliter cognoscit, analogia, tum et mysteriorum ipsorum necne inter se et cum hominis fine ultimo. Denziger, "Enchiridion symbolorum," ed. X., p. 478.

<sup>6</sup> Profecto, nisi aliquo modo notionibus saltem analogicis apprehenderemus, quid sit illud, quod revelatur et credendum proponitur, neque fides explicita in talem veritatem locum habere posset; non enim vocabula, sed res seu veritates verbis significatae sunt objectum materiale fidei. "De Scriptura et traditione," p. 98.

the divine truth nor derived from it. It is only the outcome of the limited and finite nature of our mind. But it furnishes to us clear proof that there one may arrive at a more certain and extensive grasp of Christian dogma by human speculation, that is, by analogical cognition.

The unbelievers have no right to wonder at what has just been stated. Is there not an imperfect knowledge and much hypothetical demonstration even in those sciences which in our day boast of having changed the face of the world and of having caused man to take gigantic steps along the road of progress? And if we meet with limitations and imperfections in human sciences, why should we claim a perfect vision, an evident demonstration of the truths concerning God? Why should we pretend to have dissipated all the mysterious shadows which envelop the knowledge of God so far as we are concerned? If we hesitate and waver very often in the field of human sciences and if our theories in these fields rest on simple hypotheses, which sometimes crumble like card-houses, we ought not be amazed at our impotence to rise up to a higher plane of cognition of the supernatural truths.

Certainly, those truths, when considered in themselves, share in the eternal immutability of the Divine Being. For us they rest upon a firmer ground than that which supports the most evident truths in the order of nature, for in God, who revealed them to us, we cannot imagine the slightest shadow of error. But if we look upon them from a subjective point of view, that is, as far as they refer to our intelligence, we cannot pretend that they appear to us in their full and bright luminousness.

We know that the sun radiates light and warmth; but we enter into the realm of hypotheses whenever we attempt to discover out the nature of the source from which that light and warmth flow. In a like manner we perceive God as an eternal source of truth and love. Even with the pale ray of his reason, man can grasp God as the light which illuminates to him the passing beauty of heaven. For this reason the Christian apologists, headed by Clement of Alexandria, extolled philosophy as a preparatory step to the fullness of Christian truth.

Christian revelation comes to fill the gaps of our understanding. It unveils to us many hidden aspects and mysterious realities of that everflowing source of supreme truth and infinite love. But in spite of that higher knowledge of God, which we receive by way of Christ's revelation, we are riveted to the natural incapacity of our created being. Our eyes gaze at the brilliant light of the sun in the middle of its course; but they are blinded by the vividness of its dazzling rays. Likewise, the eyes of our minds turn towards

God, and when their power of seeing is strengthened by revelation, they can penetrate a little more deeply into the bosom of the Divine Being. But that higher light of revelation does not dispel the natural mists of our understanding, nor lessen the infiniteness of God, nor constrain Him within the narrow limits of our human comprehension.

No doubt the sparkles of the Divine beauty, which faith brings down to us from heaven, opens new horizons to our knowledge of God and kindles the fire of divine love within our hearts. They give a large development to our spiritual life, and they exert a powerful influence on our moral life. But they do not bridge the gulf of infinite distance between God and man; between the divine immensity and human littleness; between the uncreated wisdom and the ignorance of the created mind. With eyes raised heavenward and with a feeling of deep humility, a truly Christian soul repeats the words of St. Paul:

"O the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable His ways!" (St. Paul, Romans xi., 33.)

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## WHAT ABOUT BAZIN?

SOME one has beautifully said: "Every man has two countries, his own and France." Especially should this be true of Americans, for no intelligent student of history can remain insensible of the debt we owe to our fair sister for the blood and treasure she so unselfishly expended in aiding us to form our national entity or be unmoved by the countless examples of disinterested friendliness with which we have been favored in more recent times. However, many a thoughtful person sojourning abroad has in the past found cause for deep mortification in the antics of his compatriots from the land of the free while engaged in the pleasant pastime of "doing" Europe. There are many among us who, while they appear to be sticklers for conventionality, are at heart great rebels, and in response to the necessity they felt for antithesis, embarked upon an orgy of unreason almost before the gangplank was withdrawn and the Statue of Liberty faded from view. Seeing life as it is, to them meant to see it upside down. They were the roistering Americans one noticed, for instance, in the gilded hells of the Place Pigalle; it was their staggering footsteps which kept the grass from growing on the sidewalks in front of the low theatres of the Boulevard Montmartre. Such individuals presumed to judge Paris and the Parisians by the viciousness of a few blatant music halls which existed merely because the unruly natures of tourists created a demand for them, by the ribald atmosphere of its cheap cabarets and the sordidness of its underworld in general. They could not see the grand old Cathedral of Notre Dame on account of the gargoyles. This strange phenomenon, like certain laws in biology, cannot be adequately explained; it can merely be observed. On account of it a most pernicious tradition has grown up in America concerning things French. French husbands are considered risky propositions, French girls are said to be flirtatious, French children are believed to be abnormally sophisticated and French novels are declared to be immoral.

It is not imaginable that the perpetrators of such wholesale heresies would be disconcerted by a little thing like the present war, with its shining revelation that France has a soul, and though we have lately been deluged by a literature that is passionately Gallomaniac, it is a literature that retracts few of the false impressions which our omniscient travelers have disseminated, and it is a literature, moreover, that fails in a curiously inept fashion to reconstruct the France of the French since the beginning of this century. Yet nothing is now easier. The war has given us a magnificent vantage

point from which we may view the period which it closed as completely as if it were the end of an epoch. How may we discover the subjective interests which occupied the French before the war? I answer, by examining the books then written, and more particularly the books of fiction. The attitude of the moment is always accurately reflected in contemporaneous fiction. A novel is an intimate thing; it speaks from heart to heart. Its influence is tremendous. Time was when, through the prevalence among us of a certain lawless school, the term "French novel" stood for all that is vile in literature. Balzac, Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola, Anatole France—all these have known the witchery of words, yet used them poorly to express what is in the minds and hearts of their countrymen. They were like artists who set out to describe the intricate glories of a cathedral window and ignore the sunlight which alone endows the bits of glass with beauty. The beams illuminating French life and character are, I need scarcely mention, those irradiating from the Catholic faith, which, in spite of unutterable travail, still sheds its lustre over the land. It would be interesting to know in what measure literary ghouls are responsible for the submerging of France in the twilight waters of religious indifference—surely not a small one, for the pen still rules the world, and the power of the writer, and more especially of the writer of fiction, simply cannot be estimated. Since 1914 the pages of our press have been filled with stories of the extraordinary revival of religion throughout that nation in agony; Agnosticism, we learn, has been consumed in the Pentecostal fire of faith which has inflamed the people. Was France before this conversion a frivolous wanton or was she in the serious mood of Agrippa when he said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian?" Investigation establishes her high purposes. These are clearly mirrored in the fiction of the time.

The novels written and read in the France of fifty years ago are an index of the decadence which then thrived. These novels lowered the whole moral standard of the reading public, they destroyed all sense of modesty and repulsion for the unclean in the minds of their numerous readers, and, of course, the generation which followed paid the penalty. This generation and its successor was beginning to realize how pitifully it had been deluded, how vast was its degradation when the great war broke out and beached them safely on the shores of the ancient faith, secure once more in the harbor of her faultless, authentic taste in literature, art and life. Then it was that they apprehended what the Abbé Dimnet has said in one of the illuminating passages of his "France Herself Again:" Nobody is expected to be especially attentive to his manners in an inferior society, and when the realistic novel does not introduce us to unde-

sirable company, it at least makes us familiar with that part of ourselves of which we are the least proud. If we take pleasure in it, this pleasure will be a sort of confession, the admission that whatever may be the weaknesses and uglinesses of our nature, we think them quite as capable of being made interesting as our nobler sides." France had gravitated from one extreme to another, from intense religious conviction to free-thinking and back, from absolutism to republicanism and back, and now once more she is "white for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty."<sup>1</sup> Our writers have failed to give a satisfactory explanation of this remarkable change that has come over the French spirit because they have virtually ignored the strong Catholic school of French novelists which has happily sprung up to mould the intellectual tendencies of their time as they struggled to the surface of the social consciousness. For if in the past fifteen or twenty years there has been a beneficent revival of spirituality in France, it is because the Catholic mind has begun to dominate the field of fiction in French scenes. Brunetière, Bourget, Bordeaux, Barrés, Boileslève, Bazin, and to descend a few thousand feet—such writers as Coppée Pravieux, Dombre, Mathilde Alanic, Jean de la Brête, Mme. J. Reynès-Monlaur—these are the real stars in the literary firmament of the new France. I am not here concerned with the yeoman service of her fine group of Catholic poets whose leader is Paul Claudel. Of the busy B's of France, Bazin stands out as the foremost writer of to-day. Bazin is a true secretary of French society, and his books are but an inventory of its forces—forces he has incarnated and called human beings. From his serene heights he surveys the movements of these galvanized figures, records their attractions and repulsions, pulls them apart and shows us their insides. He is an expert swimmer in the multifarious cross-currents of the age and his books give a birds-eye view of modern France as far as the beginning of the war, supplying the key to the amazing phenomena we have been witnessing. At the present time his vogue in France is tremendous, unprecedented. The reason lies not far to seek. Bazin has never been in sympathy with false pacifists like Victor Hugo, who love to read and hear of war, and obtain from it interior pleasures of imagination, but are not ready to risk their skins in it, men who are the spiritual brethren of our own precious Gardeens, "invincible in peace, invisible in war." He has consistently preached the staunchest patriotism. Moreover, his tales are happily free from tragedy in the Greek sense—that sense of brooding disaster, of cruel and immutable fate, of the eternal meaninglessness of life which mars so much of the work his compatriots have produced. His integrity of purpose, his zeal for nationalism,

<sup>1</sup> "Lepanto," in *Poems*," by G. K. Chesterton. London, Burns & Oates.

his dauntless courage, his intuitive insight into the impulses of human nature in the bulk, his gift of characterization, his eagerness in the pursuit of a high ideal, his faith in the possibilities of the latent energy in the individual will, are optimistic. Life, to him, is pregnant with holy meaning, and with thrilling vividness he sums up its significance. The prodigal experiences of life are but the workings of God on souls; human sorrow is but the "shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly;" human joy is but a foretaste of the happiness of the blessed, who through earthly paths of pain have sought and found Him, grasping with the fingers of faith and love the blissful reward all may attain through the unifying mystery of Grace. God and Country are the Alpha and Omega of existence. For these must every Frenchman yield his all. This is the passionate substance of his message. To bring France back to her once proud position as the most valiant daughter of the Church is his deathless impetus. "She is not dead, but sleepeth!" he has been pleading for a decade, in the words of Christ raising the daughter of Jairus. The war has been a vindication, triumphant and complete, of this thesis. His fellow-citizens have indeed feet of gold, they are indeed worthy sons of

"France, whose armor conscience buckled on,  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier!"<sup>2</sup>

In one of his brilliant essays, John Addington Symonds called attention to three successive phases of criticism, pointing out that critics had first set up as judges, delivering opinions from the bench with smug and solemn phiz, then they were metamorphosed into showmen, dwelling chiefly on the merits of the works they were exhibiting, and finally that they had become natural historians, studying, in the fashion of the comparative biologists, "each object in relation to its antecedents and its consequences" and acquainting themselves "with the conditions under which the artist grew, the habits of his race, the opinions of his age, his physiological and psychological peculiarities." It is through this last mentioned method that I shall endeavor to present in some sort the genius of René Bazin—a flowering too little known and appreciated among his American brethren, who possess their full share of that unfortunate national characteristic—a lack of æsthetic curiosity. Whatever the virtues of our much-vaunted self-sufficiency may be in other fields, they most certainly do not obtain in the realm of Catholic imaginative literature. In England, as in France, the Catholic novel may truly be said to have attained an honorable place. Cardinals Newman and Wiseman, Mon-

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<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare: "King John," Act II., scene 2.

signor Benson, Canon Barry, the late Canon Sheehan and a splendid troop of talented layfolk have given salutary lessons in the gentle art of how to be interesting though clean, and having forcibly demonstrated the fact that sound Catholic fiction of literary worth is always assured of an appreciative audience that extends far beyond the pale of Peter. But this world of American Catholic novelists—what is it? I will tell you. It is a very dreadful place. It is a circus where all the animals have the pip, where all the acrobats are stuffed with saw-dust, where all the clowns tell jokes out of Joe Miller, where even the ringmaster needs a hair-cut—a strange universe peopled with tentative men and women, alleged lives, souls barely basted to a body, attenuated suggestions—a clarion-voiced menagerie with caudal, tin-can appendages. Be assured, I am not forgetting that veteran joy-bringer, Anna T. Sadlier, or Maurice F. Egan, or Mary T. Waggaman, or Richard Aumerle Maher, or Molly Elliot Sewall, or Christian Reid. But subtract the noteworthy converts who devote themselves to the literary craft and also the goodly company of lesser lights among the men and women in religion and what have you left in the way of lay Catholic effort? More persons than can be counted on the fingers of one hand whose work will be read a quarter of a century hence. Catholic imaginative literature in this country, then, may still be said to be in its swaddling-clothes. The best is yet to come. Recent work shows that the greatness of its future is beyond all prophecy. While waiting for this millennium of our imaginative literature, readers weary of the artistic pabulum served up by native merchants of mediocrity can find royal feasting in the novels of such writers as René Bazin. When I was literary advisor to the Devin-Adair Company, I noticed that if one of the finest of his works in translation, namely "*Those of His Own Household*,"<sup>3</sup> was in demand at all, it was largely due to the interest of non-Catholics in the academician's art. I have frequently had the gratification of seeing his works read in the subway and in libraries, but candor compels me to state that such appreciation has been chiefly Jewish. Through this indefensible apathy regarding the literary triumphs of their foreign co-religionists, American Catholics deprive themselves of much civilized pleasure.

What a land is France! Without her civilization would be like a man without a soul. Whether we take her for her ideals of government, for her literature, for her science, for her sanctity or her song or for her intensely humanistic and democratic qualities, France tells us of leadership; she is a radiant prophetess whose visions illuminate the whole world. In advertising her charms, Bazin has adapted the

<sup>3</sup> "*Those of His Own Household*" (Mme. Corentine). New York, Devin-Adair Company. By René Bazin. Translated by L. M. Leggatt.

Japanese mode of floral display to his needs. Just as we apprehend the beauties of nature more clearly by contemplating, in the Japanese manner, a single flower in an appropriate setting, so, too, Bazin has wisely decided we can learn more about his incomparable France by considering the aspects of her varied life singly; just as the visitor to a picture gallery retains a much stronger impression of the merits of different painters by seeing the works of only one at a visit, so, resolved Bazin, the flavor of France would be best remembered by presenting the psychology of her provinces with an individual treatment for each. If Mistral was the Virgil of Provence, Bazin is the Homer of France. French geography has affected the people as well as the French climate and French architecture. Though the former provincial boundaries have been abolished, the characteristics of the people of those erstwhile divisions, racy of the soil, remain, and in each lives a fiery pride of place, with idiosyncrasies of speech, costume and custom peculiar to it, just as in architecture one finds the explanation of some of the great ecclesiastical and public buildings of France in the geographical conditions of their locations. Each province has its individuating note, some feature distinctly its own, that fixes it indelibly in mind and makes of it a thing apart. Bazin gives a warm-toned picture full of high lights, touched with the gold of grain, the ruddy tiles of ancient roofs, the mad profusion of poppies, the tawny flood of rivers and the white glint of the sea—all these prodigal nuances, these amazing inebrieties of color, are caught with deft fingers and transferred to his pages with the faithfulness of a Meissoner and with a spiritual insight into the relation of nature to her Creator which vitalizes details. Though, as I have said, the people differ widely in language, in appearance, in costume, in habits, the wistful, other-worldly Breton, the sedate, ruddy-faced Norman, the vivacious Burgundian, the stolid, harsh-voiced Auvergnat, the dashing virile Savoyard, the blasé Parisian, the jaunty, seafaring Boulonnais—they are all French. This polyglot race may still be classed in the three traditional groups—the nobility, the bourgeoisie and the peasantry. Through their almost hierarchical structure one may perceive the native characteristic of French temper which is least evident to foreigners in general. In spite of the country's tempestuous history, the French passion for doing all things "decently and in order," the domestic conservatism of French impulse has kept the superstructure of French private life far more persistent and inflexible than one is apt to imagine. I do not admit, as some have done before me, that those who people the artistic and educational circles form a fourth class; these are in the main merely the flotsam and jetsam of the bourgeoisie. They mingle, according to their origin, on the frontiers of both aristocratic and peasant society,

frontiers which the war has to a certain extent effaced. It is a commonplace that the middle class must be the core of any nation, comparatively spared from the overripeness of aristocracy and from the crudity which must everywhere be the lot of the lowest class. It is the average man, after all, who makes up the nation, not, to use M. Van Tichelen's felicitous phrase, the "*savants de cabinets et historiens en pantoufles*." Therefore, a nation is learned in one way only—through contact with its common people, at their work and in play, in office and in street, in leisure and at charity, by their rebellious shouts and through their humble prayers. One must listen, if one would know, listen to the medley of their voices, listen to the symphony swelling at the bottom of their hearts. The better one comes to know this comprehensive middle class—the bourgeoisie—of France, the deeper one's conviction grows that a nation with a social class so solidly, so profoundly, so quietly, so admirably in earnest, a nation of which the core is so sound, must be essentially wholesome.

M. Bazin is *sui generis*, and not on that account are his books less interesting and captivating, by any means. The secret of his technique is that his raw materials are the passions and wills of human beings. He has an absolute disregard for academic, dramatic attitudes. His personages are commonplace, yet like Browning's meanest soul, they have a human side to show us. Protean in his mental and spiritual activities, a hater of shams, more symbolist than realist, he is in assent with Goëthe, that no material is unfit for poetic treatment. Accordingly, he does not exalt the virtues of the French people or assert their preëminence on the qualities of their nobler souls or of their gifted intellects; his favorite concern is the ordinary daily life of the average Frenchman. He realizes that it is with such that the welfare of society rests. If actions are the result of ideas, then the man one meets on the street must be given true ideas. If the Church is to prosper, the millions must know the truth about her. So runs Bazin's formula. He does not realize the Church in the mystical, mediæval manner of Huysmans, though the white soul of the Middle Ages frequently gleams through his writings; he is chiefly engrossed with the actual, intensely practical Church *ici-bas*. Always he is a dogmatist, a supporter of tradition and authority. His erudition is vast, varied and accurate and always ready at hand, though his books are never permeated by an atmosphere of heaviness. Impelled by a vigorous polemic temper and bringing to bear all his logic and the whole battery of his solid learning, he wages a relentless war against all those who stand for a vagabond dilettantism. He never wants for a word or a thought. Like Emerson's famous bird, he is always in full breath. Constantly fighting for some prin-

ciple or some truth, he marshals his facts and arguments like a general in battle, and he wins the day, often annihilating the enemy completely. While each of his tales has a moral, it is always unobtrusive. Verily, *ars est celare artem!* Psychological penetration, a sympathetic regard for humankind, uniform purity, steady purpose and virile strength color all his novels. They have the additional charm of a polished and refined style, free from the disfiguring leprosy of foreign idioms and adorned with a wealth gleaned from the innermost recesses of the author's lingual arcana. Their ethics are founded upon the stable canons of Catholic morality and their beauty of conception makes them classic works of indubitable genius. As a Catholic, M. Bazin has shed more light upon the religious questions of France than any other modern writer. In his books the soul of France stands revealed in all its radiance; her people are depicted in their true light as an intelligent, thrifty and progressive race, simple in their tastes, industrious in their habits, devout in their beliefs, unselfish in their social relations and in the fine little details of accomplishment, of impulse, of manner, second to none.

The various aspects of the reactionary movement in France have had individual expression in the foundation of the royalist society known as *l'Action Française* by Charles Maurras, who thus precipitated the harrowing scenes amid profaned sanctuaries described in Bourget's "*l'Emigré*," in the preaching of a gospel of energy in a series of novels grouped under the title of "*Energie nationale*" by the somewhat chauvinistic Maurice Barrès, and in the high religious values of the prose epics of René Bazin. Bazin is passionately devoted to France, not so much for what she is, but for the splendid past and for the glorious era he believes is to come. A realist in many of his methods, he is by impulse and outlook an idealist, almost a visionary. And since without vision there could be no future, Bazin is emphatically the French novelist of the future. And herein lies his power to influence the minds of the present. He has offered the people of his generation not what they wanted, but what they needed. He has shown them "the soul of their country, its character, its vocation, its national aspect."<sup>4</sup> He recalls to them "all the tenderness of our fathers which has lived in the poems of the people since the eleventh century, and in their hearts since long before."<sup>5</sup> In answer to the question, "Why is France gentle?" he tells us: "She has been called so because of her courtesy, her purity, her glad and noble heart. But gentleness is neither weak nor fearful. Gentleness is strong. Gentleness is armed for justice and for peace. She does not brandish her sword needlessly, but carries it at her side, the hilt in her steady

<sup>4</sup> Author's preface to "*Gentle France*" ("*La Douce France*"). By René Bazin. Translated by Mary Dougherty. P. 6. Dublin, M. H. Gill & Son.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 6.

palm. Without her there is naught but violence. She may be recognized at once by the victories which she wins. She has pity on the vanquished; she conciliates them; she knows that men will not behave as they should unless there is a power to rule and to punish them, but she knows, too, that they cannot be happy unless their souls are conquered, charmed, free in their love, recognized in their love, recognized as great powers, treated as immortal. France the dispenser of justice, France the warrior, France the conqueror, is still gentle France."<sup>6</sup> He has brought together, in a most fortuitous concurrence, all the diverse atoms of nationality found in the various provinces, amalgamating them into one magnificent whole, one glorious France. Thus in "Madame Corentine"<sup>7</sup> he shows us Brittany, the "land of pardons," a bleak, wind-swept peninsula full of quiet, undemonstrative folk, who live by the harvest of the sea; in "Donatienne,"<sup>8</sup> we have a picture of the simple Bretons of the wooded interior; in "En Provence,"<sup>9</sup> we see quaint Normandy, Ernest Dowson's "land of silence and apple blossoms," with its shimmering silver streams and its towering acacias; the Vendee is celebrated in "les Noëllet,"<sup>10</sup> "la Terre qui meurt"<sup>11</sup> and "Davidée Birot";<sup>12</sup> Savoy lives again in "Croquis de France et d'Orient,"<sup>13</sup> Picardy in "le Blé qui lève,"<sup>14</sup> Craon in "Ma tante Giron,"<sup>15</sup> Alsace in "les Oberlé,"<sup>16</sup> Lyons in "l'Isolée,"<sup>17</sup> Boulogne in "Gingolph l'Abandonné,"<sup>18</sup> and so on. Bazin's patriotism is ubiquitous. Even when he writes of other lands he cannot forget his dear France. If he is dealing with Italy, it is Corsica that interests him; if Africa enters his thoughts, they are concentrated on Algeria; if his gaze wanders across the Atlantic to America, it is riveted on the Canada of the French. Always he seeks out the influences of his native land, ever preaching in words of flame the love of France. Her most terrible

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., p. 6, et sequi.

<sup>7</sup> "Those of His Own Household" ("Madame Corentine"). By René Bazin. Translated by L. M. Leggatt. New York, Devin-Adair Company.

<sup>8</sup> "Donatienne." By René Bazin. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

<sup>9</sup> "En Provence." By René Bazin. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

<sup>10</sup> "les Noëllet." By René Bazin. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

<sup>11</sup> "Autumn Glory" ("la Terre qui meurt"). By René Bazin. Translated by Mrs. Ellen Waugh. London, Jarrold & Sons.

<sup>12</sup> "Davidée Birot." By René Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>13</sup> "Croquis de France et d'Orient." By René Bazin. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

<sup>14</sup> "The Coming Harvest" ("le Blé qui lève"). By René Bazin. Translated by Edna K. Hoyt. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

<sup>15</sup> "Ma tante Giron." By René Bazin. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

<sup>16</sup> "The Children of Alsace" ("les Oberlé"). By René Bazin. Translated with a Preface by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. London, Stanley Paul & Co.

<sup>17</sup> "l'Isolée." By René Bazin. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

<sup>18</sup> "Jilted" ("Gingolph l'Abandonné"). By René Bazin. Translated by Hugh Anthony Allen, M. A. New York, Devin-Adair Co. (In preparation.)

vicissitudes have not shaken his belief in her ability to achieve a glorious destiny. As far back as 1909, certainly an unpromising year, while addressing the alumni of Montgazon College in sunny Angers, he said: "Gentlemen, when I was young we were ardent Frenchmen, and we so remain. Before 1870 we believed France invincible; after, seeing her wounded, enfeebled, we had that calmness, at least, of the beloved knowledge and of already hearing it said: 'She is born again, she is saved!' It was true. You, gentlemen, you see a sickness other than that of war, and more grave, a sickness that lies in the depths of souls. Around you, among all classes, even the good, you hear talk of the decadence of the country, of her approaching death. Never accept these words! Protest! Be indignant! It is not the first time that France is betrayed, in peace or in war. She is always escaping from ambushes and perplexing the prophets. In her mission, more necessary than ever, she is not the designed successor; she is again a grand Catholic nation, generous, disinterested, rich in workers and in works, that, perhaps well for those who intercede on high, is full of more and more prayers and sufferings. I do not know if you will see her reëstablished in her splendor, but I am sure that you are close to evidences of the greatest promise."

To Bazin the most consoling sign of the times is that the peasantry, in spite of a certain restless trend toward the cities, are in the main still unspoiled. In a conference on "*les Missions Rurales*" he gives this striking portrait of his favorite hero: "In the rural class one still meets with some recognizable traits and occasionally with faithful and living portraits of the ancient French peasant. The peasant of whom I speak was one of the chief works of Catholicism and of French royalty; the one had slowly formed him with her doctrine and ornamented him with her virtue; the other had understood the immense benefit that the State always derives from this Christian formation of the man, and she had seconded this secular work of evangelization and favored, whenever she was able, the progress and organization of campaigns. The more one studies, the more one will recognize that the rural question has been decided among us marvelously during the centuries. I do not consider that the laborer of the rugged lands of France, the man who held the plough, merely made sowings and reaped for himself and a few neighbors a supply of wheat. He had a rude life full of vigilance and of struggling against innumerable enemies of his welfare; he cursed it and loved it at the same time, and if he was enriched, he remained poor of house and clothing solely to augment the number of his cattle or of his fields. He was slow of spirit, but altogether solid, judicial, bold in his repartee and instructed in two necessary

things, the things eternal and those of his state. He was not at all servile because he had a conscience, but he had respect for the hierarchy, being respected himself in his family and in his firmness, and he ignored without doubt the catalogue of his rights, but he exercised them more and made another figure than that rural elector of to-day, who suffers the children to be robbed by a school of which he does not approve. Above all, he had the traditional intelligence of the faith; he knew his religion, and those who have spoken of routine and of superstition have not said the truth for the great rural mass. It is of his blood, a thousand times baptized, and has not had a denial; it has found an outlet and is finding an outlet again in the priests of our parishes and in the majority of the religious of our communities, who are nothing else but a glorification of the peasant by God Himself." Such is the model he sets before his countrymen. He is *en rapport* with the "Professor of Heroism," Charles Péguy. "The faith alone is able to make a head perfectly sane and a heart perfectly strong; it is the firmest guardian of good sense and the tenderest counsellor of fraternity."<sup>19</sup> He would have them know "that charming virtue, which consists in knowing well what talents and energy one possesses and is able to give a good account of their use,"<sup>20</sup> for "we remain in the world the most ephemeral of all things, flying with rapidity, and responsible for their lustre."<sup>21</sup> "Without doubt it is not necessary to abandon any form of action. But the essential is the labor that is obscure, a daily devotion to the religious cause, the habit of doing the day's work as well as a Christian should; the rest will grow out of this, if it is pleasing to God."<sup>22</sup>

Though he does not scorn absolutely the drama of urban life, he has a special predilection for ruralities. He is an adept at bringing out the strength of peasant and bourgeois prejudice, and as an interpreter of village life has no peer. He is a perfect master of small town psychology, with a nice knowledge of the subtle laws that bless and damn in the hinterland. Bazin is a latter-day Balzac without Balzac's grossness. He does not go to the bagnios of Paris for his plots. He never descends to meretricious aids in order to give us a picture of life as the normal man beholds it. He busies himself with life's primal sanities. His characters behave like ladies and gentlemen; his dialogue is bright and decorous. His stories reflect the wholesome home life of clean, honest persons who have their own problems to face and to work out. Through them we may enter into the very life of France, may feel the fury of the storms

<sup>19</sup> "La misère des esprits," a discourse given at Liège before the Union des Etudiants Catholiques, December 20, 1907.

<sup>20</sup> "Pages Religieuses," p. 17.

<sup>21</sup> "Pages Religieuses," p. 17.

<sup>22</sup> "Les bonnes chances de la jeunesse, Pages Religieuses," p. 210.

which rage about her coasts, her peacefulness when the storms have passed, the beauty of her heather-covered cliffs and the charm of her quaint customs. He prisons landscape in a phrase and infuses so much personality into natural objects that one feels the very atmosphere of the country, visualizing its scenes as one beholds them in the paintings of Millet. What Bourget achieved severely and heavily and Champol attempted rather timidly, Bazin has accomplished with a sureness of touch and an unerring taste which compel our admiration as the sun compels the flower. One realizes more and more as one reads Bazin that the "Boulevard Montmartre" is not France any more than Broadway is the United States, and that the dalliance along either thoroughfare in no way represents the life of the real people who form the genuine sinews of either nation. Take, for instance, that incomparable series of vignettes grouped under the title of "Gentle France." There are impressions for you, veritable slices of life, an elaborate pageant, the drama of "Everyman" upon a superbly mounted stage—sketches inimitably succinct, sympathetic, archetypal and penetrating. France, he would have us know, is "a nation whose civilization and renown are ancient, which has given so many examples of saintliness, of military courage, of work, of genius in arts and sciences, of charity in life," which has scarcely a parish where some great personage has not lived or died." Accordingly, he darts down the avenue of the past long enough to give us the stories of such worthies as Jeanne d' Arc, Pasteur, Millet, the Curé of Ars, the saints and heroes associated with the Cathedral of St. Denis and the stout hearts that made New France. Then in colorful procession through his living pages pass the priest, the nun, the soldier, the sailor, the peasant woman and such sons of toil as the laborer, miller, shepherd, butcher, fisherman, weaver, blacksmith, chair mender, flower gardener, chimney sweep, boatman, postman and lace maker. If France is gentle, such as these made her so. Hal-prais, the slate-cutter, a practical Catholic, is jeered at for his piety by some one of his mates, products of the de-Christianized French schools, but he goes serenely on his way, scheming to obtain their conversion: "You see, sir, what we need is priests of extraordinary power. That is why we should redouble our prayers at the time of their conversion." That God has not ignored such prayers is abundantly proved by the presence to-day of over twenty thousand valiant priests and religious in the armies of France, strong men of God all, for the French clergy have no sinecure, as Huet, a vine-grower, well observes when his son asks his leave to become a priest: "My boy, if you had asked my permission some ten years ago, when the life of a priest was not lacking in comfort, I should have advised you to wait, to give the matter a little more consideration; but now-

adays, when the life of a priest offers nothing but sacrifice, I say 'yes' at once." The younger generation, indeed, shows the greatest promise. Some children were listening to the story of the Passion which the priest ended with "Judas was seized with despair and hanged himself," whereupon one little chap piped up: "Were I Judas, I would have hung myself around Jesus' neck." The French cathedrals are splendid flags, symbolizing the faith and chivalry of the people, and they have never been lowered—except by the modern roundhead distainers of beauty, *les Boches*. Though materialism's foul blight overspread the nation, they persistently nurtured a vision of better things. The French have been like tea leaves; their real strength and goodness did not fully come out until they got into hot water.

By precept and example Bazin has helped his people to hope. He shows whether by harmony or discord, the beauty of the Christian ideal, apart from which all is illusory. Each of his books leaves an impression of virile strength, of dauntless perseverance, of splendid faith. The divine breath of God vibrates within them, and so they break upon us like a flood. "L'Isolée," "De toute son amé, Donatienne"<sup>23</sup>—these are radiant with hope and courage. In the striking gallery of portraits he has given us some of the most charming are those of priests and nuns. These latter, wholesome, delightful creatures, glide busily through most of his books as in life, and are just as pleasant to meet. His analysis of the feelings of the father and of the daughter who is about to leave him for God, a poignant, beautiful thing, is true the world over. His priests are especially noteworthy; they are neither the senile fogies nor the obese buffoons of American fiction, but inspiring figures, full of simple dignity and solace, who pass among their fellows like a breeze on an August afternoon. Who, on acquaintance, can forget the good curé in "Ma tante Giron" or the Abbé Roubiaux in "le Blé qui lève?" His characters are as clear-cut as cameos and stand out as sharply silhouetted against their fictional backgrounds as the great personages of history. With a steady rhythm they move toward the light of true righteousness, perfect in their genre. Names throng. Marie-Anne Lageat, "humble little Marie-Anne, the little peasant of Perros," who was "destined to spread over whatever lives she came in contact with, her own atmosphere of peaceful fireside joys and gentle mysticism;" splendid Marie Limerel, so wise in her love, so noble in her sacrifice; generous, big-hearted Henriette Madiot, thrilling with eagerness to ameliorate human sufferings; austere Rosalie Lobez, woman of indomitable energies, of a thousand sorrows and one joy, her religion; Reginald Breynolds, who gave up all at the command of

<sup>23</sup> "De toute son âme." By René Bazin. Paris, Calmann-Lévy.

conscience; Gilbert Cloquet, the poor laborer, who saw in the teachings of Christ the one remedy for the social needs of the hour; fine, idealistic Michel de Meximieu, and finally, to end the endless, that "man without a country," Jean Oberlé. Bazin has written many stories of Alsace-Lorraine, "that gem wrenched from the imperial diadem" in the seventeenth century and reset in the nineteenth, the general tenor of which is that this ornament should once more adorn the so beautiful brow of France. In consequence, he has been excoriated by some critics, who believe with men of the law that "he who seeks equity must come into court with clean hands." One does not forget how France came by Alsace-Lorraine in the first place. Alsace was the bribe most ignobly accepted in return for her services to the Protestant princes of Germany and Sweden in the Thirty Years' War, the object being to weaken the Catholic power of Austria and Spain, to enrich Prussia and make it independent of Catholic Poland. In an amazingly short period, France changed the people of these provinces into beings as Gallic as any Frenchman. When Prussia reset the jewel still again in 1870, their subsequent Germanization did not include any attempt to "blot out the stars in the heavens," to rob the school children of their Christian heritage or to persecute the Church and the multitude of holy persons consecrated to the service of God. All of these things have happened within memory in France itself, with the result that large numbers of Alsatians and Lorrainers turned their backs on France. In "Les Oberlé," his most important work woven about this territory, which is frankly propaganda designed to bring back the "lost tribes," the author tells us nothing of this. Yet how beautifully he writes! How his sentences hiss and sing! What an ear he has for vivid, vibrant French! While under his mesmeric spell one simply cannot feel resentful.

The spiritual significance of Bazin's novels, though preëminently French, applies not only to the land of the fleur-de-lis, but is universal in its appeal, spreading its wistful message wherever Christian idealism has or is struggling to obtain its beneficent sway. In such avowedly religious books as "The Coming Harvest," "Davidée Birot," "The Nun"<sup>24</sup> and "The Barrier,"<sup>25</sup> Bazin has handled in masterly fashion the pressing religious problems of our time, indicating with clairvoyant power their only satisfactory solution. He tells us, in writing of "gentle France": "The men earned the bread of the household, the women looked after the homes; they obeyed the law of God; and that suffices to make a life noble,

<sup>24</sup> "The Nun." By René Bazin. London, Eveleigh Nash.

<sup>25</sup> "The Barrier" ("La Barrière"). By René Bazin. Translated by Mary D. Frost. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

useful to the neighborhood and to the whole nation." How simple and yet how comprehensive! If such a condition obtained to-day, the elements of flux and disintegration which are penetrating the life of our age would sink into oblivion. Catholicism, permeating the individual, inspiring the individual in all the relations of life, Catholicism spreading its blessed leaven from the individual throughout the State—such is the panacea Bazin prescribes for all the ills of this poor, sick world. I pass on rapidly, hitting only the high places; any one of the above mentioned novels is enough for a longer essay than the present. In those works where the author's chief subjective interest is less pronounced, where the religious note is struck in a minor key, where the theme is more personal, so to say, their substance attains most fully to that aim of all true literature—the elevating and broadening of the mind and heart. Such a one is "*Gingolph L'Abandonné*."

In many respects this novel, though far less ambitious in scope, challenges comparison with Romain Rolland's cyclopean "*Jean Christophe*." Bazin has this writer's gift of subtle psychological analysis, of vivid description, of robust idealism, with nothing, however, of the same despondent or rather pessimistic outlook upon life. "*Gingolph*" is written with such supreme art that all criticism must be silent before it. The story has not the rugged, forceful horror of "*The Nun*" nor the huge play of irresistible forces of "*The Coming Harvest*;" it is in keeping with Bazin's gentler moods reflecting its author in a more pleasing and charming way. If you have yet to get acquainted with Bazin, this is an excellent novel to start with, since it shows modern France in its most human phases—those of family life, a family life which in this instance has its being in the neighborhood of Boulogne, Boulogne with its gleaming white sand dunes that make an iridescent fringe along the sea. Some French novelists, notably Henry Bordeaux, cannot write a dozen paragraphs without becoming involved in more or less recondite snarls of speech. One cannot read "*Les Roquevillard*," to give a random example, without having at one's elbow a dictionary of the terms peculiar to French legal procedure. Now, the vocabulary of a French sailor is a fearful and wonderful thing, yet how intelligible and expressive Bazin has made this argot seem! One had thought that Joseph Conrad had written the symphony of the sea, but believe me the best of Conrad could borrow to advantage from Bazin. The case against Conrad is the same as the case against Algernon Blackwood—their writings provide princely entertainment, but they get you nowhere, the Universe being to both men "purely spectacular." Bazin, on the other hand, sees the big issues of life with crystalline clearness. He knows whither we are tending, and without being

an annoying pietist, he gives us much to help us on our way. Therefore, in writing of the sea, he does not lose sight of its divinely appointed place in the scheme of creation, but gives us revealing glimpses of its supernatural aspect. Bazin is passionately fond of the sea, and he is never so happy as when he is telling us of the sturdy fisherfolk of the French coasts. With Swinburne, he seems to exclaim:

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and lover of men, the sea.  
I will go down to her, I and none other,  
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me;  
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast;  
O fair white mother, in days long past  
Born without sister, born without brother,  
Set free my soul as thy soul is free."

"Oh, the sea, what a jade she is! Never twice alike!" growls bluff old Captain Guen, beside himself over the wreck of *La Jeanne*,<sup>26</sup> but he promptly repudiates his heresy. The sea may have her hoydenish moods, but taken all in all she is a perfect lady in the estimation of these hardy mariners who thrive on the harvest of the deep. Scores of passages scattered through his various novels bear testimony to the filial and fraternal piety evoked in Bazin by the sea, its ships and its men. The number and sumptuous beauty of these is an overwhelming beguilement to the pen. Bazin has supplied a really impressive group of sailors, at once wholly of the craft and wholly themselves, placed, in steadfast loyalty to a simple ideal, against the background of the immortal and unresting sea. Many of his landscapes are really seascapes. To him the sea is infinitely various, the land limited in comparison, so that he must needs render it occasionally in terms of what it lacks of the sea's attributes. The chapter in "*Gingolph*" entitled "*The Blessing of the Sea*" presents an impressive picture that does not soon pass. Throughout the novel the soft, sweet diapason of the sea acts as an accompaniment to the unfolding of a singularly moving story, a tone harmony full of subtle shadings. One might compare a Bazin novel to that great French standby, the *pot-au-feu*; into it goes a little of everything and it is always delicious. The foundation of "*Gingolph*," to be sure, is little more than the ancient tale of Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet, but Bazin has dexterously fixed new wheels to the old machinery, added two magnetos, as it were, and developed characters that will impress themselves indelibly on the mind.

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<sup>26</sup> "Those of His Own Household," p. 126.

He knows how to conceal a sob in a snicker, to sow smiles and reap tears. Gingolph Lobez, a seafaring "Huck Finn," and his mother, a French "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," have touching vicissitudes, but there is much delectable humor in this narrative of their momentous affairs. In Rosalie Lobez, Bazin has achieved one of his finest studies of the quiet, great-souled women of France, the norm of the nation, whose "Ave Marias take the straight road to heaven" to "fall far off, like the lightning and the dew," sowing mercy in unknown hearts. Knowing her, one is able to realize what Miss Aldrich meant in her charming book, "*A Hill-top on the Marne*,"<sup>27</sup> when she asked a young French wife whose husband had just left to join the colors: "Do you not grieve at losing your husband?" and the unselfish woman replies: "I am only his wife; France is his mother." It is this noble spirit of motherhood more than the inspiration of her military commanders that has exalted the patriotism of the whole nation, enabling its sons to afford "imperishable visions of intrepidity and of heroism as fine as any in the records of knight-errantry or in the annals of Homeric days."<sup>28</sup> And Gingolph? He helps us to understand what happened on the Yser. One follows this golden lad through his various adventures, from one's first meeting with him as the cabin-boy of the diminutive *Mouette* to the day, when like Belfast, he decided "to chuck going to the sea forever and go in a steamer," with unflagging interest. His love affair with the wealthy Zaybelle Gayole is exceedingly well related. Meeting her casually, while singing New Year's carols in the streets of Boulogne as a child, his passion for this exotic creature fills the formative years of his life. In the hands of this fair professor, Gingolph is as a lump of clay. The families of both oppose the match, but finally, when his prospects seem to warrant, after a typical French courtship, they become engaged. Yet, though she really loves him, whenever the frivolous Zaybelle thinks of marriage and its humdrum economies, she trembles, as Mulvaney used to say, like an asp on a leaf. Gingolph goes to serve his term in the navy, and his absence proves a relief to her. When he returns, it is to find himself jilted. For an oaf of a fellow Zaybelle, his boyhood sweetheart, the loveliest girl in Boulogne, has thrown him over without a qualm. Such, in crude outline, is the highly specialized story told. The denouement is entirely and delightfully French, quixotic, surprising, full of romance. I will not deprive my readers of the pleasure of finding it out for themselves. Bazin wrote this tale as a man of middle age, reminis-

<sup>27</sup> "*A Hilltop on the Marne*." By Mildred Aldrich. Boston, Small, Maynard & Co.

<sup>28</sup> A. Platt Andrew in Introduction to "*Friends of France*," p. 18. New York, Houghton, Mifflin Company.

cing with joyous understanding of the memorable moods that come to people in the springtime of life, and in it he rises to genuine interpretation, illuminating a universal experience by the light of a profound philosophy. "Gingolph" is full of the jauntiness of youth, the alluring charm of youth, the high hope of youth, but its magic is more than its palpable authenticity, more than even the fervor of the telling; the story exceeds its own perfection as a lyric rapture of abstract youth; it is the threnody of a past that was beautiful, a past that has vanished.

René Bazin is a true Frenchman, a staunch patriot, a scholarly litterateur and a fearless standard-bearer of the faith. He is always each and every one of these. He is a commanding moral and intellectual power. He has won his place by the moral and intellectual force of his personality. He has insisted on taking literature—and himself—seriously, and has compelled others to do so. He is a genuine apostle, and his supreme art is worthy of the lessons he undertakes to teach. His works stand out like the chiseled products of the sculptor, a series of real classics which we can put in the hands of our young sons and daughters to their lasting benefit. One wishes to read and reread these stories; one desires that the artist may be given length of days wherein to create many more such moving pictures to show forth the white nobility inherent in the solid Catholic folk of France, in Catholics throughout the world wherever the sublime wisdom of the Church prevails in human affairs, and one trusts that the school of René Bazin, sadly depleted by the war, may soon grow strong again and flourish like the bay tree, for surely he is of

"Christ's troop, Mary's guard, God's own men."<sup>20</sup>

HUGH ANTHONY ALLEN.

Netcong, N. J.

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<sup>20</sup> "Stars," in "Trees and Other Poems." By Joyce Kilmer. New York: George Doran Company.

## AN UNWRITTEN PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

I HAVE read many books on the history of education and found much in them that is very valuable, interesting and instructive, and in some of them not a little bigotry. The rise and progress of education in the Old World and in the New are dwelt upon with more or less detail, but when we come to the New World, these books are devoted to extravagant laudation of the superior work done by the English-speaking people. They tell us that they were the first to establish schools, colleges and universities on this continent; that the most advanced methods of teaching found birth in the prolific Anglo-Saxon brain, and nothing was to be conceived as having had an existence until brought forth from that wonderful repository of gray matter. Why look further?

Perhaps, if we were the only people on this continent, we might be satisfied with the information given us up to this time, but if we are students of American history and can imagine America means something more than English America, we are apt to want to know what, if anything, was done elsewhere. Of course, we are told, with full details—very full details—how French and Spanish colonies were founded. We have had the cruelties practiced by the Spanish conquerors upon unoffending natives served up to us with every imaginable sauce and with the minutest detail, but little or no reference is ever made to that other class of Spaniards who denounced these cruelties and who came to conquer souls to God and to bring Christianity and civilization to a newly discovered people.

Far be it from our purpose in this paper to belittle the efforts made by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in the work of civilizing and educating the native races of our continent, but we must in justice give credit to those who built the first schools and colleges, hospitals, asylums, etc., on our continent, and this back in the sixteenth century.

The average American reader who consults our histories of education will form the idea that Catholics were slow in entering the field of education in this continent, and there are many Catholics who, through neglect of making proper research, will accept this idea. If these Catholics had consulted original documents instead of being satisfied with quotations from second-hand authorities, they would find that far from having any reason to blush they have every reason to be proud of the position of the Catholic Church during the period of discovery and colonization of our country.

The glory of having discovered America, of having established the first colonies, the first missions, the first colleges and seats of learning, and the first charitable institutions in North America as well as in Central and South America belongs entirely to Catholic effort. Laval College (now Laval University), in Quebec, was founded by Bishop Laval ten years before Harvard College (1638) was opened near Boston. *Fifty years* before this the Catholic college of Mexico was in existence. In addition to this we may add the University of Lima, founded in 1551; San Domingo, 1558; Bogota, 1572; Cordoba, 1613, and Sucre, Bolivia, 1623. Just as in New England in Colonial days the teaching of theology was the original purpose of the universities, so it was in Spanish America, but civil law was also taught and there was usually a chair of medicine.

The average student of American history has some knowledge of the French and English missions in the northern portion of our continent, but the work of the Spaniards in the Southern parts is almost unknown, and when referred to shamefully misrepresented. Their cruelty to the Indians is dwelt upon at length by New England writers, who find it convenient to forget that Hawkins and his royal partner, Queen Elizabeth, in the slave trade were no better than the Spaniards. But the great work of the Spanish padres in counteracting their barbarity, in converting, instructing and civilizing the natives are seldom referred to, if at all, by English-speaking historians of our day.

It is the purpose of this paper to show that the Catholic people have every reason to be proud of the work done by the Spanish friars—Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians and Jesuits—in the way of educating and civilizing the aboriginal inhabitants of the West Indies and of Central and South America.

During a recent visit to the library of the Hispanic Society of America (Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, New York City) I came across some very valuable and highly interesting works on early Spanish America, among them several by that gifted Mexican author, Don Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, and it occurred to me that I had in my own library a little volume which the learned doctor had sent me a short time before his death. I am indebted to this little volume<sup>1</sup> for the greater part of information contained in this paper.

Before entering into a detailed notice of the educational work of the "friars" I may be permitted to quote one or two non-Catholic

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<sup>1</sup> "Obras," de D. J. Garcia Icazbalceta. T. I. Opusculos varios.

authorities who set forth the general impression regarding education as given by the Spanish colonists, and which loose writers, ill-informed and prejudiced, have sought to impose upon their too gullible readers. Again referring to my library I found in a copy of *Scribner's* for May, 1907, an article by Mr. Sidney Lee, in which he says:

"Especially has theological bias justified neglect or facilitated misrepresentation of Spanish rule in the sixteenth-century drama of American history. Spanish initial adventurers in the New World are often, consciously or unconsciously, overlooked or underrated in order that Spain may figure on the stage of history as a benighted champion of a false and obsolete faith which was vanquished under divine protecting Providence by English defenders of the true religion. Many are the hostile critics who have painted sixteenth century Spain as the avaricious accumulator of American gold and silver to which she had no right; as the monopolist of American trade of which she robbed others, and as the oppressor and exterminator of the weak and innocent aborigines of the new continent who deplored her presence among them. Cruelty in all its hideous forms is, indeed, commonly set forth as Spain's only instrument of rule in her sixteenth century empire. On the other hand, the English adventurer is credited by the same pens with a touching humanity, with the purest religious aspirations, with a romantic current which was always at the disposal of the oppressed native.

"No such picture is recognized when we apply the touchstone of oral traditions, printed books and manuscripts concerning America which circulated in Shakespeare's England. There a predilection for romantic adventure is found to sway the Spaniard in even greater degree than it swayed the Elizabethan. Religious zeal is seen to inspire the Spaniard more constantly and conspicuously than it stimulated his English contemporary. The motives of each nation are barely distinguishable from one another. Neither deserves to be credited with monopoly of virtue or vice. Above all, the study of contemporary authorities brings into a dazzling light which illumines every corner of the picture the commanding fact of the Spaniard's priority as explorer, as scientific navigator, as conqueror, as settler." Mr. Sidney Lee might have added as civilizer and Christianizer.

Until quite recently it has been the custom of writers on the subject of American education to attribute every move made in that direction to the intense love of learning and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose real interest in education, as we shall show later

on, did not begin until the age of steam. To the mind of the honest searchers after truth who have consulted original documents rather than second-hand authorities (?), the work of the Catholic Church in the establishment of public and higher education on this continent comes more clearly to light.

Another non-Catholic writer, Professor Edward Gaylord Bourne,<sup>2</sup> says: "Early in the eighteenth century the Lima University (Lima, Peru) counted nearly 2,000 students and numbered 180 doctors (in faculty) in theology, civil and canon law, medicine and arts. . . . Some of the professors, notwithstanding the vast distance, gained the applause of the literati of Europe. The Jesuits," he continues, "contributed much to the real educational work in America. They established colleges, one of which, the little Jesuit college at Juli, on Lake Titicaca, became a seat of genuine learning."

In striking contrast with what the general reader has been in the habit of seeing in books called histories, Professor Bourne's comparison of early English and Spanish education on our continent is not a little surprising. He says: "Not all the institutions of learning founded in Mexico in the sixteenth century can be enumerated here, but it is not too much to say that in number, range of studies and standard of attainments by the officers they *surpassed* everything existing in English America until the nineteenth century. Mexican schools made distinguished achievements in some branches of science, particularly medicine and surgery, but preëminently in linguistics, history and anthropology. Dictionaries and grammars of the native languages are an imposing proof of their scholarly devotion and intellectual activity. Conspicuous are Toribio de Molina's 'Historia de los Indios de Nueva España,' Duran's 'Historia de las Indias de Nueva España,' but most important of all, Sahagun's great work on Mexican life and religion."

That the Spaniards were far more interested in the scientific study of the New World than were the English is evident in the fact that the eminent Dr. Chanca, for many years "physician in ordinary to the King and Queen of Spain," accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to make scientific notes. He published a little volume dealing with Indian medicine, the manners and customs of the natives, their knowledge and working of metals, some reference to their zoölogy and kindred subjects, showing the interest evinced at that early period in the scientific studies of our continent. He also wrote an account of Columbus' second voyage which the writer of

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<sup>2</sup> "The American Nation," Vol. III., by E. G. Bourne, professor of history at Yale University. Edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of history at Harvard University.

this paper translated for a publication entitled "The Voyages of Columbus—Story of the Discovery of America as Told by the Discoverer" (and published by the U. S. Catholic Historical Society of New York).

The facts above quoted would seem to indicate the necessity for re-writing certain phases of American history and doing justice to the work of the Catholic Church in the field of early American education. So far from being unprogressive and keeping education away from her people, the very opposite is the case, notwithstanding the untrue method of historians in English-speaking America. However difficult it may be for the people of North America to believe that their Southern Latin neighbors were ahead of them in the field of education, there is no doubt as to the absolute truth of the fact, and Professor Bourne does not hesitate to tell us that "if we compare Spanish America with the United States one hundred years ago, we must recognize that while in the North there was a sounder body politic, a purer social life and a more general dissemination of elementary instruction, yet in Spanish America there were both vastly greater wealth and greater poverty—more imposing monuments of civilization, such as public buildings, institutions of learning, hospitals—more populous and richer cities, a *higher attainment* in certain branches of science. No one can read Humboldt's account of the City of Mexico and its establishments for the promotion of science and fine arts without recognizing that whatever may be the superiorities of the United States over Mexico in these respects they have been merely the gains of the age of steam."

The friars, so often described by "godly" New England writers as an obstacle to progress, as the most earnest advocates of ignorance and abject submission, as the worst enemies of the people, especially in Spanish countries, have, nevertheless, been the first, in the order of time, and the most assiduous, if not the only ones, in all periods of history, in the work of educating the masses, of promoting science and literature, of struggling against unscrupulous governors and tyrants in all lands, of conquering oppression and of vindicating the rights of justice and liberty.

It is a fact that cannot be denied, that the very *first school*—a primary and gratuitous school—ever opened on the soil of the New World was opened by the Franciscan lay Brother, Fray Pedro de Gante (Peter of Ghent). Though a simple lay Brother, he was a kinsman of the Emperor Charles V., and had accompanied Cortes on his expedition to Mexico. He and Frays Juan de Tecto and Juan de Ayora, both Franciscans like Fray Pedro, were the *first* ecclesiastics to set foot on Mexican territory.

In a letter written by Pedro de Gante to his imperial kinsman in 1523 he says: "I have undertaken to teach the children to read and write and to sing . . . and in order to do so a school has been built on the grounds adjoining our house, with sufficient capacity to accommodate from five to six hundred children who meet daily." In 1531 this same friar established a school for girls of noble birth, whether natives (*de caciques*) or of mixed race. These zealous friars also established a hospital for the sick and helpless.

Whatever interpretation may be given to what has been termed *Astec civilization*, it is certain that it did not in any way contribute to our idea of culture and literature. Little progress in the way of intellectual culture was to be expected from a people who had no alphabet and no written language, as we understand the term. They were obliged to depend for their knowledge on tradition and hieroglyphics. Schools, properly so called, were unknown. "Colleges" for males and females were usually attached to the temples, and were more like houses of "retreat," founded and conducted by the priests for their own benefit. The girls looked after the temples, keeping them clean and in order, and were engaged solely in hand work. It is true that they were taught good and moral lessons, but nothing calculated to develop their mental faculties. On the other hand, there was, unfortunately, an institution known as the *Cuicoyan*, a "seminary" for chorus and dancing girls, or rather an official house of prostitution.

The youths were divided into two classes, those who attended the *Calmecac* or the *Telpuchcalli*. The former was a sort of school for nobles, the pupils of which also gave their services to the priests. They were instructed in the complicated ritual of the nation; they learned the songs in which were preserved the memory of the principal historical events and they learned to write the hieroglyphic text. In the *Telpuchcalli* youths of the middle classes of both sexes received a similar, but much more limited education; it was mainly a military school. In all of these houses, with a few exceptions, perhaps in the *Telpuchcalli*, we find the severe discipline of the Aztecs.

When the first Spanish missionaries arrived in Mexico they found a vast multitude of people gentle, in a way, but uncultivated, and in many cases embittered against the whites because of the cruelties they had suffered at their hands. The spirit of their seraphic founder burned in their hearts. In spite of all difficulties they began their work, and the day came when the land was filled with institutions and professors for the education of youth, from the elementary grades to the university courses. At first there were

only twelve men for the vast army of children and adults who clamored for light—a light that could not be denied them, because they were not simply asking for human culture, which, important as it is, does not always hold the first place, especially when there is question of opening the eyes of the blind to the truths of eternal salvation. Grave, indeed, seemed the task of the missionaries at the very outset in their careers, and so it was in reality, as the new teachers had never heard the language, we might well say the languages and dialects, of their pupils. It was not long, however, before these zealous men acquired a working knowledge of one language after another, and when unable to understand the words of their pupils they guessed at their meaning, and eventually succeeded not only in converting them, but in instructing and assisting them. It is evident that the pioneer missionaries and their immediate successors were no ordinary men; most of them were men of learning. Many among them, like Fathers Tecto, Gaona, Focher, Veracruz and others, had earned fame in the chairs they had occupied in their mother country. Some of them were of high noble birth, and three of them, Friars Witte, Daciano and Gante (Ghent), could boast of royal blood. They renounced all the worldly advantages they possessed; they seemed to forget their toilsome labors in the acquisition of knowledge to devote themselves to teaching the rudiments of education to the poor benighted aborigines.

The Franciscans erected churches and chapels to the worship of the true God wherever the opportunity presented itself, and by their side they built schools for the children. To their principal convents they gave peculiar features; the church was built running east and west—"from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same"—while the school with its dormitories and chapel completed the square, running north and south. To complete the picture there was a large patio or court, where adults were taught the catechism every morning before going to their daily work. It was also used by the children of the *macehuals* or plebeians, who came to receive religious instruction, as the school building was reserved for the sons of the nobility, but this distinction was not very rigidly observed.

At first the friars found great trouble in getting the children to attend the schools, as the Indians were not yet able to understand the importance of education, and they obstinately refused to allow their children to attend, until it became necessary for the authorities to interfere. This was the first attempt at compulsory education in the New World. Many of the upper classes, not wishing to send their children and yet not daring to disobey the law, offered to

send the children of their servants and vassals as substitutes for their own. But as time progressed they saw the advantages the children of the common people gained over their "noble" sons and they begged to have their sons admitted into the school. The pupils occupied rooms provided for them adjoining the school, some of them quite spacious and affording accommodations for between eight hundred and one thousand pupils. The friars gave special attention to the children, as they were more docile and more apt, on account of their age, to grasp the instruction given them, and these young people soon became useful auxiliaries to their teachers. The adults, who came from different directions, brought by their employers, spent the hours devoted to instruction in the patios, after which they went to their daily occupations. They studied in groups or classes, one of the younger pupils, because of his knowledge of the language and his aptness, imparting to his "group" the lesson he had learned from the missionary.

It was in the natural order of things that religious instruction should hold the first place, as the missionary's first duty was the conversion of his pupils to Christianity. Now, as teachers and pupils could not always understand each other, the "friars" adopted a rather peculiar plan; they taught the Indians the four principal prayers, the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed and the Salve Regina, in Latin, and we find these prayers in that language in many of the *doctrinas*, or books of religious instruction of that time. Such a plan may seem strange to us, but it was probably adopted to familiarize the natives with the prayers and help them to recognize them when they heard them during the Mass and other devotions. They supplemented their teaching by means of signs, but this method, while useful to a certain extent, was slow indeed. To remedy this the friars hit upon another idea. Knowing that what is acquired through the eyes is more easily impressed on the mind, they resorted to reproducing on canvas pictures of the principal mysteries of religion. The French Father Trastera was the first to adopt this system. Though ignorant of the language of the Indians, he drew upon the canvas what he wanted to teach, and with the aid of some of the more advanced pupils who possessed a little knowledge of Spanish he was able to make himself understood. The other fathers soon followed his example, and this method was practiced for a long time. This was followed by hanging pictures on the walls of the class rooms and indicating with a "pointer" the objects it was intended to teach. The Indians, who were accustomed to picture-writing and hieroglyphics, in time adopted this method in writing catechisms and prayer books for their own use, but vary-

ing the earlier forms by the occasional introduction of words written in European letters. This resulted in a new sort of mixed writing, some copies of which are still preserved as curiosities. The use of pictures was so popular among the Indians that it lasted during the whole of that century and part of the next. Some of these methods are resorted to as new by modern educators.

It was not long, however, before the first missionaries acquired a knowledge of the language and were able to communicate with the natives. As they progressed they translated text books, and thus gave a new impetus to education. As we have shown, religious instruction predominated in the beginning, as of necessity, but the natives were not long deprived of instruction in other branches.

In 1524, when the missionaries first arrived in the country, there was not a single native who knew how to read, as the soldiers, had they been capable of doing so, never dreamed of taking the trouble of teaching a heathen. A few years elapsed before the missionaries were able to take up this branch of their work.

The work of the famous friar, Peter of Ghent, a kinsman, as we have said, of the Emperor Charles V., deserves special mention. He was not the founder of the College of San Juan de Letran, as generally stated by writers of the period, but of the Gran Escuela (High School), of San Francisco, in Mexico, over which he presided for half a century. In this school were assembled some one thousand children who received a religious and secular education. Later on he added Latin and vocal and instrumental music. Not satisfied with this, he founded a school of fine arts and of trades. The work performed by the pupils was utilized in decorating the churches; it consisted of pictures, wood carvings, embroidery and occasionally of feather work, for which the Indians were noted, and of many other objects used in divine worship. Then, too, the work of the pupils was useful even in the building of churches, chapels and schools, for the trade school turned out painters, wood carvers, stone cutters, plumbers, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers and other tradesmen. The good Brother looked after every one and directed everything. The work of this man was really wonderful when we consider time, place and resources. In addition to the school he founded and supported for many years a hospital for the sick natives. In a word, we may say he built a fine church, a hospital and an institution which served as an elementary school, or high school, a school for religious instruction, an academy of fine arts and a trade school.

Nor was the zeal and solicitude of good Bishop Juan de Zumarraga in the cause of education inferior to that of his clergy.

He looked beyond the purely elementary and religious education so necessary during that formative period. He aspired for something higher for his poor Indians, and so great was his interest in their intellectual advancement that he wrote to the Emperor: "The matter which most fills my mind and my desire, and to which my best efforts are directed, is that in this city and in every diocese there exist a college for Indian boys where they may at least be taught grammar (language) and a large convent capable of accommodating a goodly number of Indian girls." The Bishop realized his desires in spite of many difficulties, and on January 6, 1536, he opened the famous Colegio de Santa Cruz de Tlaltelolco for boys near the Franciscan convent at that place. The school opened with sixty pupils, and this number increased rapidly. Besides religion and good manners, the course included reading, writing, Latin grammar,<sup>3</sup> rhetoric, philosophy, music and Mexican medicine. Among the professors were such eminent names as Fray Arnaldo de Basacio, a native of France; Fray Garcia de Cisneros, one of the first twelve Franciscans and their first provincial; Fray Andres Olmos, the learned polyglot missionary and companion of Bishop Zumarraga, who died in the odor of sanctity; Fray Juan de Gaona, a distinguished alumnus of the University of Paris, as humble as he was learned; Fray Francisco de Bustamente, the greatest preacher of his day; the French friar, Juan Focher, who received his degree of doctor of laws from the University of Paris, and "oracle" of the primitive Mexican Church, and the venerable Fray Bernardino Sahagun, the distinguished author, who devoted his life to instructing the Indians.

With such a faculty as this it is not surprising that the institution turned out students who proved of the greatest value to the colony. Some of them were in time qualified to occupy chairs in the college, while others were competent to teach the younger "religious," thus filling the scarcity of "lectors" and leaving the older clergy to devote themselves to the spiritual care of the natives. As this latter class of instructors were not admitted to the "habit," it would seem that the pupils were, of necessity, Spaniards or Creoles, and that the aboriginal race was furnishing teachers for their conquerors, and that without exciting envy or jealousy. The missionaries discovered among their students men capable of teaching the Mexican language, and who were able to do so all the better because of the

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<sup>3</sup> The insistence on Latin grammar, prayers, etc., in those schools may be accounted for by the fact that in the sixteenth century Latin was much more of a living language than it is in the secular colleges of to-day. A certain knowledge of the language was also necessary for a proper understanding of the Mass and of the ceremonies of the Church, which were new to the aborigines.

knowledge they had acquired of other branches of instruction. They also found amanuenses (we would call them stenographers) and most useful collaborators in editing their works; and even compositors, like Don Diego Adriano and Agustin de la Fuente, who "set the type" much more correctly than the Spanish printers. Bishop Zumarraga had brought the first printing press to Mexico<sup>4</sup> (1556), and before the end of the century the college at Tlaltelolco had also its own press.

We must not forget to mention the provision made for the education of Indian girls. In the early days they were assembled, like the boys, in the patios, and assigned to different classes. The boys who were capable taught them Christian doctrine. In a short time quite a number of the older girls were able to do the catechizing. But as the friars soon recognized the inadequacy of this system, they founded houses in which girls and young women were placed under the care of Spanish matrons; prominent among these houses was the one at Texcoco. Bishop Zumarraga founded schools for girls in eight or nine towns in his diocese in 1530. At his request the Empress sent over six *beatas*, pious women who acted as teachers. In 1534 the Bishop brought with him from Spain six other ladies. The school was situated in the centre of the city, as directed by the *Corte*, which was highly displeasing to the Indians, as it was their custom, especially among the upper classes, to rear their daughters with great seclusion, and they were averse to having them live surrounded by the noise and confusion of the Spanish populace. This accounts for the reluctance with which they gave their daughters and the eagerness with which they seized upon every excuse for withdrawing them. The teachers, too, not being "religious," were easily lured away by offers to teach in the private families of the Spaniards.

The Bishop was deeply grieved to see so many of the young girls grow up without education, and even sometimes becoming the objects of infamous traffic. In conjunction with the other Bishops of the province he besought the Emperor to grant permission for the foundation of a convent in a retired place and that a religious community be sent over to take charge of the education of Indian girls, and even offered to assist the work from his slender resources. The Emperor did not accede to the request at this time, as he deemed it unnecessary, inasmuch as the parents, being now converted to Christianity, were able to teach their girls at home.

The education of girls became, at this time, a very serious problem. The license peculiar to military life in new settlements and the scar-

<sup>4</sup> A printing press was set up at Lima, Peru, in 1586 and at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639, the first book printed here being the Bay Psalm Book.

city of Spanish women in the course of a few years brought forth a race of *mestizos* (mix-breeds), in most cases the offsprings of vice. These unfortunates were ignored by their fathers, while the mothers, being too poor to provide for them, sometimes destroyed them or allowed them to roam loosely among the pagan Indians, so that many of them died for want of care or were sacrificed at pagan shrines.

This evil increased to such proportions that the Spanish Government in 1553 decreed that the *mestizos* be concentrated in places assigned to them, along with their mothers, and where the fathers were known they were to take their children and provide for them. The decree was repeated in various places, and the Viceroy, Mendoza, in order to provide for these unfortunates, founded the Colegio de San Juan de Letran. In this institution were gathered together not only the abandoned *mestizo* children, but others brought there by their parents "to learn Christian doctrine, reading and writing and to acquire good manners." The crown granted this school a limited subsidy and a constitution, and the school, as it progressed, became not only an asylum for abandoned children, but it was expected that the teachers trained within its walls should be capable of founding other such schools in different parts of New Spain. In a word, it became a sort of normal school. It was conducted by three professors selected by the King, one of whom served as rector for one year, the other two acting as counsellors. One of these professors was to teach the people Christian doctrine on certain days; in this he was assisted by the more advanced pupils. The other "counsellor" was to teach Latin grammar and prepare the most promising among his pupils to enter the university. Finally, it was the duty of this "faculty" to translate into the aboriginal languages, and to "make grammars and dictionaries" in those languages.

The students of the "Letran" were divided into two classes. Those who showed no capacity for the higher branches were instructed in the elementary school and taught trades. They were kept in the school for three years. Pupils who showed greater intelligence made a course of six and seven years.

We have seen that provision was also made for the care and education of the girls of the *mestizo* class. These required more care than the boys. Don Antonio Mendoza, the Viceroy, founded an asylum for their protection. Cervantes, in his "Dialogos," written in 1554, tells us that "the girls, who are under the strictest vigilance, are instructed in female occupations, such as needlework, embroidery, reading and writing and the Christian religion, and they marry

when they attain a proper age." It appears that this institution was also an asylum for girls of the Spanish "raza," "lost souls who roamed at large." These unfortunates were placed under the care of virtuous matrons, who instructed them in the duties of life and enabled them eventually to go out into the world and form respectable alliances. They were even given dowries by the Government so as to secure these alliances.

The progress of time brought into existence a third race—the *criollos*, or children of purely Spanish parents born in Mexico. The marked division between these different races and the contempt with which one regarded the other made it impossible for the *criollos* to sit on the same benches with the *mestizos* and the Indians.

The need of teachers for this class soon developed a body of Spanish instructors who, for a given stipend, taught reading and writing in private schools or at the homes of their pupils. The public records (of the Ayuntamiento) make mention of several schools for "teaching boys to read and write," and they also mention that "care was taken to prevent these private instructors from walking off with their fees without giving the lessons contracted for." According to the "chronicler" Gonzalez Davila, as far back as 1536, the King appointed the Bachellor Gonzalez Velasquez de Valverde to "teach grammar in Mexico at a salary of \$50 a year."

The Franciscans had chairs in their convents on ecclesiastical subjects, as specialties, but the Augustinians were the first to establish houses of study, as such, to which students, whether Spaniards or creoles, could attend. The oldest of these was the one at Tiripitio, founded in 1540, and later on removed to Atotonilco. Father Alonso de la Veracruz founded the great College of San Pablo in 1575. With no resources save the donations of the faithful, he purchased houses and lots, equipped the first building and collected a select library, to which he added an assortment of globes, maps and scientific instruments. Father Alonso also established libraries in the convents of his order in Mexico, Tiripitio and Tacambaro.

It is a notable fact that at the close of the first twenty-five years of the existence of the City of Mexico that capital could boast of institutions of learning and asylums for Indians, *mestizos* and *creoles* of both sexes. Up to this time the three races followed separate courses, but as in all of these schools, with the exception of the one at Tlaltelolco, the higher studies were inadequately provided for, it became necessary to make provision for that need by opening new avenues for the now numerous and alert youth that was growing up. The thirst for knowledge had become so developed and the number of youths seeking to complete their higher educa-

tion in Spain had so increased as to alarm the Dominican Fathers because of the scarcity of young men who remained at home. They appealed to the King, but the remedy lay solely within the reach of the well-to-do families, and it was necessary to have home-trained professors, because bringing them from Spain was "distasteful to the people and not to be depended upon."

So general had the thirst for higher education become that the city petitioned the crown to found "a university for all the sciences in which the *natives* as well as the sons of Spaniards might be instructed in the things relating to our holy faith and in other faculties." Observe that in this petition *all* classes, Indians and Spaniards, there was no mention of mestizos, who were regarded as inferior to the Indians. They did not wait for the royal reply, for even while this petition was on its way to the mother country Viceroy Mendoza, at the solicitation of the citizens, appointed professors to teach the sciences most esteemed in those times, at the same time encouraging them with the assurance that there would soon be a university with a full faculty. This enlightened Viceroy did not remain in Mexico long enough to see the realization of his hopes, as he was transferred to Peru, but the glory of having inaugurated the movement undoubtedly belongs to him.

Finally, on September 21, 1551, the prince, later on Philip II., issued the royal *cedula* decreeing "the creation of the University of Mexico," and the solemn opening took place on January 25, 1553. The different chairs were started at once, but not opened at the same time; only one after the other, as the Viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco, and the civil judges, anxious to show their appreciation of letters, desired to be present at the opening of each class. It was not necessary to bring professors from Spain to fill these chairs, as they were to be found here. The Auditors Rodriguez de Quesada y Santillana became rector and superintendent; the chair of theology fell to the lot of Fray Pedro de Peña, O. P., who later on became Bishop of Quito, and was succeeded by the learned Don Juan Negrite, A. M. (University of Paris), and archdeacon of the metropolitan church; the chair of Sacred Scripture was filled by the famous Augustinian, Father Alonso de la Veracruz, who later on taught scholastic theology; Dr. Morones was professor of canon law, while Dr. Melgalejo taught decretals. The chair of institutes and laws was filled by Dr. Frias de Albornoz, a pupil of the great jurisconsult, Don Diego de Covarrubias; the canon, Father Juan Garcia, had the chair of arts; that of rhetoric was filled by Dr. Cervantes Salazar, and grammar was taught by the Bachellor Blas de Bustamente. These may be mere names to the general reader,

but the chairs they occupied and the schools from which they graduated will give an idea of the standard of the university. Chairs of Indian linguistics, medicine, zoölogy and sciences were added, and it was not long before this university was equipped in all departments. We shall refer to it more in detail later on.

The 28th of September, 1572, is made memorable in the annals of education in Spanish America by the arrival of the Jesuits. Their beginnings were very modest and they had to be satisfied for some time with a poor church and a still poorer rectory. They established themselves just beyond the city in uncomfortable rooms in a farm house placed at their disposal by the rich but eccentric Don Alonso de Villaseca. The good fathers were not long, however, in improving their surroundings, thanks to the generosity of pious souls. The Tacuba Indians built their first church—a straw-thatched building. The historian of the times tells us that they had “only one set of vestments and they said Mass with a chalice and patten made of tin.” They began their labors by preaching, at which the Rev. Father Diego Lopez distinguished himself, and by teaching the catechism to the children. Their neighbors and the good nuns of the Immaculate Conception helped them in their hour of need. The treasurer of the metropolitan church, Dr. Francisco Rodriguez Santos, applied to the father provincial, Don Pedro Sanchez, for admission into the society with all his possessions. Father Sanchez dissuaded him from doing so and did not accept his generous offer, but urged him to carry out the object he had originally in mind, of founding a college of higher studies for promising but poor young men. His advice was followed, and the treasurer opened the school in his own house on November 1, 1573. Such was the origin of the College of Santa Maria of All Saints. The generous founder, moreover, established ten scholarships, open to young men who had distinguished themselves and had completed their studies with honor, but were unable to pursue them further for want of means; those “failing to enter at once upon their respective careers would be reduced to extreme want.” In this college students were provided with board and lodging, and being thus relieved from all care and anxiety were able to give themselves up entirely to the more profound studies. In 1700 this college obtained “major privileges,” and it turned out distinguished pupils until 1843, when it was suppressed by civil law.

While Father Sanchez was building additions to his college he decided to found first a seminary, and for this purpose he preached a powerful sermon, which made such an impression on his hearers that a number of burses were at once subscribed. With these he

founded, on January 1, 1573, a college dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, but as this building could not accommodate all who applied for admission, the years 1575 and 1576 saw the opening of the *petits seminaires* of San Miguel, San Bernardo and San Gregorio. These seminaries, established at convenient points, remained under the care of the Jesuit Fathers for some time, and were finally consolidated into their College of San Idelfonso.

By the end of the century the Jesuits had established other houses for educational purposes outside of the City of Mexico. Among these was Pázcuaró, at that time the seat of the episcopal See of Michoacán. This, after Mexico, was the first place in which the schools met with any success. The fathers also took charge of the old Seminary of San Nicolás, which had been founded by Señor Quiroga. Another foundation was established at Oaxaca, which passed through a "sea of troubles" before it reached success. Puebla had its College of Espíritu Santo, founded in May, 1578. In addition to this there was at old Vera Cruz a college or school for all classes, and in the present city of Vera Cruz, then called Ulua, a number of fathers were engaged in teaching seafaring people and caring for the sick. At Guadalajara the fathers established a "residencia," as they had not the means for supporting a regular school.

It will be noticed from what we have said thus far that all education was in the hands of the Church, and even had not the spirit of the times required it, circumstances would have compelled it. The conquerors had subjugated the bodies of the natives, but the conquest of souls was the task of the religious orders. They took the Indian and instructed him in religion as well as in secular matters. The clergy were the only people capable of teaching anything, as the laymen in the colony were seldom sufficiently educated to undertake such a work, and the public revenues were insufficient to provide free public schools.

The conditions in the New World at the end of "the conquest" made religious instruction an absolute necessity. We can only refer briefly to its beginnings, interesting as a detailed account might be, but we are writing a paper and not a volume.

At first all instruction was necessarily oral, as the pupils were unable to read, and if they had been, the teachers had no books to give them. Teachers and pupils seemed to keep pace with each other, the Indians in learning the forms and meaning of European letters and the missionaries in learning the language of their pupils. Once the teachers acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language they began to write text books. These books became of far greater

utility to the teachers than to the pupils, as they were all in manuscript, and the pupils had been taught their letters in print. Then again, the number of books was necessarily limited. It was not deemed expedient to send these manuscripts to Europe for printing, as there were no competent proofreaders who understood the Mexican language. A few attempts in this direction proved disastrous. We have records of a "Doctrina," in Mexican, by Brother Gante, printed at Amberes in 1528, and another by Father Juan Ramirez, O. P., printed at Sevilla in 1537. Viceroy Mendoza and Bishop Zumarraga were not slow to recognize the need of a printing press in the New World, and they soon realized their desires. The first printing press in America was set up in Mexico, as already stated, in 1556 (eighty-three years before the first press was set up in English America at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639). The first work of the Mexican press was devoted to the need of the times; primers, for teaching the natives the art of reading catechisms in Indian and Spanish; in a word, such text books as were of first necessity. Encouraged by the powerful aid of the press the missionaries plunged at once into their philological tasks, passing from catechisms to the preparation and publication of grammars and "vocabularies" of the different aboriginal languages. These works undertaken in charity are of inestimable value to-day. We may add that the authors of doctrinal works did not translate current text books, but they made adaptations calculated to meet the genius and capacity of their students. The grammars served for the formation of new teachers of both races; the *confesionarios* and "sermons" assisted the labors of the younger clergy, while the vocabularies were of use to all classes.

The higher studies commenced in the college at Tlaltelolco called for suitable text books, and the "friars" of that period were obliged to write the text books for the chairs they taught, in the style of commentaries on the standard authors.

Father de la Veracruz, O. S. A., was one of the voluminous writers of that day. He had held the chairs of "arts" (as philosophy was then called), and among his works may be mentioned his "Recognitio Summularum," 1554; "Dialectica Resolutio," 1554, and "Physica Speculatio," 1557.<sup>5</sup> It must be admitted that while Father Veracruz wrote his works with the intention of simplifying the language and making the matter clearer and within the grasp of his pupils, he was in some cases as obscure as the authors he sought to explain. Nevertheless, he gave evidence, even in his day, of being a progressive teacher.

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<sup>5</sup> "Bibliografia Mexicana del Siglo," XVI., pp. 44-46.

Father Veracruz was not the only writer among the first professors of the university. Doctor Frias de Albornoz wrote a "Treatise on the Conversion of the Indians." He also wrote "Arte de los Contratos," which was printed in Valencia in 1573.

Cervantes Salazar, professor of rhetoric, besides his "Historia Crónica de la Nuevas España," left us his curious "Dialogos Latinos," in which he "lent a signal service to letters and to history." The work was reprinted in Spanish, with notes, in 1875. In this work the author describes the university, the City of Mexico and parts of its surroundings as they were in 1554. If his descriptions are not as full as they might be to satisfy the reader of to-day, we must not blame the author, but consider the brevity exacted by works intended for his pupils rather than for the general public.

The Mexican youth was, at this time, made up, to a great extent, of the sons of the "conquerors" or of those of wealthy merchants. The career of the soldier no longer offered them a field of activities, as there were no more lands to conquer. Commerce was regarded with contempt by the very people who had made their fortunes out of it, while mechanical trades were considered vile, and with few exceptions were confined to Indians, mestizos and mulattoes. Wealth abounded, and if the young people were not to be given up to idleness and vice, their only recourse was to follow the career of letters, which led to public preferment. Then, too, there was a great need of boarding schools, especially for students from a distance who repaired to the City of Mexico to continue their studies and who were exposed to all manner of moral dangers for want of proper lodgings.

The Jesuit Fathers, always far-seeing and practical, were not slow in recognizing this condition and providing for it. Their colleges admitted internes and gave full scope to the study of humanities. (The discussion of the pagan classics, at one time, reached an exciting but not dangerous pitch in the Mexican schools.) At the "Colegio Maximo" the Piedmontese printer, Antonio Ricardo, found a welcome for his press, which was noted for the cleanliness of its productions. While this press remained at the college (it was subsequently removed to Lima) the Jesuit Fathers printed some text books as well as some of the classics, among which may be mentioned the "Emblemas de Alciato," and some fragments from Ovid, an introduction to Aristotle's "Dialectica" and other works.<sup>6</sup> From one of these books we are led to believe that free scope had been given by the authorities for the printing of all books the Jesuit Fathers might deem necessary for the use of their stu-

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<sup>6</sup> "Bibliografía Mexicana del Siglo," XVI., pp. 212, 213, 228.

dents, and mention is made of the following: Fables, Cato, Luis Vives, Selections from Cicero, Virgil's *Bucolics* and *Eclogues*, the *Sumulas* of Toledo and Villalpando, *Elements of Christian Doctrine*, some of Cicero's epistles, the *Ovid* of Tristibus et Ponto, Marcial (*expurgated*), *Flores Poetarum*, together with other minor works, such as *Orthographical* and *Rhetorical Tables*.

It must be borne in mind that all these works were *printed* in a new country, on a new continent, by Spanish "padres," and most of them before the first printing press was set up in English-speaking America.

In estimating the literary movement in Mexico in the sixteenth century we must bear in mind that many of the products of the genius of that time never reached the press, and, as manuscripts, were either lost or forgotten—buried in the old libraries after being well worn. Others, though printed, were lost and their very titles forgotten; some few have survived the calamities of flood and fire, of revolution and theft and the indifference of their possessors, who because of the scarcity of paper sold them to paper makers. Many of these works, too, found their way to other lands, to adorn the shelves of the great libraries of literary centres, notably the Congressional Library in Washington, the great New York Library (Forty-second street and Fifth avenue), and the library of the Hispanic Society of America, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street and Broadway, New York City).

In reviewing the brief and imperfect account of the work of the "friars" in the field of education as set forth in these pages, what a vast prospect opens up before us as we contemplate the linguistic and historical labors that mark the sixteenth century on this continent. When the missionaries first set foot on Mexican soil they were confronted by a language entirely unknown to the people of the Old World, and as they progressed in their apostolic labors they realized with regret that this land seemed to have fallen under the malediction of Babel, for they found it abounding in divers tongues of every form and construction, some more or less polished, others barbarous, and for which there were no interpreters, no teachers, no books, and not even cultured people who could speak them. These obstacles were enough to discourage the most intrepid, but there was nothing that could deter the courageous missionaries, nor daunt the fire of the charity that urged them on. They fearlessly attacked this many tongued monster and conquered it. To-day the study of a group of languages or even of a single one makes the philologist famous as he pursues his studies in the peaceful solitude of his library and with all the advantages derived

from a knowledge of other kindred languages. In these days the missionaries had to learn or rather to guess everything, even the first principles, yet some of them would undertake to master five or six of those languages with no analogy, no common affiliation, no known alphabet, nothing that would facilitate the task. To-day such studies are made amid "all the comforts of home"; in those days they were made in the forests, along roads, under an open sky, amid the weary labors of the apostolate, of hunger and thirst and untiring vigils. They had but one object in view, and that object they attained. "Go and teach all nations" was the command they had received, and this command they prepared to obey.

The Universities of Lima and Mexico, together with the *printed* work of the sixteenth century, will be referred to in our next article.

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## A MISSIONER-BISHOP.

WHEN the history of the Catholic Church in Canada will be written, a large space will have to be devoted to the labors of the missioner-Bishops who were the pioneers of Catholicity and Christian civilization in the Canadian Northwest. Chief among these was the saintly Oblate, Monsignor Grandin, the first Bishop of St. Albert. His life was a record of heroic deeds. It was a continuous martyrdom, a daily sacrifice, a complete oblation in its abnegation, its self-surrender, its patient endurance of cold, hunger, fatigue and trials and difficulties innumerable, borne with a courage that never faltered and a zeal that never flagged. It was a life that, like the diamond, has many facets, or, like the prism, has varied hues. He has been compared to St. Francis Xavier as a missioner whose expeditions on land and sea, in bark canoes, in dog-drawn sledges or other rude conveyances were equivalent to eight or nine journeys round the globe; to St. Vincent de Paul for his compassion for the suffering members of Christ's mystical body; to St. Francis of Sales by his kindliness of heart, which made a poor, illiterate Indian say: "O great priest, how good must the Great Spirit be since, to come to us, He has assumed thy good semblance;" to St. Peter Claver in his marked predilection for the most abandoned savages; while Louis Veuillot, likening him to the beggar-saint, Benoit Labre, has drawn a pen-portrait of him in a character-sketch, entitled "*L'Evêque Pouilleux*," in allusion to the humiliating torment which he endured in common with the French mendicant as a mortification, and which was the result of his close contact with the poor Indian tribes whose mode of living he shared that he might draw nearer to them, gain their confidence and save their souls. The mendicant of the Coliseum and the *evêque pouilleux* of North America," said the Catholic publicist, "belong to the same family, that of heroes and of saints." He often said of him: "That Bishop of the snows makes one realize how cold burns."

Born on February 8, 1829, at Saint-Pierre-la-Cour (now Saint-Pierre-sur Orthe), in the Diocese of Laval, he came out of one of those French Catholic homes where, despite revolutions and irreligionism, the faith has been preserved in all its pristine purity, safeguarded like a precious family heirloom. When his brother John first expressed a wish to be a priest, his father said to him: "You're not yet sensible enough to think of such a vocation. A priest ought to be a saint! I'd rather see you die a simple tiller of the soil than see you a troublesome or even useless priest." But it was no passing thought, and when he told his farmer-father that his object was to devote himself to the good of souls, the reply

was: "My child, if you regard the position of a priest as the avenue to a life of ease, wealth and honor, I should say no, a thousand times no; but if you simply desire to sacrifice yourself for the poor, the sick and sinners I cannot oppose your vocation. Go, we'll do our best to help you."

The family were not well-to-do, and the privations imposed by straitened means told upon Vital's frail constitution and he became seriously ill. The prospect of realizing his wishes seemed to recede. To console him his confessor said: "My child, you wish to be a priest. The good God is giving you the education the priest needs. Now the priest ought to be personally acquainted with suffering, because it should be his mission to console those who suffer." Like many great souls, many strong characters, he was formed for the life he was destined to lead in the school of adversity. "I was born and grew up in poverty," he afterwards said. "All my trials were Providential graces. I would be a great saint if I had profited by them." During his course at the *petit séminaire* he was afflicted with gastritis, neuralgia and spitting of blood, and was given up by the doctors. When he recovered he felt a strong attraction towards the foreign missions and entered the Paris seminary of the Missions étrangères, but was rejected on account of his inability to learn the Oriental languages. It was then he found his true vocation and all that he yearned after in the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, to which he was admitted in December, 1851. On the eve of his oblation he wrote to his brother: "The name Oblate which I am to bear tells plainly enough what I am undertaking. I am to be a victim, and a victim not for a moment, but for every day. It is also what is really signified by the cross that will hang round my neck and which, at every instant, will remind me that the life of the Oblate is a life of continual sacrifice and immolation. Up to this martyrs are wanting to our congregation. If I could have the happiness of being the first Oblate martyr! What a joy to me! What a happiness to you, my very dear brother!" After receiving all the orders from the founder, Monsignor de Mazenod, who ordained him on April 23, 1854, he prepared to set out for the North American, or Canadian missions, for which he had received his obedience. He first thought of leaving Europe without seeing any members of his family, his sensitive and affectionate nature dreading the pain of parting. When told of it, Monsignor de Mazenod said: "I don't like mortifications which mortify others. Let this young priest go to see his family." Alluding to his brother Jean's desire to likewise devote himself to the foreign missions, his father said in presence of a number of priests: "I am very fond of my two abbés, gentlemen, but I prefer

to see them priests and go out on distant missions than to see them both prefects of the Sarthe and the Mayenne." Such was Father Vital's weak state of health at the time that the doctor, whom Monsignor de Mazenod consulted, gave it as his opinion that he would hardly be able to endure crossing the ocean. But he endured it, and much more in the sequel, reaching St. Boniface on November 2, 1854. Then and there began that apostolate to which he consecrated his whole life.

At the time he landed on the banks of the Red River, what is now the flourishing and populous city of Winnipeg was Fort Garry, one of the chief trading centres of the Hudson's Bay Company, surrounded by two or three houses. He spent a year learning the Indian dialects from old missionaries, preaching and visiting the sick. His apprenticeship to the missionary life in the Northwest was a violent contrast to his peaceful preparation for the priesthood. He had his ears frozen while officiating at an interment, and when visiting the sick was pursued by two wild Sioux, owing his life solely to the swiftness of his horse. The next year he journeyed to the mission on the borders of Lake Athabasca, a long and toilsome expedition, covering about 2,100 miles.

This mission has a history worth telling. One winter's night in 1844 two young Canadians, Antoine Morin and Baptiste Saint Cyr, employés of the company at Fort Chippewyan, to the north of Lake Athabasca, were discussing their critical situation, regretting the deprivation of all religious succor. What disturbed them most was the thought of hell. A young Indian woman, the wife of a Metis or halfbreed, overheard the conversation. "What is hell?" she asked. They told her what they knew of it. "I can't believe you," she replied. "You wish to make game of me. When my husband returns I shall ask him." Three days afterwards Tourangeau, her liege lord, came back. As soon as she saw him, she put to him the question: "Is it true there is a hell?" "Yes," was the decisive response. "Why didn't you tell me that?" she queried. "My children and I don't want to go to hell. I thought you loved me; I see you don't." "Ah! if we had priests as in Canada!" he murmured. "What do you do every morning and night?" she asked "You kneel and seem to be speaking to some one." "I pray to the good God," he said. "You pray to the good God! That is well. You know what must be done not to go to hell. You say you love me and you didn't tell me that," she added reproachfully. "If you really love me you'd show me how and lead me with my children to where there are priests that we may not go to hell." It was not easily done. The priests were far away on the Red River, over two thousand miles off. It meant throwing up his employment,

undertaking a long journey with his wife and three or four children and finding the means of living in an unknown land. Tourangeau, however, was a man of courage and resolution. He went, spent a winter at St. Boniface, where his family were baptized and instructed in the Catholic religion, and returned to Athabasca, where his good example led to the introduction of missionaries into that distant region, where Father Taché was the first to bring the glad tidings of salvation, baptizing 184 natives in the space of three weeks. Several of Tourangeau's children were still living in 1903, one of them being an inhabitant of St. Albert.

When Father Grandin arrived in 1855 the mission was being served by Father Faraud and Brother Alexis. The former became later Vicar-Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie and the latter was murdered by an Iroquois. To Christianize, and at the same time to civilize, the tribe of the Montagnais was the work which fell to his lot. It was a work which called for great patience, prudence and perseverance mingled with meekness and charity, but as these qualities were possessed in no ordinary degree by the missionary, he soon won his way to their hearts. "The God thou preachest," said one of them, "must be good, since thou art so good." It was also a repulsive task from a human viewpoint, for these poor savages were covered with vermin. While on the one hand they were the quietest and most accessible of all the northern Indians, on the other hand they were so devoid of sensibility that they abandoned their kindred in the midst of the forests when age or infirmity prevented them from following. Other tribes killed the aged or left them to die. Orphans were treated cruelly and women little better than dogs. It was the Blessed Eucharist that transformed these wild nomads into rational beings. They called it "the medicine of the good God which renders the heart strong." Another would say: "I am weak because I have not communicated, but if you grant me this favor my heart will be strong and I shall no longer weep." Many of them earnestly desired baptism. "Father," they said, "it is very dark in our hearts; give us the water that will make our souls white." He had often to carry the Viaticum great distances, and when this occurred during the terrible northern winters, with the thermometer sinking to 45 or 50 degrees centigrade, it is easy to imagine how painfully difficult was the duty he was called upon to perform. Still his buoyant spirits did not slacken. "My health," he wrote to his parents, "is equal to my joy. Without bread, without wine, without cider, without coffee and without beer, in a cold of which I can give you no idea, laboring much in mind and body, I am happy." Fish, without any other seasoning than the appetite, was his principal food, varied occasionally with a little

piece of buffalo, cariboo, beaver, bear or pemikan when hunting was successful. Pemikan was a compound of bison flesh dried in the sun, beaten with a flail until it was reduced to a powdery substance, mixed with melted fat and enclosed in the animal's skin, a viand noisome to sight and smell, which repelled newcomers. Only God's grace, the supreme end in view—the salvation of souls—and the indomitable spirit of a true missionary, a true apostle, would embolden a man to live such a life as Grandin and his co-workers in this arduous apostolate had long to endure; as their successors are enduring still in the far north among the Eskimos. More painful and soul-trying still was the awful isolation, when for months in the spring he was condemned to relative inaction, the sun being too pale to harden the snowy ground, too hot to allow of traveling over the ice. Sometimes the sledge would overturn and the luckless traveler over these wilds would be half-buried or blinded by the thick-falling flakes while the keen, cold wind lashed him in the face.

Monsignor Taché, Bishop of St. Boniface, finding it difficult to direct the northern missions from the Red River, nearly 3,000 miles distant, decided on postulating for a coadjutor. The Canadian Bishops whom he consulted left the choice of a candidate to Monsignor de Mazenod, who wisely selected Father Grandin as *dignissimus inter dignos*. Rome approving, on December 11, 1857, he was preconized coadjutor of St. Boniface, with the title of Bishop of Satala *in partibus infidelium* and consecrated by the founder of the Oblates on November 30, 1859, at Marseilles. Monsignor de Mazenod had previously written to him: "Infidels for infidels, the Pope dispenses you from concerning yourself with those who inhabit the part of Asia where your diocese is to devote yourself entirely first to the conversion and later to the sanctification of those you have been seeking in the icy regions of North America. I see you from here prostrate with your face to the ground shedding tears and rejecting in your humility the Pontifical crown that is going to be placed upon your brow. Be reassured: It is imposed upon you by obedience, and besides to you, in the midst of the painful labors of your ministry, it will rather resemble our Lord's crown of thorns than the diadem of the emperors of this world." His humility and amiable simplicity touched the aged Bishop of Marseilles, who, as he expressed, *ne pouvait se rassier de son fils*. Seeing that Monsignor Grandin had a pronounced appetite for bread, a thing they scarcely ever saw in the Northwest, he had himself served with a double quantum. "Poor children," he would sometimes say, "when I think of their privations, the fork falls from my hands." In presenting the young Bishop to people in Marseilles he said: "I want to show you an apostle."

Before he returned to the missions he fell so dangerously ill in France that they dreaded a fatal termination. It was forty days before he could get on his feet again, and though still ailing when he reached St. Boniface, and Monsignor Taché wanted to retain him there until the spring, nothing could restrain him from going to the Indians at Ile à la Crosse. He had to be actually carried from his bed to the vehicle that was to take him to the place of embarkation. He took with him some energetic missionaries, men of his own type, including the Abbé Grouard, who became Bishop of Ibora and Vicar-Apostolic of the Athabasca, and grey nuns whose concurrence was most valuable. As types of Christian womanhood in its highest expression, the latter personified that elevation to which Christianity had raised the sex to which the debased Indian females belonged, whom their presence, teaching and gentle influence raised in the moral and social scale.

At the beginning of June, 1861, Monsignor Grandin began an extensive tour of the residences of his missionaries scattered along the banks of the great rivers as far as the sixty-sixth degree of north latitude. The fur traders had established their forts along the water-courses and on the borders of the lakes. The missionaries' stations were founded near these forts, as they were frequented by the Indians who went there to dispose of their furs. The forts, which had no resemblance to citadels, as the name might imply, consisted of two or three houses, a store and a shed, all constructed of wood, surrounded in some places with palisades or stakes. Monsignor Grandin kept a journal of his long visitation, which he sent to Monsignor de Mazenod, having oftenest no writing desk but his knees and no roof over his head but the sky. His only beverage on his wearisome way to the Slave River was muddy water. What is facetiously described as his "episcopal palace" at the mission of Our Lady of Good Hope, 1,136 miles from Athabasca, was a hut made of the trunks of trees, which served alternately as a church, a choir, a recreation room, refectory, dormitory, kitchen and workshop! Strained parchment, with a small pane of glass in the centre, were the only windows, and they had to say their office at night by the light of a log fire. The ceiling was so low that they could not stand upright, except between the two joists. When at rest they saw the aurora borealis through the chinks of the roof, which let in the snow and the cold wind. All the furniture was comprised in an old chair, a bench, which served as a dining and writing table, a few boxes and an alarm clock. There were no bedsteads, for they slept on the floor. It was bitterly cold. The thermometer registered from 35 to 45 degrees centigrade; at one time it went so low as 47, while on the river it was from 50 to 52 degrees. They

could hardly go a hundred paces from this house or hut without being frozen. During the long winter of 1861-62 provisions failed and distress was acute. A family who had not for a long time tasted food devoured two pairs of shoes left in an encampment by an employé of the fort. A starving father killed and ate his little daughter of four or five, but she had happily been baptized. Father Grollier, who had long lived in the inhospitable regions of the extreme north, died shortly after Monsignor Grandin's departure, in the greatest poverty without any medical aid, almost without food, trying to subsist on fish. In his last illness he said faintly: "If I had a little milk and a few potatoes I might have a chance of recovery." There was none to offer him. Father Seguin having intimated his intention of burying him in the place where they contemplated erecting the church, "No, no," he said, "bury me with the Indians, between the two last who died, with my face turned towards the cross." He expired with his eyes fixed on the tabernacle. His last words were: "I die content, O Jesus, now that I have seen your standard raised even at the extremities of the earth."

These journeys through banks of snow and icy dunes were fraught with innumerable dangers. One day, more fatigued than usual, Monsignor Grandin sat for a moment on the snow, when a large number of ravens hovered around him: their wings already touched him, and if he had not promptly risen, he would infallibly have been picked to pieces. These birds often follow caravans and devour the dogs who succumb to fatigue or ill treatment. They do not even wait for the death of their victim. A brother went to raise one of his horses who had fallen; before he could do so the ravens had plucked out its eyes. He killed him to deliver him from further sufferings and prevent the ravens eating him alive. If Monsignor Grandin had been unable to defend himself, he would have shared the fate of the horse. He suffered severely from ophthalmia, caused by the reverberation of the solar rays in the snow, his eyes being in a deplorable state, so that it was painful to open them opposite a fire or light. Still he continued to labor, making no account of the obstacles or of his delicate health, baptizing hundreds of savages as he wended his way from mission to mission, leaving behind him blood-stained footprints in the snow. He not only had to do missionary work, but to work at house or hut building, and was alternately mason, carpenter, tailor and agriculturist, besides washing and mending his own linen and that of his companion. His "episcopal palace" at La Providence was a counterpart of that at Good Hope—no floors, no doors, no beds, no chairs and parchment windows, the dining table being the carpenter's bench, and a barrel, which he called "his curule chair," the episcopal throne! "If we

are in want of anything," he wrote, "it is certainly not poverty. Many things we expected from St. Boniface have not reached us. We, consequently, want tools to work with, paper to write, hosts to say Mass (we are trying to make some) and garments to clothe me. We have neither watch nor clock among us; we all follow our own rules: we eat when we are hungry, we regulate our prayers and meditations by the clock of our fervor or rather my fervor, for it is I who give the signal; so judge how all goes on well. Our great trouble is in getting up. If the brother sees the stars, he is pretty sure of the time, but the stars are often hidden by thick clouds. We rise rather regularly between two and six; we only burn one candle at Holy Mass; we use fish oil in our long vigils, hoping thus to save the candle for the whole winter. If the episcopate dispenses me from the vow of poverty, it does not leave me under the necessity of needing it." Lacordaire says "the apostle is Christ's nudity in all its simplicity and in all its eloquence." Monsignor Grandin was such an apostle. Poverty is always a cross, but the Oblate missionary-Bishop was one who "embraced the cross, despising the shame." The Indians, poor nomads, living from hand to mouth, despised the white man who was so destitute of everything "that he hadn't even tobacco" to offer them, and withdrew from the mission. Like a good shepherd he followed his flock and lured them back. He went alone into the midst of them and in a loud voice chanted a canticle in their dialect. They gradually gathered round him, and then he addressed a few touching words to them. "It wasn't to give you tobacco," he said, "I came so far. Other strangers might come to you for your furs and give you in exchange tobacco and clothes, but I have come on the part of God to teach you the way to heaven. I learnt how unhappy you were in this short life, and I would have wished that at least you should be happy in a life that will never end. See, now, nine years ago I embraced my old father whose head is as white as snow, with no hope of seeing him again except in heaven. It cost him much, too, to see me go, but through pity for you he consented. When, from Ile à la Crosse and Athabasca, I wrote him that the Montagnais were faithful to my voice, that they followed the law of the good God to go to heaven, my father was consoled and did not regret my departure. Soon the whites will pass this way to send your furs into their countries. I shall avail of it to write to my old father, and I shall tell him the savages with whom I am now don't come to hear me and despise me. And my old father will die of grief. See my hands; they are hardened by work. I am building a house of the good God for you, and you leave me alone! You, too, will die, and will render an account to God of your bad life

and of the contempt you have shown for His envoy. Ah! you complain that I don't give you tobacco. You will go to smoke with the bad spirits, a misfortune I would have wished to spare you." With such simple exhortations he regained his ascendancy over these children of nature. They all followed him back to the mission to his great consolation.

It was at La Providence, on November 21, 1863, he received the vows of his cousin, Father Grouard, who acquired the Indian dialects with surprising facility. Monsignor Grandin overheard Protestants remark on the occasion of his first sermon: "It is very extraordinary: these Catholic priests learn the Montagnais language as they wish. Two came last year, and this spring one was able to give a mission by himself alone at Slave Lake, and now we hear this young father speaking here like a real Montagnais, while the minister, after spending five years in the country, can hardly make himself understood."

One winter's night, when he had to cross the great Slave Lake, he was caught in a furious snowstorm and lost trace of his traveling companions, having only with him young Brother Baptist. They were freezing with the cold, the mercury having gone down to 40 degrees centigrade. They prepared themselves for death and, kneeling in the snow, recited the *Sub tuum*, the prayer to the guardian angel, and a heartfelt act of contrition, the poor child crying as he made the response. "Oh, what a night!" says Father Jonquet, "I do not know if the history of the Church presents many scenes comparable to that of the night of the 14th to the 15th of December, 1863! This Bishop, wandering in darkness, upon an ocean of ice, in company with a weeping child and dogs howling with the cold, offering his life for his beloved savages, there is a picture worthy to tempt a great painter." After hearing the boy's confession at his entreaty, feeling the cold gaining on them, they resumed their painful journey, fleeing from the death that was pursuing them. "We thus journeyed long,"<sup>1</sup> related Monsignor Grandin, "only stopping when we were too cold, but my little boy was beginning to get drowsy despite himself and despite me. I knew that the only means of saving his life was to try and camp again." They did so. The fathers of St. Joseph's mission were much troubled about them when they learnt from the English traders that they had been left on the lake; they thought the Bishop was doomed to certain death and made an ineffectual effort to get into touch with him. Meanwhile he felt the horrors of his perilous position. To raise the child's drooping courage he tried to sing, but tears mingled with his

<sup>1</sup> Monsignor Grandin, Oblat de Marie Immaculée, premier Evêque de Saint Albert par le R. P. E. Jonquet de la même Congrégation.

song, while both struggled to keep off sleep which would have been their last sleep on this earth, their reawakening being in eternity. Their feet were so frozen that they could not keep on their snowshoes, when at last they were rescued. When Monsignor Grandin reached St. Joseph's the fathers were saying Mass for the repose of his soul. To camp in the midst of the lake in winter and without fire was regarded by the natives as being in imminent danger of losing one's life; it was to expose oneself to inevitable death.

On another journey to La Providence in midwinter the guide missed his way. At one time they thought they discerned some islands in the distance, but when they drew near they found that it was the effect of a mirage. Their provisions gave out; the dogs were starving; they were contemplating boiling parchment and, failing that, killing one of the dogs for food. The Bishop's companions knelt and asked his blessing; they recited the rosary in common, and then the prelate, kneeling, renewed his vows, it being the anniversary of his profession, offering to God the sacrifice of his life. The whole of the first day in January was passed in marching and countermarching over the snowy desert with its disconcerting mirages. They were over 1,500 miles from any centre of civilization, isolated, without any communication, very often without any of their brethren in such journeys, destitute of every resource, having only their faith to keep up their courage. At night, benumbed with cold, always fasting, they had to sleep in the snow. On the 2d of January the Bishop said to his companions: "On such a day as this the three wise kings went to seek the Divine Infant; a miraculous star was their guide. Well, let us promise the good God we'll sing a High Mass of thanksgiving at La Providence if we'll be able to celebrate the Epiphany there." They found their way at last, and in the afternoon reached the fort. On the 5th Monsignor Grandin was at La Providence. Although he lost his paten he continued to say Mass daily for several months. Telling this afterwards to Cardinal Barnabo, the Prefect of Propaganda said: "But do you think, Monseigneur, that the apostles had patens like us? I could understand your metropolitan's hesitation (alluding to a conversation on the subject Monsignor Grandin had had with Monsignor Taché) if you hadn't a chalice, and yet you, being a Bishop, could consecrate a vessel of some sort."

When at Marseilles he had frequent colloquies with Monsignor de Mazenod on the ministry of souls in the Northwest. Having expressed his grave regret at seeing most of the Christians die without the Holy Viaticum, because, traversing long distances, the missionaries could not always carry with them what was necessary for the celebration of Mass, the founder counseled him to carry the Blessed

Sacrament secretly with him, to communicate them or himself when he could not celebrate. This he did when, in January, 1862, he set out on a long and dangerous journey, giving himself Communion at dawn on the feast of St. Joseph, while his young companion slept. In the sequel he no longer permitted himself this liberty. "During the terrible night on the Slave Lake," he said, "I congratulated myself on not having about me the Blessed Sacrament because it would have been impossible for me to open the pyx with my benumbed hands. This simple operation would have frozen my fingers and the Host would have been lost."

After a visitation which occupied three years and a half and involved a journey of thousands of miles, performed under the most painful conditions, trying to soul and body, Monsignor Grandin arrived at Ile à la Crosse in mid-August, 1864. One of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, moved to enthusiastic admiration by his heroism, wrote to him: "The noble abnegation, the tranquillity, the wonderful energy with which you have borne with difficulties, surmounted obstacles and endured sufferings of an exceptional nature are beyond all praise. For my part, although I have spent fifteen years in these savage regions, have experienced and felt myself many of the vicissitudes of life in the extreme North, I would have recoiled before such long, multiplied and continuous privations as your Lordship has endured on the banks of the Mackenzie River. If your friends far off had seen you, as I have, in a 'palace' built of some shapeless trunks of trees, laid one over the other to the height of six or seven feet, lit only by some coarse pieces of parchment, which alone served as windows, with only the frozen soil for a floor and some badly joined planks, through which the snow and wind penetrated every minute, as a door; for a bedstead some pieces of wood on trestles; for habitual nourishment food that the meanest servants in France would have contemptuously rejected! If they had seen your long and painful journeys, often in a half-fasting condition; if they had seen you with no other companions but barbarians, who have none of the habits or sentiments that civilization inspires, those friends certainly would have shed tears of compassion. I know your unexampled patience and your unalterable courage have excited the admiration of all the officers of the district, not to speak of the affectionate esteem which your Lordship's personal qualities have inspired all classes of the inhabitants of the Mackenzie River."

While the Bishop of Satala was traversing the Arctic regions of Mackenzie and Athabasca, the Holy See had come to a decision having an important bearing on the missions in the North. The Diocese of St. Boniface was divided, the Mackenzie and Athabasca

districts being erected into a separate see, Father Faraud being nominated Vicar-Apostolic of those immense territories, with the title of Bishop of Anemour in *partibus infidelium*. This was followed by other and more important changes in the event. Meanwhile Monsignor Grandin, after a long illness which nearly cut short his career by a fatal termination, accomplished a gigantic work by constructing, with the help of some Indians and halfbreeds, a road through the forest of Carlton as far as Ile à la Crosse, where, in 1867, the mission buildings were totally destroyed by fire, leaving the Bishop, with a priest seriously ill, three lay Brothers, one of whom was an invalid, and nineteen little boys houseless, in from 20 to 30 degrees of cold. "I had not even a handkerchief to dry my tears, and I had the weakness to shed many," said the prelate dolefully. A journey of nine hundred miles through snow and ice brought him to St. Boniface, where he told Monsignor Taché of the disaster.

Crossing the ocean to attend the chapter general of his congregation, he was one of the five hundred Bishops who assembled in Rome for the celebration of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, after which he quitted Europe in aid of his missions in the Northwest. It was on that occasion that Monsignor Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris, who was destined to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the Communists, called the Oblate missionaries "the zouaves of religion, always exposed to death and ever ready to endure martyrdom," and that Louis Veuillot had his interview with the *evêque poilleux*, which he so picturesquely recorded in *l'Univers*. Before leaving for America he had a private audience with Pius IX., who was already acquainted with his arduous work in Canada. Among other things he asked the Pope's permission to reserve the Blessed Sacrament without a lamp. "But I can only grant such a thing in case of persecution, and, thank God, you are not yet in such a position," objected His Holiness. "Most Holy Father," replied Monsignor Grandin with emotion, "we are not persecuted, it is true, but we have so much to suffer! It often happens to us to be unable to celebrate Holy Mass except with a single light. If you deprive us of the good God, what will become of us?" "*Ad impossibile nemo tenetur*. Keep the good God." "Most Holy Father," pursued the prelate, "it sometimes happened in my distant journeys that I put the Blessed Sacrament in my valise to preserve it, not from profanation, but from the indiscreet curiosity of the Indians." "I repeat: *Ad impossibile nemo tenetur*," replied the Pope. "You have such need of Our Lord! My dear Bishop of Satala, in your life, all sacrifice and deprivation, you have the merit of martyrdom without its glory."

When the Provincial Council of Quebec, in 1868, discussed the formation of two new provinces, those of Toronto and St. Boniface it was decided to erect the Vicariate of Saskatchewan<sup>2</sup> into a diocese, with the young mission of St. Albert as its see, separating it from that of St. Boniface, with an administration apart therefrom and a certain independence. The new vicariate confided to Monsignor Grandin, more than twice the size of France, was then a vast solitude, wooded in some places and in other parts covered with wild grasses and heather; large cities have since been built on it. Its native inhabitants, different from the peaceable Montagnais, were chiefly the bellicose Crees and Blackfeet, always warring with one another, when they were not hunting the bison, whose disappearance coincides with the disappearance of the Indian tribes, supplanted by the white races.<sup>3</sup> When Monsignor Grandin arrived the vicariate contained only twelve missionaries, including four lay Brothers, scattered through six residences, some of them being separated by enormous distances. St. Albert, the Bishop's residence, had been founded in 1861 as a mission to serve the humble chapel of St. Joachim at Edmonton, and was called after the late Père Lacombe's patron saint. Seven years afterwards it was frequented by four or five hundred Metis and some Indians. The ministry imposed on the missionaries varied and laborious occupations, one of the most difficult being to accompany the Indians over the prairies. These expeditions were generally composed of several hundred hunters, who took with them their wives and children, and involved all the miseries and vicissitudes of camp life.

The founding of these missions was the Church taking possession of the country. Monsignor Grandin, whose zeal knew no bounds, ambitioned evangelizing the whole interior of the continent, and at once civilizing and Christianizing the entire population. His work was impeded by many mishaps. In crossing the north branch of the Saskatchewan River he lost his chalice, a ciborium given him by Pius IX., several sacerdotal and episcopal ornaments, a handsome mitre, the gift of the clergy of Marseilles, ampullas to contain the holy oils and several other valuable things. It was a cross, but, as he said, "the heavier the cross, the more necessary it is to arm ourselves with courage to carry it to the end. May the hand of God which smites us be blessed! Better to have sustained this loss than to have committed a venial sin." He found

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<sup>2</sup> An abbreviation of the Cree words, *kisiska-tchewan*, signifying rapid current.

<sup>3</sup> Monsignor Taché in 1869 calculated that for twenty-five years not less than a million bisons had been killed annually.

consolation in the unwavering fidelity of his coworkers. "If I had every reason to be discouraged," he wrote, "seeing my great personal misery, my too evident incapacity, my absolute poverty, I had a right to be confident, for, besides the help of God upon which I could the more count, the poorer and the more powerless I was I could rely on the devotedness and abnegation of my missionaries. From the first of the fathers to the least of the lay Brothers none has recoiled before sacrifice; all were admirable in their zeal and devotedness. In their good spirit, by their charity, by all the religious and apostolic virtues, they have been my strong support, and they have founded the Church of St. Albert." They all had to practice poverty in the spirit and the letter. They were as badly off at St. Albert as elsewhere. He could hardly officiate with his mitre in the chapel, into which the rain, the snow and the wind penetrated, while his episcopal palace was a poor log cabin. Seven occupied one room, which was parlor, secretariat, workshop, etc. A buffalo skin laid on the ground with one or two woolen coverlets was their bed; mattresses and sheets were unknown luxuries. They only ate bread in small quantities on feast days. This was varied by hard pemican broken into pieces with a hatchet. Another meat, as hard as leather, taxed their powers of mastication. Tea without sugar was their beverage.

When Monsignor Grandin began the visitation of his immense vicariate an epidemic of smallpox ravaged his flock. It brought out into full relief the heroic qualities of the chief pastor. Protestants as well as Catholics recognized this. A few days before his arrival a Protestant employé had died of it; before his death he had asked for his minister, who resided at St. Albert, but instead of coming, the reverend gentleman simply wrote exhorting the patient to have confidence. The Bishop of Satala personally tended the sick, whom their own relatives and friends were afraid to approach. The Protestants were greatly edified by the courageous conduct of the Catholic prelate, who spent his days and nights among the dead and dying. The fort became such a source of infection that the inhabitants to escape death camped in the open air. Monsignor Grandin followed and ministered to them. Corpses were abandoned even by the nearest relations of the deceased. The indefatigable missionary-Bishop discharged the last duties to the repulsive remains of the unfortunate victims; on one day he buried seven bodies in the same grave. Not only this, but in compliance with an urgent appeal from Père Lacombe, who was himself similarly employed in the midst of the dead and dying and had hurried to St. Albert, where the fathers were stricken with the epidemic, so that there was not a priest to assist the sick, he at once set out

to help him. On his way in a camp of the infidel Indians who were suffering from the contagion he stopped to console, succor, instruct and baptize them. He met a young man from St. Albert who was fleeing from that plague-stricken place, but whom death pursued and struck down, for on his return he discovered that the wolves had devoured his remains. The epidemic had ravaged the whole country, carrying off more than three thousand of the Crees and Blackfeet. The desert already contained three improvised cemeteries. The Metis and Indian converts cared for their sick; the pagans abandoned them. The Bishop's and missionaries' heroism astonished unbelievers, strengthened the Christians in the faith and gave a marvelous impetus to the progress of Catholicism.

When in 1869 the Northwest was annexed to Canada, the Government paying the Hudson's Bay Company 7,500,000 francs for an immense domain of two million square miles, Monsignor Grandin viewed with some anxiety the future, fearing that Canada and the States would pour into that fertile land the scum of their populations, and he had already reason to bewail the moral and physical degeneracy which followed the advent of many of the fur traders. Since his arrival at St. Albert his thoughts were centred on the Christianizing of the Indians of the prairies. His first visit to the camp of the Blackfeet inspired him with great hopes of their conversion, but he had great difficulty in persuading them and other tribes to give up polygamy, for they regarded women like horses, as beasts of burden. The Assiniboines and Iroquois, who lived by hunting in the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, listened eagerly to the missionaries, their readiness to receive instruction compensating him for the fatigue he had undergone in a very toilsome journey.

On September 22, 1871, the bulls erecting the ecclesiastical province of St. Boniface were signed in Rome, and Monsignor Grandin, who did not hear of it until April 2, 1872, exchanged the position of Coadjutor for that of Bishop of St. Albert. On the first Sunday of Easter he took possession of his see, which he consecrated to the Immaculate Heart under the invocation of Our Lady of Victories in his new cathedral, designed by a lay Brother and raised by the joint labor of Bishop, priests, novices and Brothers. Even in its unfinished state this church was an object of admiration to the Indians, to whom it seemed a masterpiece, and who made a several days' march to see it. Father Grouard, who was to become Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca, decorated the sanctuary with some paintings in very good taste. "And to say that in this very country there would come later on men who would talk of the laziness and wealth of the monks!" comments Father Jonquet.

One of his chief solitudes was the forming of Christians from

childhood, looking upon the Catholic school as the vestibule of the Church. It was at this time that the great railroad, the Canadian Pacific, which now crosses the continent and connects two oceans, was projected, and he foresaw the immense changes which would follow, the great flood of immigration that would flow westward from the St. Lawrence to Vancouver and the crowding out of the Indians and halfbreeds. "If we could educate the children," he said, "it would be the resurrection of their various tribes. We should have nurseries of Christian Indians." With that end in view he wished to found in Canada, on the model of similar work in the East, a work of the schools of the Northwest, and appealed to Père Lacombe, who gave his earnest coöperation, in a letter which Louis Veuillot said was "a page worthy of the greatest ages of the Church." But lest it might injure the work of the Propagation of the Faith, he was induced to give up the project, to him, so zealous to extend the kingdom of God on earth, a great sacrifice. But his zeal never lacked scope for its expansion. He replaced the famous Blackrobe Voyageur in the Christianization of the Crees and toured Europe in aid of the Propagation of the Faith, speaking in twenty-three cathedrals and in numerous parish churches, seminaries, colleges, boarding schools and Catholic clubs, with marvelous results. The appeals of this missionary-Bishop were not studied discourses; he spoke of what he had seen and felt and realized from direct intimate knowledge; he spoke from the heart, a heart full of the love of God and of souls, and he touched the hearts of his hearers. His zeal and enthusiasm were contagious. He not only preached, but he wrote appealingly for subjects to all the seminaries and communities. Far from depicting missionary work in a financial and alluring aspect, he did not conceal the hardships it involved. To the superior of one seminary he said: "Give us young men animated with the apostolic spirit, of ardent faith and abnegation. I promise them in my diocese numberless privations, and therefore many merits." He took back with him seventeen new missionaries, including his own nephew, the Abbé Henri Grandin. Though the cathedral was finished, the habitation left much to be desired; with increased numbers there was not increased accommodation; the fathers and brothers were crowded into cells with beds like those on board ship or like library shelves. The winter of 1874-75 was very severe, the thermometer descending to 45 degrees centigrade. One of the servants, a Canadian named Louis Dazé, who was a lay Brother without the vows, and who had rendered great services to the mission, was frozen to death.

Monsignor Grandin was consoled by the progress of religion at Ile à la Crosse. At the close of a retreat in 1875 he records:

"Seventeen years ago we raised a cross in the same place, and we are happy to state now that since that time our holy religion has made progress in the country which we really could not have ventured to hope for then. One can say that now all the Indians are Christians and Catholics, and generally good Christians and good Catholics. May God forever be blessed for it!" During his return to St. Albert he had to camp on wet grass, which brought on a malady of the ears from which he suffered much up to his death, with intervals of relief. The heroism of the Bishop of St. Albert and other Oblate missionaries drew from Mr. J. M. Mackay, a Protestant, this generous tribute: "In unexplored prairies, in labyrinthine forests, in marshes and torrents, under the rays of a burning sun, in rain or Arctic cold, here on horseback, there on foot, at one time carrying his frail bark canoe, at another marching over the snow, drawing after him from hut to hut the sledge that carries his meagre food and the symbols of his faith; visiting the sick stricken with fever or smallpox, the Oblate missionary bears the banner of his Master and the lights of Christian civilization into the most remote regions of the West. For him no auditors applaud his words, no press eulogizes his works; the consciousness of duty and devotedness to his fellow-creatures alone animates him. Worthy successor of those illustrious apostles and martyrs of the faith, the Brebœufs, the Hennepins and the Marquettes, he fears neither cold nor hunger nor the savage's arrow; on the contrary, he seems to seek the martyr's palm which many others of his order have gathered. Assuredly, this century cannot point to anything nobler, grander than the figure of the Oblate missionary. We may differ from him in doctrine, but we should not deny him the tribute of our sympathy and our respect." These words, creditable alike to him who spoke them and to those they were spoken of, were uttered in a conference on the English possessions in North America. A Catholic publicist wrote of these missionaries: "We read in history that General Kleber, commanding in Africa, said to his soldiers: 'To be a soldier is to be fatigued and march, to be hungry and not eat, to be thirsty and not drink, to be unable to bear up and to bear others.' Let us put the Oblate in place of the soldier, let us add to hunger and fatigue the labors of the ministry and we shall have an idea of the life of our missionaries in the American Northwest."

He was much preoccupied with the need of a seminary for the formation of a native clergy, foreseeing that the immense solitudes were going to be peopled and that he might not be able to count upon the mother country. A start was made with a small group of young Metis, over whom his nephew, Father Grandin, was

placed; this was the nucleus of the future seminary of St. Albert. But here, as in other phases of his work, he was faced with formidable opposition. Under the new order of things, when it was no longer dangerous to go among the tribes in the wilds of the interior when they had not, as the Catholic missionaries had, to take their lives in their hands and run the risk of martyrdom, the Protestant ministers followed in the wake of the rapidly increasing immigration and ordained native proselytes, who were not called upon to take the vow of celibacy and undergo a prolonged, exacting and ascetical preparation for the ministry. This gave them readier access to the Indians, who, like many of the whites, preferred the easier way. Besides, they had illimitable wealth at their back and could entice the Indians by bribes, by free gifts of clothing, tobacco and "fire-water," with which the fur traders used to drive profitable bargains with them in exchange for their much more valuable furs. In addition to this, it was very difficult for the missionaries to get the young Indians, accustomed to the free, roaming life of the prairies, to submit to discipline and the ordered life of a seminary. Then the Hudson's Bay Company, although it had rendered some services to the missionaries, as when Mr. J. W. Christie, the agent at Fort Edmonton, built a chapel and a house for the priest, it had in its employment others who threw every obstacle they could in their way. But no obstacles could deter or discourage Monsignor Grandin, who, when offered the Coadjutorship of a French see, declined it, saying: "My mission in the North will only end with my death. If I knew I was to die in a month, I would go back immediately to have the consolation of dying at my post." Struck by his simplicity and abnegation, the Abbé Lebreton, vicar general of Seez, who for twenty-five years had observed his eminent virtues, at the close of a confirmation administered by the Bishop of St. Albert, spoke from the pulpit a glowing eulogium of his apostolic life and work. "Monsignor Grandin," he said, "has made himself an Indian in the fullest sense of the word, living the life of the Indians, feeding on their more than coarse food, clothed with the skins of beasts like the Indians, living in their tents of hides, sleeping alongside them in the open air, letting himself be devoured by their vermin—and all that to gain souls to Jesus Christ, to lead them to heaven, and procure for these wretched people a better way of living here. You see," he concluded, addressing the Bishop, "all these priests ranged round your throne. They and I have formed the design of kissing your feet before parting with you. They are beautiful, those feet which have traversed the forests of America, which have journeyed so much over snows and frozen ponds! *Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium!* Now fatigued, they

can hardly support your worn-out body. It is just that we should pay them honor. We shall kiss your feet in our own name, in the name of all the priests and faithful of our diocese who have had the happiness of receiving your visit." Then they suited the action to the word. The pious prelate was deeply moved as thirty priests prostrated themselves in turn at his feet, including his eldest brother, the Abbé Jean Grandin, while he, to preserve himself in humility, silently recited the *Miserere*.

His activity was unceasing, notwithstanding that he was a continual prey to physical suffering. He scoured the seminaries of France and Belgium in search of subjects not only for his own congregation, but for other orders. Very exacting on the subject of vocations, he said: "We may, indeed, in our Northern missions die of hunger and cold, but we have no chance of dying martyrs. Our poor missions have not even that poetic aspect. Our life is a long martyrdom, but one of the most prosaic martyrdoms, known to God alone and him who suffers. It is a martyrdom little appreciated. What awaits you in the apostolate is a real, long, daily martyrdom, the martyrdom of deprivations, isolation, illness, insults, outrages, calumnies. Examine if God calls you. If you are only drawn by the allurements of a frivolous imagination, by the attraction of curiosity, if you only seek an outlet for the eager activity of your youth in dangerous enterprises, remain at home, but if you hunger and thirst for suffering, if you wish to sanctify yourself by the sacrifice of your whole being, come, you will find in our missions the means of making yourself useful for the glory of God and the salvation of souls." This view of the missionary apostolate as a martyrdom, though not always a martyrdom by blood-shedding, had evidently been suggested by Pius IX., who had addressed to him these soul-stirring words: "In China they have the true martyrdom of the blood, a glorious martyrdom, in some sort a poetical martyrdom; you, my children, in those icy, savage regions, if you have not the glorious martyrdom by blood-shedding with its poetry, you are none the less martyrs in the eyes of the Lord. You have all the reality of martyrdom in the daily sacrifices of your painful apostolate, and the martyrdom, which is endured every day and every moment, can it merit for you a less beautiful crown in heaven?"

He not only spent himself, but everything he had upon the Indians. His greatest delight was in instructing the children and the poor, preference being given to the most bereft. Out of his poverty he contrived to give sixty meals to the poor savages in 1881. After the epidemic referred to the number of orphans increased. He took old men, strangers to the country, some of them Protestants,

into his house. Suffering in any form appealed to his charity, which recognized in mankind of every class, creed and country his brethren. "My establishment at St. Albert," he wrote to a French Bishop, "is nothing less than a large orphanage and a model farm. I would want twenty or thirty establishments of this kind in my diocese, and I have only three."

In a lengthy letter to the Bishop of Laval he describes very graphically a confirmation tour which lasted six months, during which time he did not meet as many priests as he saw in one day at Laval; how he was in posts and encampments where there was no priest; how he sometimes said Mass in a poor hut, and oftenest in a little canvas tent he took with him on his summer journeys, he being alone inside while the congregation were outside; how he rose one morning at 6, and while his two Indian companions slept made the fire, melted the ice to get water, made his toilette, performed his exercise and then said Mass. "If your good diocesans," he said, "could see my caravan they wouldn't think it was a Bishop on a confirmation circuit, but a poor peasant removing." The *Standard*, a Montreal paper, graphically portrayed this missionary-Bishop, entitling him "a hero of the Northwest." "For several days," it said, "the various Parliamentary bureaux at Ottawa have been somewhat surprised by frequent visits from an unknown one who should not be unknown. Still young, he already wears a glorious crown of white hair, walks painfully and seems to have suffered much. His features breathe the peace of a pure conscience, his voice gives mild expression to true and sincere sentiments, his heart is upright and disinterested—all rare things, it must be admitted, in the cold regions of politics. So, surprised and caught unawares at first, soon all, Protestants as well as Catholics, bow as he passes on and seek in his frank and clear glances relief from the crafty and even false looks which they daily witness. What he seeks at the cost of visits a hundred times more painful than the hardest labors he tells everybody with a conviction and a noble simplicity which seduce, capture and captivate you. When the barbarians overran the Roman Empire they made many ruins; they would have made more if Popes and Bishops had not opposed them, in the name of God, with words of peace and mercy. Cross in hand, they protected their persecutors of yesterday and assured them a tranquil life. To-day in the Northwest it is no longer barbarism, but what it is agreed to call civilization, which drives back more and more the savage tribes. They take from them their hunting ground; they force them, by famine, to change their manners and habits of life; sometimes even, despite the Governor, they bring them, along with immorality, injustices against which they cry out.

Who will come to plead their cause? Who will intercede for them? Who will make their too just complaints heard? Who if not still the Bishop, the missionary-martyr? For twenty-seven years he has suffered like the Indians; he has wept with them; he has followed them in their summer hunts; visited them in their winter camps. He was there when they were still scalping, and if they do it no longer it is thanks to the words of charity to which he has made them listen. Why should his heart not become like that of a father for them; how should it not beat in unison with theirs and feel as keenly their privations, their wants and their anxieties? Let us hope that our Ministers will understand these sentiments, that in this regard they will continue the glorious traditions of our fathers and that they will give the Bishop-missioner more than hopes: acts marked with the double seal of justice and sympathy. Moreover, if they have really at heart the rapid and safe colonization of the Northwest, and if they do not bring themselves to the shameful necessity of exterminating the Indians, as our neighbors do, they cannot do better than favor the Catholic missions."

On January 1, 1883, he appealed so forcibly on their behalf to the assembled prelates of the Province of Quebec that a collective letter signed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec and all the Canadian Bishops was issued recommending an annual quest in favor of the schools of the Northwest and the Bishop of St. Albert and his work to the Federal Government. And when that Government sent land surveyors into the Northwest to parcel out lands in the colony of St. Albert, most of which had been in the possession of the people before the annexation of the territories to Canada, and nothing less was talked of but armed resistance, it was Monsignor Grandin who prevented the colonists' rights being infringed.

In 1883, when he celebrated his episcopal silver jubilee, not only were forty missionary Oblates present, but his prestige was such that the Protestant Bishop, accompanied by his wife and a numerous suite, came to offer his congratulations to the jubilarian. It was this prestige which enabled him and another famous Oblate missionary, Père Lacombe, to restore order out of the chaos created by the rising of the halfbreeds under Louis Riel and Gabriel Dumont, when two of their Oblate brethren, Fathers Marchand and Fafard, were killed by the Indians. The work of years had meanwhile been destroyed, and ruins, burned houses and churches and pillaged presbyteries along with untilled fields met his saddened gaze. His grief was great. "Since my voyage to Europe," he said, "I have lost eight missionaries; of this number only two died in their beds; the others died frozen, drowned or massacred by the Indians." With buildings to be rebuilt, orphans to be fed and

schools to be maintained, it was a question of life or death for the mission. Although ill, he begged Canada for the children of his flock, suffering from hunger all the way from McLeod to Calgary. "We tried," he said, "to deceive our stomachs by going to sleep, but it is useless to say 'he who sleeps dines;' we did not so realize it." He was worn out with fatigue, pierced with cold, and still ill when, travel-stained, he returned to St. Albert. He traveled much in the years 1886, 1887 and 1888 in Canada, the United States and Europe, although suffering from various maladies, preaching daily and often several times in the day. Begging was a great burden to him; it needed all his love for souls to overcome his repugnance for the self-imposed task. He took part in the Provincial Council of St. Boniface, composed exclusively of Oblates, an epoch-making event.

Eighty years before that there was not a single priest in the whole vast province. In all the region of the Northwest in 1845 there were only one Bishop, six priests serving five residences and three schools attended by 120 children. In 1886 there were six Bishops, 127 priests, 168 churches, 132 schools and 4,618 pupils. This council divided the Diocese of St. Albert at the instance of Monsignor Grandin, whose increasing infirmities made it impossible for him to attend to the spiritual and material requirements of missions situated at great distances from each other in his immense see. Still, the progress the Catholic religion had made was most satisfactory. In 1868 the Vicariate of Saskatchewan only counted seven stations served by eight priests; twenty years afterwards, when it was erected into the Diocese of St. Albert, it had thirty-two stations and forty-six Oblate missionaries, besides forty-four nuns looking after orphanages and schools, the hope of the future of Catholicism in the Northwest. All this had been accomplished despite many obstacles; despite the influx of mixed races and creeds; despite civilized barbarism, despite Orange persecution open and covert; despite aggressive Protestantism, which spread its snares to entrap the unwary children of the plains, its Bishops and ministers adopting high ritualism, which Disraeli called "the Mass in masquerade," to throw dust in their eyes, the better to foist upon them the semblance for the reality of sacerdotalism.

The whole eastern and northeastern portion of the Diocese of St. Albert was detached to form the new Vicariate Apostolic of Saskatchewan, of which Monsignor Pascal, O. M. I., was made vicar, with the title of Bishop of Mosinopolis. What, however, remained under the jurisdiction of Monsignor Grandin was as large as France. At the same time Monsignor Grouard was nominated Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie and titular Bishop of Ibora.

St. Albert was no longer a remote mission, lost in the midst of the woods and marshes, but well organized and progressively prosperous, with its church, its solemn ceremonies, its schools, hospice and orphanages, and a Catholic population of twelve hundred living under the shadow of its cathedral. To counterbalance the Protestant invasion of his diocese he strove to promote Catholic immigration, with the help of Père Lacombe, and succeeded in forming several embryo settlements. "Who knows," said Monsignor Grandin, "but the equilibrium will be displaced to the advantage of the more fertile and Christian race." This was very germane to the school and language questions which have long agitated and still agitate Catholic Canada ever since the Government, impelled by Orange bigotry, adopted the blind policy of strangling the Catholic schools by drawing tighter and tighter round them a string of successive enactments in direct contravention of the constitutional compact of 1870. Monsignor Grandin, who followed the movement with an attentive eye and sad forebodings, protested in an open letter to the Canadian Archbishops and Bishops. His attitude was uncompromising resistance. "I am the servant of a Master they could not shut up in a tomb," he said. "A Bishop's front should be harder than the front of a cuirassier, *frontem adamantem, duriores frontibus eorum.*"

The dread of being an obstacle to good tortured the soul of this good Bishop, who all the time was accomplishing a great deal of good. An exaggerated criticism of his administration by a self-satisfied theorist greatly troubled him. "I have never risen to the height of my responsibilities, now less than ever," he humbly notes in his journal. "The work of God is suffering in my hands. For the first time to-day I asked God to remove me from this world. I can indeed conscientiously make this request for His greater glory and the good of the diocese."

The idea of placing his resignation in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff finds expression in several letters. He begged Father Soulier, the superior general, to have pity on him and permit him to do so, "Your moralist," replies Father Soulier, "has not a monopoly of religious orthodoxy. We know you, we see your work as Bishop for over thirty years. We pay homage to the uprightness of your intentions, to the wisdom of your acts, to your unchangeable devotedness, to the delicacy of your conscience as a Bishop and a religious. One may bear witness that from the very viewpoint of doctrine you have figured very well in presence of the princes of the Church and of literature. We wish your critics had as much prudence in the conduct of affairs, your courage in difficulties, your

spirit of faith and your piety in bad as in good fortune." When a serious malady took hold of him, the fear of becoming a useless servant troubled him more than physical suffering. "I am under no illusion," he wrote. "I am stricken with a malady which will lead me to the tomb, I fear, before very long. Am I not going to be a charge on the diocese? My great trouble is to have the responsibility of a large diocese at a time when it will need a great development of activity and to be enervated by sickness and the obligation of taking care of myself." When he reached his sixty-third year, on February 8, 1892, he notes: "My life has been longer than I could hope. Ah! if I had employed it better! In reparation for my faults I accept beforehand, with the greatest submission to the will of God, my death, when, where and as He shall wish. The only grace I ask of Him is to die in His love, that He will give me a successor according to His own Heart, who shall repair my faults and do the good I have not done." The coadjutor and ultimate successor given him in the sequel was Monsignor Emile Joseph Legal, consecrated as titular Bishop of Poggia, who for sixteen years had been a zealous missionary among the Blackfeet in the southwestern parts of Alberta. The pioneer missionary-Bishops were giving place to new men and new methods in the changing conditions in which the Church in the Northwest found itself. Monsignor Taché—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—had meanwhile passed away and been succeeded by the late Monsignor Langevin in the Archbishopric of St. Boniface. Monsignor Grandin himself was slowing into the terminus which ends life's journey, having undergone a critical operation in Paris. When, before Monsignor Langevin's nomination, it was proposed to translate him to the metropolitan see, he said: "I have been thirty-seven years in the episcopate; the only translation I can ambition and even accept is to heaven." Besides, he was greatly attached to the see, which was his episcopal first love. "The Diocese of St. Albert," he wrote to the general, "is entirely the work of the congregation, of your sons whom you have sent there. From the least lay Brother up to the Bishop, we can all say to you: It is the Pope who erected this young Church, but it is we who have laid the foundations, who have made it increase and grow. I see the action of Providence in the foundations of our dear congregation in Belgium, in Holland, in Germany and elsewhere. It is there preparing the necessary missionaries, pending the time when the Church of St. Albert can, like the young ducks on our lakes, live by itself."

The cross of bodily suffering weighed heavily upon him. Pain-

ful maladies were fast shortening his days. "For a long time," he wrote, "the Holy Ghost by different voices warns me that I shall soon have to render my account, *quia mors mea prope est in januis*. Already death makes itself felt powerfully. I accept it, O my God, as a well deserved punishment for my sins." Notwithstanding that he was suffering acutely from stone, neuralgia, rheumatism, violent irritation of the coatings of the stomach, intolerable twitchings of the muscles, etc., he continued to administer his diocese with unwearied zeal, though relieved by his coadjutor of the most burdensome work.

Consequent on alluring prospects held out to them, the rural populations of Galicia were emigrating in large numbers to North America, nearly twenty thousand, later increasing to forty or fifty thousand, having scattered themselves over the Northwest, chiefly in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Their dialect was what is called Little Russian. Although Catholics, they mostly belonged to the Greco-Ruthenian rite. When they landed in America they were without pastors and the religious succor they needed. Priests of the Latin rite, not understanding them and having no faculties to exercise the sacred ministry according to their ritual and in their language, found their efforts paralyzed. For these Galicians to abandon their rite, so identified with their religion, their race and their whole history, seemed apostasy. Protestants were trying to proselytize these new colonists by mixed marriages, and some Galician children were already going to their schools. The danger was imminent. The Oblates saved the situation. Two of their missionaries, of Polish origin, were already ministering to the Ruthenian Galicians in and around Winnipeg. At the instance of Bishop Grandin and the other Bishops of the Northwest and with the help of Père Lacombe, the Archbishop of Lemberg sent to Manitoba his own secretary, Father Zoldach, and some time afterwards the Reformed Basilian Fathers to minister to their fellow-countrymen.

His biographer, in tracing a pen-portrait of Monsignor Grandin does not overlook the shadows when picturing the lights. This is at once truthful and artistic. It is judicious shading in a painting which throws the high lights into full relief. Père Jonquet implies that he was somewhat touchy, but qualifies it by the remark that it was when the glory of God or the Church or the honor of the priesthood or of his congregation was in question that he was quickly aroused. When it concerned individuals he promptly made amends for his hastiness by a visit, a letter, an excuse, a genial smile or a friendly gift. A certain charm of manner was his

dominant characteristic. "What an amiable and good man," observed a Protestant minister; "if I was long in his company he would win me to his side." He was a real "fisher of men." Père Jonquet says quaintly that he had a talent for "harpooning of souls." He had also the gift of healing wounds and soothing sufferings. He inspired and invited confidence. "He entwined you in a web of affection and you did not know how to get out of it," observes the writer quoted. His subjects loved him and he them. He had a special affection for the lay Brothers and liked to join them in recreation. When his missionaries fell ill his solicitude was boundless. Suffering himself, he cared and consoled the sufferer, cheering him with pleasant stories or snatches of song. He was tender-hearted and had the gift of tears, a gift that comes from nature or from grace and refreshes the spirit or the soul. When his missionaries returned from their painful labors his comforting words, says Père Jonquet, were like a refreshing breeze. Though he suffered much from ingratitude, it left behind it no rankling resentment. He was affectionate by nature, his affection for his kindred detracting nothing from his affection for his spiritual family. He had the sanctification of his missionaries much at heart. To one of them he wrote: "Have a horror, my dear friend, of that wretched mediocrity which deprives us of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. We are few, but at least we have great souls. Our virtues ought to make up for our number. Let us always say yes to grace, no to nature." To another, who thought he was misunderstood by his superiors, he said: "Don't complain; it is a stroke of the pencil which completes your resemblance to our Divine Saviour. Let us strive during the short time our Lord leaves us to obliterate all that can spoil the picture, the true resemblance to the model we should copy. False strokes of the pencil may come from our impatience." To a father who had asked to be changed on account of incompatibility of character with his confreres and with whose request he complied, he wrote: "However, dear friend, don't be deluded. For you and me the time of illusions is past. Happiness is not of this world. and you'll not find it even in your new situation. There, too, you'll find men, and as holy as I suppose them they'll not be without experiencing the weaknesses of humanity. On the other hand, like me, I think even more than me, you have the talent of increasing the troubles you encounter on your way, and even of creating new ones for yourself. *In hic positi sumus*, we are destined for heaven, and we can only reach it by way of the Cross. We find the Cross everywhere—and we are ourselves our heaviest cross." When he

had to deal with any serious lapses, which moved him to tears, he joined mildness to firmness. "I would love you less," he wrote to such a one, "if I caressed your wounds." In portioning out work he always took the lion's share. "How could I send others into the firing line," he said, "if I did not go there myself?"

He never ceased to be, to regard himself and to regulate his life as an Oblate religious. "The axiom, *episcopatus solvit monacum*," observes Père Jonquet, "was not true in Monsignor Grandin's case. The virtues of poverty and even of obedience were practiced by him with courage and cheerfulness. He was aroused to holy indignation when it was said in his presence that Oblate Bishops were only honorary Oblates. He called to mind the words of Monsignor de Mazenod and affirmed that Pius IX., when consulted, replied that the Oblate, on becoming a Bishop, did not cease to be an Oblate, and that he was to adhere to his rules and vows in so far as they were not opposed to episcopal obligations." Every year, on the 1st of January, the anniversary of his profession, he renewed in writing his religious vows, wrote them on his knees, signed them and sent them to the superior general. Thus, on January 1, 1862, he wrote to Monsignor de Mazenod, not being yet aware that the founder had passed away: "Beloved father, my heart gives you no other title this morning. However far I may be from the family centre, I don't wish to leave it to my brethren more favored than I am. The heart knows neither distances nor obstacles," and he concludes with these words: "May I die a worthy Oblate!" At the opening of 1902 he notes in his journal: "This day, 1st January, 1902, is the forty-ninth anniversary of my religious profession, a serious step if there ever was one, and which I have never regretted." A great lover of poverty, he practiced that virtue in the spirit and in the letter. "Poverty is not a dishonor," he often said; "otherwise our Lord would not have willed to be born, live and die poor." His humility was closely allied to his spirit of poverty: the higher he rose in men's estimation, the lower he sank in his own.

To a missionary who wrote flatteringly to him, calling him a saint, he replied: "My poor friend, of two things, one—either you wish to make game of me or you've become mad. In the first case, I forgive you for once; in the second, I pity you." In January, 1901, the community at St. Albert offered him a plaster bust of himself. He could not refuse it for fear of offending his missionaries, but he relieves his mind in his journal, in which, after recording the incident, he adds: "It was already a good deal to have had me painted on canvas after all sorts of photographs, but it is superfluous to have

wanted this best. It is well for great celebrities, for great Bishops, of which there are many, but for a poor Bishop like me, known under the name of *l'Evêque pouilloux* and who am, in fact, a begging Bishop, the thing becomes an irony."

His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was what might be expected in so saintly a soul. Every morning when the community assembled for meditation in common they found him on his knees at the foot of the altar. At the close of the day his adoration of the Real Presence was prolonged until an advanced hour of the night. Before the community arrived he had already performed the Stations of the Cross. When physical exhaustion prevented him from rising, he was often seen dragging himself on his knees from station to station. Speaking of another Bishop of imposing presence and bearing, the Metis said: "One sees that he is proud to be a Bishop. Ah! it's not like Monsignor Grandin; he is humble even with the mitre." As a member of an order consecrated to our Lady Immaculate, it is not surprising to read that the rosary was one of his favorite devotions, and that it is to the pious use of the beads, earnestly recommended by him, the Indian and Metis converts owe their steadfastness in the faith. In the long, sleepless nights during his last illness he made the Way of the Cross and multiplied his rosaries. That illness, a prolonged agony, lasted for four months with intermittent rallies and crises until, on June 3, 1902, death released him from his sufferings, and the venerable prelate, the doyen of the Canadian episcopate, entered into "the joy of the Lord."

Dublin, Ireland.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

## DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

**A**MONG the welcome surprises which await the client of the Sacred Heart on visiting his much-loved Paray-le-Monial none perhaps will give him more intense joy than to learn—as possibly he may do for the first time—that for centuries before the devotion to the Sacred Heart was given to the world—in fact, almost from apostolic times—the district in which this little town is now situated was a very citadel of devotion to the Mother of God; that it possesses a shrine of Our Lady of extraordinary historic interest, which for centuries has been the goal of thousands of pious pilgrims, and that the image of Our Lady, still to be seen there, “Notre Dame de Romay,” is a veritable jewel of antiquity and the admiration of all archæologists. In a word, Paray-le-Monial is not merely a landmark in the history of devotion to the Sacred Heart; it is a conspicuous illustration of a truth every Catholic knows by experience and never tires of hearing over and over again, that persevering devotion to the Mother of God opens infallibly the flood-gates of God’s most precious blessings.

We may conveniently begin our story with the arrival of the monks in the second half of the tenth century. History records that a certain pious Count Lambert of Chalon, with his wife, Adelaide, of the illustrious line of Charlemagne, came to Paray in 973, and there, under the direction of their friend, Mayeul of Cluny, founded the celebrated Benedictine priory which gave the place its present name, Paray-le-Monial (*Paredum Monachorum*). The first document or charter which tells of the establishment of this monastery in the valley, “le val d’or,” states that its foundation was laid “near to a very ancient church” (*antiquissimum templum*) which was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Such designation presupposes centuries of existence. The church was situated on a hill where the town cemetery now stands, the mortuary chapel of which occupies the identical site and has been built on its ruins. It was in the very centre of the ancient district of Paray as the monks found it, and there were sufficient inhabitants to form a straggling village, which after 990 enjoyed the unique privilege of being exempt from payment of the royal taxes, the first instance of a community being so freed, as the generous movement of emancipation did not begin in France till the following century.

On settling down at Paray these Cluniac monks, maintaining the good old tradition of the locality, proclaimed at once the royal sov-

ereignty of Mary, and little by little the peasant folk of old Paray drew nigh to the priory, only too happy, as they expressed it, "to live beneath the Cross." Naturally they brought with them the time-honored devotion to the Queen of Heaven, whose praises were ever on their lips, whose image was graven on their hearts, and each succeeding chapter in the history of Paray-le-Monial is marked by the erection of some monument or sanctuary in Mary's honor.

First came a small building—a sort of chapel-of-ease, put up at the foot of the hill and placed under the patronage of Our Lady. Only a portion of this structure is to be seen to-day, but sufficient with the "rue Notre Dame," which still retains its name, to link us up after nearly a thousand years with that same ancient devotion to the Blessed Mother of God; and when in due course the monks built their majestic basilica—a replica though on smaller lines of St. Peter's at Cluny—they took care to honor the cherished feelings of the people by dedicating it to "the glorious Virgin Mary," a striking feature in the building being a large painting which was executed on the vaulted ceiling, representing the "Coronation," while another displayed with all the grace of pictorial art her queenly dignity in heaven and maternal solicitude for her clients here on earth.

When this little chapel became too small for its purpose, a new one was built on much larger lines about the year 1504, with St. Nicolas-de-Myre as its patron, a change due to the fact that the relics of this saint had just then been brought to Paray. The high altar, however, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, so as to preserve continuity with the "title" of the original chapel, to which the inhabitants had become particularly attached, and a very ancient society or college of priests at Paray, known as the "Mépart de Notre Dame," seems to have had the special custodianship of this altar. It was in this church that in after years the glories of Mary were extolled by Père de la Colombière.

Several other evidences of devotion to the Mother of God are to be found still in Paray-le-Monial. For instance, quite near the old church just mentioned is a handsome and unique Renaissance structure which to-day serves as the Hotel de Ville. The façade is rich in statuary and medallions of persons of note in the history of France. Prominent in the centre of these is a statue carved in stone of the Mother of God. Its beauty was not destined to remain intact through the iconoclastic period of the Revolution, and to the beholder of to-day it is little more than a mutilated fragment; but fortunately the Eucharistic Museum close by has preserved a pre-Revolution model of the original front, from which it is clear that the idea of the architect—acting no doubt on behalf of his patron—

was to represent Mary as the Queen of heaven and of earth too, for she is enthroned in much splendor and the entourage of her court is a brilliant assemblage of kings and queens and the great ones of earth.

Not far from this now historic building there is a quaint old Gothic niche in the corner of the street where the Madonna is represented as the New Eve. This image is crowned with a royal diadem, and the Infant, quite unclad, is receiving from His Mother the fatal fruit of the Garden of Eden. The symbolism of this portraiture is well understood, for Christ as the second Adam and Mary as the second Eve is a subject the fathers seemed to take a special delight in. This question will have to come up again when dealing with the antiquity of the statue of Notre Dame at Romay; so here one need only point out the fact that the Paredians had been well instructed in the office of the Redeemer and the place of His Blessed Mother in the work of Redemption. The unclad figure of the new Adam was a constant reminder of the utter destitution of the human race as a result of the defection of the first Adam; the first Eve had handed to the first Adam the "pomus noxialis," the death-dealing fruit of the forbidden tree; Mary, on the contrary, has brought into the world and presented to us the life-giving Bread of immortality; wherefore a queenly diadem decks her brow, and in company with her Son she rules over all. Never during the darkest days, whether of war, or famine, or pestilence, or heresy, did the sun set upon the devotion of the pious folk of Paray to the Mother of God; and their reward has been great. Paray has been blessed indeed. The sons of St. Ignatius—nominally the Company of Jesus, but in reality also most fervent exponents of the love of His Sacred Mother—found their way under Providence to this hallowed locality, though the great work which God had in store for them in regard to devotion to the Sacred Heart was as yet in the womb of the future; shortly afterwards another great blessing accrued to the town in the arrival of the "Daughters" of St. Francis of Sales; while yet another grace was added in the same generation when the Ursuline nuns also brought to Paray the rich glow of their radiant sanctity. Of their devotion to the Mother of God nothing need be said except perhaps that they, too, fell into line with the old tradition of dedicating their chapels to Mary—the "Visitandines" under the title of the Visitation, the Ursulines under that of the Assumption. Here the "Little Office" of Our Lady blended with the "Marian" harmonies of bygone centuries, the river of song widened out as it neared the ocean, unseen as yet. But the fullness of time was come; God was

satisfied with the preparations that had been going on for centuries; the aurora must needs melt into day; and surely how else should we regard the unbroken tradition of devotion to Mary in this particular spot but as the aurora which preceded the day of "devotion to the Sacred Heart?"

We have mentioned in passing the celebrated statue known as "Notre Dame de Romay," and we have deferred the consideration of this item of quite unusual interest partly because it is not really in Paray-le-Monial, and partly because it takes us back to a period in the history of the town anterior to the arrival of the monks when we have to deal with theories and probabilities as well as bona fide historical records. Nevertheless, we find much that will rejoice the hearts of Mary's devout clients.

Romay is a picturesque little hamlet not more than half an hour's walk from the town of Paray. The road leads down a magnificent avenue with a double row of gigantic plane trees, said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. At the end of a somewhat narrow road which leads off the avenue is a cluster of trees and a few straggling homesteads, in the centre of which is a simple wayside chapel with no pretensions to architectural beauty; and close by it is a fountain, a kind of holy-well, the waters of which are reputed to have wonderful curative efficacy. Few chapters in the history of devotion to the Mother of God record such a wealth of interesting detail as is enshrined within the four walls of that humble little chapel. How it came to be there at all is most curious, and owing to its antiquity we may expect to find a certain amount of legend mixed up with the story, though the main facts are clear.

We have already seen how in 973 a colony of Benedictine monks from Cluny came into the district. Whence were they to obtain the stone for their church and priory? Legend has it that "a couple of blind oxen were yoked together and let wander at will; that immediately they went in an almost direct line to the solitary valley in which the village of Romay is now situate; that the first strokes of the pick revealed a considerable quantity of lime and stone hitherto unknown to the inhabitants, and thus did God show His approval of the holy project. The work of building was then immediately begun. A deep-rooted tradition in the locality maintains further that: "In course of quarrying at this newly found spot the workmen dug up an ancient statue of the Madonna which had been hidden there and lost sight of for centuries." In face of this wonderful and unexpected discovery, which as we shall see has much in its favor besides the tradition, it is not unnatural to

suppose that partly as a votive offering and partly for the workmen's use the good monks would have built a chapel in honor of Our Lady, and this little chapel of Romany seems to have been the one; internal evidence as well as tradition both point that way. Interest, however, centres rather in the statue, for whatever be thought of the alleged circumstances of its finding, it is undoubtedly one of the oldest statues of Our Lady in existence. A great deal of time and trouble have been spent in getting the very best expert opinion as to the approximate age of this venerable image. Some put it in the tenth century, coinciding therefore with the time of the foundation of the monastery at Paray. Others will have it to be of a much earlier date than this. They connect it with the period anterior to the monks, when there existed the "*Antiquissimum templum*" dedicated to Mary, of which we have already made mention, and certainly the antiquarians who hold this view make out an exceptionally good case. In the first place, they make it clear that the statue is not an importation, as the stone of which it is made is the same as that found in the neighborhood, and they call attention to the following important points from which almost certain conclusions may be legitimately drawn:

The Blessed Virgin is represented carrying the Divine Infant on the *right* arm, which is regarded as an artistic anomaly. He holds in His two hands a well-carved apple, reminiscent of the Garden of Eden. Mary is surrounded by the attributes of royalty, and is clad in full coronation robes; the borders of her long-flowing mantle are decorated with Asiatic ornamentations. On her brow is the imperial diadem with the fleur-de-lis worked in, such as has been found in old Celtic monuments of which authentic fac-similes exist. The Child, by way of contrast, is clothed in the simplest robes, and there is practically nothing in the way of ornamentation on the head. On the pedestal of the statue can still be seen two initial capital letters of the Greek alphabet separated by a carved torch, and experts say that these letters are cut in the stone in a way which is exclusively characteristic of Greek and Roman inscriptions and never found so cut in monuments which belong to either the Romanesque or Gothic periods. The two letters are phi and beta. The carefully studied opinion of the most learned members of the Archæological Society of Arles and of the director of the Egyptian Museum at Alexandria, to whom the whole question was submitted, is as follows: They confidently state that we have here "a very original work bearing characteristics which belong both to East and West, and that the date must be *between the second and fourth centuries.*"

In confirmation of this view it is relevant to remark that precisely at that epoch in this part of the country Christian art extensively employed Greek capitals for inscriptions. One famous instance of such inscription, dating back to the end of the second century, was discovered a short time ago at Autun by Cardinal Pitra, and it mentions the mystery of the Holy Eucharist and—shall we say prophetically—even the Heart of Jesus.

Yet further considerations go far to justify these confident conclusions of antiquarian and archæologist. At the very early period to which they agree in dating back the statue St. Irenæus was Bishop of Lyons, and this part of the country was therefore in his diocese. He came from Asia Minor and had seen and heard St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, a disciple of St. John the Evangelist; so he may be regarded as belonging almost to the apostolic age. He is one of the earliest fathers to work out the idea of Mary as the second Eve. "If the whole human race," he writes in his erudite work, "*Adversus haereses*," "was lost through Eve while yet a virgin, to-day we see it saved through another Virgin,"<sup>1</sup> and whereas death was our heritage from the first Adam, "it is the body and blood of Jesus Christ which confers upon us the gift of eternal life."<sup>2</sup> Here, then, we have practically the subject-matter of this image. But more than this. The writings of this great missionary-Bishop—the originals of which were of course in Greek—bear copious testimony to the thoroughness with which he must have studied the Gospels, and especially that of St. John. Christ as the "Life" and the "Light" was the theme running through much of his work, against heretics who had strangely perverted ideas on the mystery of life, and St. Irenæus meets them by unfolding the hidden treasures that lay under the words of the beloved disciple, "In Him was the Life and the Life was the Light of men."<sup>3</sup> In the course of his missionary labors it is only reasonable to suppose that the saint would endeavor to leave the impress of his own mind on the minds of his flock. They would assimilate his ideas, his methods of thought, his illustrations, all of which would have a certain Græco-Asiatic coloring. It is this line of thought which has suggested the explanation of the inscription on the pedestal. The symbolic significance of the torch in the centre is obvious. Christ is the Light; and the Greek word for light is "phos," so that not improbably this is the meaning of the Greek capital (phi) which accompanies the torch on one side. The Palestine Explora-

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<sup>1</sup> Lib. V., c. 19.

<sup>2</sup> Lib. V., c. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Ib., c. 8.

tion Society recently discovered an old Byzantine lamp at Gezer which bore the inscription "phos Christou;" at least, that is how it was deciphered by the aid of clearer ones in the museum at Jerusalem, so the idea of the experts in making the "phi" stand for the word "phos" need not be regarded as altogether fanciful, especially when taken in conjunction with the whole composition which embodies a thought so frequently set forth in Greek patristics generally and in the writings of St. Irenæus in particular. The other Greek capital "B" is not so clear. It is suggested that it may stand for "bios," the Greek word for "life." Where Christ is spoken of as the Life, however, it is not "bios" which is used, but "zoe," so the conjecture would not appear to be a very solid one, though it has this in its favor, that the heretics against whom Irenæus wrote were always propounding heterodox views under cover of this very word "zoe," as the saint himself complained more than once.<sup>4</sup> This, however, is only a side issue. The main point that stands out clearly enough is that this Madonna is, if one might venture the figure, a piece of theology in stone; that the ideas it embodies were prevalent in the East at a very early period and that this district was evangelized by one who not only came from the East, but who shows by his writings that his ideas coincided exactly with those set forth in the statue.

Reference has been made also to the fact that this "group of Romay," as it is sometimes called, bears Western characteristics of a very early date. These are interesting, too, as showing indirectly the type of religion that Christianity had to supplant in these parts. Druidism was still flourishing at the period we are contemplating, and especially does this apply to the southern portion of Gaul. At Dijon, at Autun and at Chartres a most curious and apparently recognized formula has been found, "*Virgini pariturae Druides*," and there can be no doubt that in pre-Christian times the ancient prophecy of "the Virgin that should conceive" had secured a fixed place in Druidic lore, though the sense of the prophecy had become obscured. It was not a difficult task to graft the doctrine of the *Virgin-Mother* on an existing idea so much akin to it, and so to prepare the way for the further progress of Christianity; but even when the conquest of Druidism was complete it does not follow that all the old manners and customs, tastes and ideas would automatically vanish. There would be a rigid weeding out of all that was idolatrous or obnoxious, but at the same time a tactful and judicious retention of all that was good. It is on this principle that we find pre-Christian Celtic ornamentation on this

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<sup>4</sup> Op. cit., "Proem," and Lib. I., c. 15.

Christian image, a fact which serves to justify the hypothesis attributing such an early date to it. For an image to portray Oriental characteristics would not of itself be proof of ancient origin; but one gets very near to certainty when such early Celtic traits are found to be introduced into the same composition. The possibility, of course, remains that this particular statue may be only a copy of an earlier one, reproduced maybe by the monks in memory of the devotion of the people of bygone days. But this would in no way militate against our main contention, that from the earliest times Paray-le-Monial was blessed with the knowledge of and devotion towards the Mother of God. The "Antiquissimum Templum" was there long before the monks; Mary's image, therefore, must have been in evidence, considering that this ancient church was dedicated to her; the first Bishop of the diocese was St. Pothinus, sent to Gaul by St. Polycarp as early as the middle of the second century; following him immediately comes St. Irenæus, with his outpourings of eloquence in praise of the Second Eve—Irenæus who had listened with rapt attention to the aged Prophet of Patmos, and who has been styled by St. Jerome and St. Epiphanius "the true register of the Apostles' actions."<sup>5</sup>

The arguments advanced by the savants in favor of the sub-apostolic antiquity of the Madonna "Notre Dame de Romay" may or may not prove their hypothesis, but the historic fact stands out with fascinating brilliance. The long years which preceded the promulgation of devotion to the Sacred Heart from Paray-le-Monial were marked with an unbroken continuity of devotion to her who first knew the beatings of the Sacred Heart. More than this, the "Beloved Apostle" who at the Last Supper laid his head upon his Master's breast, who had the divinely given custody of the sorrowing Mother, who told us of the lance that opened the Saviour's side, had himself unfolded to the first Christian missionaries at Paray the secrets of the light and love that radiate from the Sacred Heart of the "Word made Flesh." Thus is Paray-le-Monial in a most remarkable way linked up with Calvary. Providence orders all things sweetly; some of its ordinances are deeply mysterious, others not altogether unfathomable; but whatever may have been its gracious designs in regard to this "Oppidum Deo gratissimum," as it was called by the illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII., Paray-le-Monial will stand for ever before the world as a Garden of Paradise which heralds forth the twin glory of the Second Adam and the Second Eve.

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<sup>5</sup> Ep. Haer., c. 24; Ter. in cap., 36, Ezech.

THE WORKS OF FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

NOVELS are written by various people with varied intentions. There is the man who seeks to present and solve the complex problems of our life. There is the man who seeks to depict the actualities of a humdrum existence in a vivid and sometimes startling realism. There is the man who takes as his subject some princess from far off enchanted isles and dreams away the hours in unrealities. And, lastly, there is the man who aims at entertainment by finding the glamor of romance in the corners of modern and ancient experience.

According to Francis Marion Crawford's own definition, the novel is a marketable commodity of the class termed intellectual artistic luxuries. Its chief purpose is to amuse and interest. By amusing and interesting it becomes a marketable commodity. Nor does our author have much patience with the reformer who uses fiction as his means. "Does any artist," he says, "think of any admonishing or revolutionary effect of his work when he is painting, or a sculptor when modeling? . . . I could not write at all if I did not delight in such employment." He has no use for the writers who take themselves too seriously and involve their works in a bourgeois morality. It were far better to think of enjoyment for himself and for his readers, the result being a lightness of touch, a diverting tendency to digress into little philosophic whimsicalities. Then he goes on to say: "It is good to make people laugh; it is sometimes salutary to make them shed tears; it is best of all to make our readers think—not too serious thoughts, nor such as to require an intimate knowledge of science and philosophy to be called thoughts at all—but to think, and, thinking, to see before them characters whom they might really like to resemble, acting in scenes in which they themselves would like to take part." Thus it happens that we have in his works neither problems nor types, but on almost every page the traces of romance and evidences of a varied personality. Reading down the long list of his books we gain a view of life that enjoys itself and takes delight in little things and value in the big things.

In order to accomplish such results it is necessary for an author to have a wide experience, to be versatile in an active way as well as in judgment of character. So we find that this American novelist, Francis Marion Crawford (1854-1909), born at Bagin di Lucca, in Italy, son of Thomas Crawford, sculptor, who did the statue of "Liberty" on the Capitol at Washington, and nephew of Julia Ward Howe—we find that he by training and experience was

fitted to be such a novelist. He studied at St. Paul's, in Concord, N. H.; at Cambridge, at Heidelberg and in Rome. In 1879 he went to India to learn Sanskrit more thoroughly, and from that year his literary career really dates. He had a special facility for languages, was thoroughly conversant with French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek. It has been reported that he re-read all of Pindar just before he died—as an intellectual exercise. And we are at once reminded of dear old Dr. Johnson, who used to amuse himself by translating verses from the Greek Anthology before breakfast, and also of the dictum of Professor Charles Brander Matthews that “to be a gentleman it is necessary at least to have forgotten your Greek.” But this matter of learning languages was especially useful to a man who wished to write of foreign persons and places. For instance, when collecting local color for “The Witch of Prague,” he learned Bohemian in eight weeks, so as to understand the people better, and learned it well.

His special versatility likewise stood him in good stead in other respects. For example, the casual reader of “Casa Braccio,” which he considered his best novel, rarely dreams that the bootmaking there described was learned by actual experience, and that while Crawford was preparing for Cambridge at Hatfield Regis he got acquainted with an old shoemaker and made a pair, just to learn how it was done. Nor would we necessarily know, unless we were told, that our novelist became thoroughly skilled in silver chiseling before he came to describe it in “Marzio's Crucifix.” He seemed to become adept, in a Yankee fashion, at anything to which he wished to turn his hand. In other words he was an artist and did everything with interest and enthusiasm. When he wished new American plumbing put into the Villa Crawford at Sorrento, that charming place, looking across the bay at Naples towards Vesuvius, he did the work himself with the aid of unskilled Italian laborers. Again, when he wanted a sail-boat and found what he wanted in an old New York pilot boat of forty tons, he studied seamanship, took the requisite examinations, received a master's certificate and sailed the Alda himself from one side of the Atlantic to the other. Another interesting incident concerns the Alda. The crew came on board fighting drunk, one time in the Azores, and the mate and Crawford, who had been the best boxer at Cambridge, together beat them into obedience. And thus he went about in intimate contact with the world gathering experience for the profession which he did not yet know was to be his.

Like Edward Eggleston and Bret Harte and E. P. Roe, Marion Crawford owed his introduction into the profession of authorship

to the element of chance. Like many others, he did not start on the road from the beginning and deliberately. His uncle caused the change. In 1879, while in India, Crawford was in difficult straits, was even on the point of enlisting as a trooper in an English cavalry regiment when a place was offered him on the Allahabad *Indian Herald*. There he sat in a sub-editor's chair, amid the scorching heat of an Indian sun, and gathered the material which went to make up "Mr. Isaacs." Returning disheartened and discouraged, he was asked by his uncle why he did not write up his adventures in the East. "Mr. Isaacs" was the result. It struck the world in 1882, before the vogue of Kipling, and swept lightly across the fantasies of theosophy, bringing him fame and popularity at home and abroad. A long line of successful novels—of which only one, "Khaled," returned to Oriental scenes—followed afterwards and led his readers over a large variety of scenes and themes. He displayed such a versatility and a rich cosmopolitanism that seemed to preclude the possibility of ever writing himself out.

Versatility was at once as apparent in his literary work as it has been seen to have been in his active life. We have already mentioned "The Witch of Prague" and "Khaled" and "Mr. Isaacs." He could deal with the viewpoint of a young American in "The Three Fates," with Bar Harbor life in "Love in Idleness," with New Yorkers in "Marion Darche," with Parisian operatic life in "Fair Margaret"—which may be interesting compared with Monsignor Benson's "Loneliness?"—with Biblical times in "Via Crucis," which we all know, with modern Rome in "Cecilia," with Constantinople in the age of the Paleologi in "Arethusa," with Madrid when in his book, "In the Palace of the King," he tells what happened in the old Alcazar during one exciting single night, with the Senators of sixteenth century Venice in "Stradella," with the Murano glass-makers and the famous Council of Ten in "Marietta," with modern Italy again in "The White Sister," the wild melodrama of an army officer and a novitiate with Thibet in "Diva's Ruby," and with the mystery and the ideals of present day life in "The Little City of Hope." And then Munich is made the scene of "A Cigarette Maker's Romance." It makes little difference what the scene or who the people, Crawford finds romance in all places and—with all his fondness for melodramatic speed and thirty-six hour action—he is able to find the romance which lurks around every corner or which springs from every heart. He introduces "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" as follows:

"The inner room of a tobacconist's shop is not perhaps the spot which a writer of fiction would naturally choose as the theatre of

his play, nor does the inventor of pleasant romances, of stirring incident, or moving love-tales feel himself inclined to turn to Munich as to the city of his dreams. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that, if the choice of a stage for our performance were offered to the most contented among us, we should be satisfied to speak our parts and go through our actor's business upon the boards of this world. Some would prefer to take their properties, their players' crowns and robes, their aspiring expressions and their finely expressed aspirations before the audience of a larger planet; others, perhaps the majority, would choose, with more humility as well as with more common sense, the shadowy scenery, the softer footlights and the less exigent public of a modest asteroid, beyond the reach of our earthly haste, of our noisy and unclean highroads to honor, of our furious chariot races round the goals of fame, and especially beyond the reach of competition."

Thus in all these books Marion Crawford has succeeded in producing a marketable commodity because he has amused and interested people with a knowledge and a feeling for the things people would like to do, for the people they could imagine themselves to be. Whether it be breaking into a prison to release a king or rolling cigarettes in Munich with a quondam Russian prince, defying the Emperor Charles or worrying over financial obligations in New York—into all these situations his readers have been able to throw themselves and live and think the thoughts of the characters which he has represented, be they simple or great.

Yet it sometimes seems as if all this talk about the versatility, the cosmopolitanism and the varied subject-matter of Marion Crawford were somewhat out of place, for his reputation coincides with his declared intention, which, for convenience, we take from the preface to "*Saracinesca*": "My business is with Rome and not with Europe at large." Essentially Crawford is known for his use of Rome as a background both serious and frivolous in character, Rome where gossip is luxury to youth and a necessity to age, where varying degrees of peace and war have reigned in turn, where liberalism has fought with conservatism in politics and society and in armed combat. It is a background which has proved attractive to Hawthorne, Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. In the first of the "*Saracinesca*" stories he begins in such a way as to give an introduction not only to these novels, but a very large portion of his other works:

"In the year 1865 Rome was still, in a great measure, its old self. It had not then acquired that modern air which is now beginning to pervade it. The *Corso* had not been widened and white-washed; the Villa Aldobrandini had not been cut through to make

the Via Nazionale; the south wing of the Palazzo Colonna still looked upon a narrow lane through which men hesitated to pass after dark; the Tiber's course had not then been corrected below the Farnesina; the Farnesina itself was but just under repair; the iron bridge at the Ripetta was not dreamed of, and the Prati di Castello were still, as their name implies, a series of waste meadows. At the southern extremity of the city the space between the fountain of Moses and the newly erected railway station, running past the Baths of Diocletian, was still an exercising ground for the French cavalry. Even the people in the streets then presented an appearance very different from that which is now observed by the visitors and foreigners who come to Rome in the winter. French dragoons and hussars, French infantry and French officers were everywhere to be seen in great numbers, mingled with a goodly sprinkling of the Papal Zouaves, whose gray Turco uniforms with bright red facings, red sashes and short yellow gaiters gave color to any crowd. A fine corps of men they were, too, counting hundreds of gentlemen in France and Austria. In those days also were to be seen the great coaches of the Cardinals, with their gorgeous footmen and magnificent black horses, the huge red umbrellas lying upon the top, while from the open windows the stately princes of the Church from time to time returned the salutations of the pedestrians in the street. And often in the afternoon there was heard the tramp of horses as a detachment of the noble guards trotted down the Corso on their great chargers, escorting the Holy Father himself, while all who met him dropped on one knee and uncovered their heads to receive the benediction of the mild-eyed old man with the beautiful features, the head of Church and State. Many a time, too, Pius IX. would descend from his coach and walk upon the Pincio, all clothed in white, stopping sometimes to talk with those who accompanied him, or to lay his gentle hand on the fair curls of some little English child that paused from its play in awe and admiration as the Pope went by. . . ."

It was not the dress of the period which gave to the streets of Rome their distinctive features. It would be hard to say, now that so much is changed, wherein the peculiar charm of the oldtime city consisted; but it was there, nevertheless, and made itself felt so distinctly beyond the charm of any other place. that the very fascination of Rome was proverbial. Perhaps no spot in Europe has ever possessed such an attractive individuality. In those days there were many foreigners, too, as there are to-day, both residents and visitors; but they seemed to belong to a different class of humanity. They seemed less inharmonious to their surroundings

then than now, less offensive to the general air of antiquity. Probably they were more in earnest; they came to Rome with the intention of liking the place rather than of abusing the cookery in the hotels. They came with a certain knowledge of the history, the literature and the manners of the ancients, derived from an education which in those days taught more through the classics and less through handy text books and shallow treatises concerning the Renaissance. They came with preconceived notions which were often strongly dashed with old-fashioned prejudice, but which did not lack originality; they come now with no genuine beliefs, but covered with exceeding thick varnish. Old gentlemen then visited the sights in the morning, and quoted Horace to each other, and in the evening endeavored by associating with Romans to understand something of Rome; young gentlemen now spend one or two mornings in finding fault with the architecture of Bramante, and "in the evening," like David's enemies, "they grin like a dog and run about the city;" young women were content to find much beauty in the galleries and in the museums, and were simple enough to admire what they liked; young ladies of the present day can find nothing to admire except their own perspicacity in detecting faults in Raphael's drawing or Michael Angelo's coloring.

In such an appreciative and keenly analytical vein does Marion Crawford go at his work, quietly dropping little epigrams or indulging in little philosophical disquisitions somewhat after the manner of Thackeray. But he never fails to put a proper value on things worth while. His estimate of the man for whom Cardinal Antonelli stands is succinct and just, "the most capable and the most hated man in Europe, who never replies to accusations or to slander." He depicts in the midst of flippant repartee the really earnest and sincere soul of the French painter Gouache, who ceased to argue as soon as he came to certain convictions and who simply obeyed an impulse to go into a zouave recruiting office and write down his name. He sensed the thoroughbred aristocrat in Jacopo Contarini, with blood and training behind him, who in the fire of his blood and the richness of his garments stood forth like a young god, an incarnation of the magnificent city of Venice, "a century before the rest of all Italy in luxury, in extravagance, in the art of wasteful trifling with great things which is a rich man's way of loving art itself." In many of his books Crawford has shown the spirit of the artisan who delights in his work, be it chiseling marble, making boots, rolling cigarettes, or dashing color on a canvas. But better depicted, probably, than any, is the love of Forzi, the worker of Murano, for glass of which he could make light things

in good design, colored air and gossamer, and silk and lace. He was only a simple artisan; he could be moved to say in words what all true artisans must feel: "It is all I know, it is my art, I live in it, I feel in it, I dream in it. To my thoughts and eyes and hands it is what the love of a fair woman is to the heart. While I can work and shape the things I see when I close my eyes, the sun does not move, the day has no time, winter no clouds and summer no heat. When I am hindered I am in exile and in prison and alone."

But mere appreciation never makes a good writer, else the writing would result in mere enthusiastic verbiage. It is insight which counts, and insight not only into the character and the point of view of a man, but also into the psychological reactions, into the shortcomings of human actions. In this way we can find and evaluate the real skill of our cosmopolitan novelist. For this purpose we shall select three significant passages out of many that might be found, and the three shall be selected from two of Crawford's most successful books, which can easily be looked up and further investigated if any one desires.

First, we find in "Saracinesca" a remarkable scene in which Corona Astrardente, a young woman in love, and Padre Filippo, a monk, discuss Corona's affection for a very earnest and a very resolute young man. For many reasons a mutual attachment openly declared would be undesirable, and it is the function of the monk, acting as spiritual adviser, to check Corona's growing passion. He quickly divined, though he could never know the name of the man, exactly how things stood; he knew as she did not know, that she was coming to him, not as formerly for religious counsel, but with a craving for human sympathy. He understood her, out of his long experience with people in grief and anguish, as she did not understand herself. He saw that it was her pride that had brought her to him rather than to an intimate friend. And so, with an astuteness that might seem remarkable to those who do not understand the training gained from hearing thousands of confessions, he used the unexpected weapon he found in his hands and used his knowledge that of all things a good woman hates to know that where she has placed her heart there is no response. Her strong character responded to his touch, as he had expected; she resolved never to reveal her love; her tears ceased to flow, and her scorn rose haughtily against herself. And in this little scene Marion Crawford showed himself a master at interpreting the essentials of character development—or perhaps we should say, of character betrayal.

To turn next to the novel, "In the Palace of the King," we discover the subtlest use of Inez, the blind sister of Maria Dolores de Mendoza. Not the king, nor Don Polen, nor old Mendoza himself—none of these is so effectively and so convincingly handled in action. It is easy to characterize a person, but it is difficult to make that person actually fulfill and justify the character. Marion Crawford shows such a subtle use of the qualities of a person in this blind girl. He makes her, in a great emergency, utilize the remarkable sense of touch with which lack of eyesight has endowed her to dress her sister and fix her sister's hair in the dark, when Maria Dolores, who dared not strike a light, could not have done these things properly herself. Darkness meant nothing to Inez, and Marion Crawford was quick to realize the fact. He was also quick to realize that light meant nothing either, for he has her when suddenly surprised in the corridor of the Alcazar, hide from the person whose approaching footsteps her quick ear hears and pathetically and blindly—in all the meaning of that word—hide in a niche which is flooded with moonlight. This is quick perception of the capabilities and of the limitations which surround the character he has introduced.

The third illustration will be set forth in the form of an excerpt quoted from the same novel, "In the Palace of the King." It is a fine analysis of Don John of Austria and what the warrior stood for of whom a Pope is supposed to have remarked: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John."

"The man she loved was Don John of Austria, the son of the great dead Emperor Charles the Fifth, the uncle of dead Don Carlos and the half brother of King Philip of Spain—the man who won glory by land and sea, who won back Granada a second time from the Moors, as bravely as his great-grandfather Ferdinand had won it, but less cruelly; who won Lepanto, his brother's hatred and a death by poison, the foulest stain in Spanish history. . . ."

The young prince's loyalty was simple, unaffected and without exaggeration. He never drew his sword and kissed the blade, and swore by the Blessed Virgin to give his last drop of blood for his sovereign and his country. He never made vows to accomplish ends that looked impossible. But when the charge sounded he pressed his steel cap a little lower upon his brow and settled himself in the saddle without any words and rode at death like the devil incarnate; and then men followed him, and the impossible was done and that was all. Or he could wait and watch and manœuvre for weeks, until he had his foe in his hand, with a patience that would

have failed his officers and his men had they not seen him always ready and cheerful and fully sure that although he might fail twenty times to drive the foe into the pen, he should most certainly succeed in the end—as he always did.”

Such is the skill of the writer. His work was varied and cosmopolitan. He pictured Rome and he pictured the world; he pictured people and he pictured persons. The chief business of a novelist, according to his own definition, is to amuse and interest; and throughout his long career as a writer of fiction, this born story teller amused and interested the people of England and America. Versatile in his tastes, versatile in his abilities, romantic in his character, romantic in his picturesque art, he knew and represented life in facets of many colors. He was cosmopolitan. In quality he was now up, now down, in skill. Some of his work is good; some is very good, and no man can say until it has endured the trial of changing tastes and changing generations whether any or all of it has that universality of appeal which is the guarantee of greatness. He had a deftness in portraiture, a scenic gift for the essentials of a dramatic setting, and a pen that pierced to the heart of human nature in a few vigorous strokes. We may well imagine one of his readers thinking of him in the same phrases in which *Corona Astrardente* expresses her estimate of Don Giovanni Sarcinesca:

“He never used the old worn subjects that the others harped on. She would not have found it easy to say what he talked about, for he talked indifferently about many subjects. She reflected that he was not so brilliant as many men she knew, only that she preferred his face above all faces and his voice beyond all voices.”

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

## Book Reviews

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HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN NORTH AMERICA, COLONIAL AND FEDERAL. By *Thomas Hughes*, of the same Society. Text, Vol. 2. From 1645 till 1773. Pp. xxv.—734, with Maps. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This volume of Jesuit history covers more than a century of missionary activity in North America. It extends from the time of Cromwellian disturbances in the middle of the seventeenth century to the period of the American Revolution in the eighteenth century. At this latter date, French Canada had come under British rule; the Society of Jesus was temporarily suppressed, and revolution severed the English colonies from Great Britain.

In the growing settlements which were destined to become the United States of America, the history of Jesuits was that of the nascent Catholic Church. No other body of Catholic clergy, secular or regular, appeared on the ground till more than a decade of years had passed after the American Revolution. The field of missionary labor during colonial times comprised Maryland, Virginia, New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The operation of many cramping agencies, which were at work to stop the growth of Popery and to restrain Jesuits, imparted to this story of religious development a form peculiar to the colonies. It was not that of a missionary body founding institutions, expanding them, and enjoying the breath of popular sympathy or the favor which Government showed to certain religious societies. The conditions of existence for Catholic missionaries were those of being scarcely able to obtain a footing, or of being suffered to breathe.

One word of those times, "anti-Popery," conveyed the limitations of the Catholic Church in the British colonies. It designated a permanent fact in being and a policy in action which appear throughout this volume in the words of the people who acted and who left their deeds on record. The force of anti-Popery lay in causes of too deep a significance, and was executed by means of laws too many, too universal and fundamental to admit of any such superficial explanation as that the anti-Catholic sentiment was a thing casual, local or a mere access of transient emotion. The steady sequence and manifold connections of law, public policy and public sentiment, stand out clearly in the body of documents. And since all available aids have been now pressed into service, we rest under the assurance that no further research will add any material circumstance, in the near, middle or remote distance of the picture, to change the expression and significance of the scenes. To the relative documents, critically gauged, the whole narrative has been vigor-

ously attacked; for, unhampered by likes and dislikes, and acknowledging no obligations of human respect for persons and traditions, sober records are not unworthy of having history indented to them.

This is history. Father Hughes brings to the work learning, zeal, enthusiasm, fearlessness, knowledge of sources and their relative values, tirelessness. The result is a work that has a great permanent value that can hardly be exaggerated. It is the story of a great band of missionaries extending over an important period in the history of North America; it is the history of the growth and development of the Church in this country during that period; it is the record of the contest between the true Church of Christ and her enemies which he foretold and which is one of her credentials as it was one of his.

In part it is not a pleasant story for some persons, and they would rather it were not told truthfully. But, as they have already told it from time to time untruthfully and continue to do so, the learned author rightly concluded that it should be told fully and rightly.

Already two volumes of Documents have appeared and one volume of Text. A third volume of Text is in preparation. Father Hughes has been savagely attacked when the former volumes appeared, but in the most complimentary manner, though not intended in that way. Not a word was said against the documents themselves which he brought out, but ever so much against the man who brought them out and against the manner—incisive or decisive—in which he applied them, without regard to consequences. Of course, the effect of these attacks has been exactly the opposite to the one intended. His answer to his critics is couched in the following words: "Since we do in this volume the very same thing as before, citing chapter and verse for everything, we should, indeed, prefer that if the reaction sets in anew, it were directed against the chapter and verse of the documents which happen to offend."

All true students will wait anxiously for the final volume of a history which covers the subject so completely and finally as to make it a court of last resort.

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THE WORK OF ST. OPTATUS, BISHOP OF MILEVIS, AGAINST THE DONATISTS. Translated into English with Notes Critical, Explanatory, Theological and Historical. By Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, B. A., Balliol College, Oxford, Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. 8vo., pp. xxxv., 438, with Index. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

In Butler's "Lives of the Saints" we read:

"This father (St. Optatus, Bishop of Milevis) was an African, and an illustrious champion of the Church of Christ in the fourth age. He was educated an idolator, and St. Austin names him with

St. Cyprian and St. Hilary. among those who had passed from the dark shades of paganism to the light of faith and carried into the Church the spoils of Egypt, that is, human science and eloquence. In another place he styles him a prelate of venerable memory, who was by his virtue an ornament to the Catholic Church. St. Fulgentius honors him with the title of saint and places him in the same rank with St. Austin and St. Ambrose. He was Bishop of Milevis, in Numidia, and the first Catholic prelate who undertook by writing to stem the tide of the Donatist schism in Africa. Parmenian, the third Bishop of that sect at Carthage, wrote five books in defense of his party, in which he declaimed in general against the Traditors, and proved what recoiled upon himself, that there can be but one one church and one baptism. Against this Goliath, St. Optatus stepped forth, stripped him of the armor in which he trusted, and turned all his artillery against himself. This he did in his six books against Parmenian, to which, several years after, in the time of Pope St. Siricius, about the year 385, he added a seventh. In this work we admire the elegance and loftiness of the style, every page animated and ornamented with bold and noble figures and remarkable for a sententious energy and conciseness which distinguishes the best African writers from all others."

In view of this eulogy, it is hard to believe that St. Optatus is perhaps the least known of all the Fathers of the Church. This treatise against the Donatists, which was written about 370-375. the one work which he has left to posterity, was translated into French in 1561. Probably, with this exception, it has never appeared in any language other than Latin, and certainly it has never been rendered into English.

Until recently St. Optatus could hardly have been found, even in the original Latin, anywhere but in the original Latin published at Antwerp in 1702 and subsequently incorporated by Migne. It is hardly too much to say that the very name of Optatus is barely known to many students of theology and ecclesiastical history. He cannot be ignored with safety, for he has bequeathed to the Church material of no small value, both to the theologian and the ecclesiastical historian.

The work of St. Optatus is, therefore, of consequence not only from the point of view of history—he is *the* historian of Donatism in its origins, but also from that of doctrine—of conceptions and ideas. It derives special importance from the fact that here we find the first sustained argument from the Catholic side not merely against heresy (false doctrine), but also against schism (separation from the Church). The argument against heresy is necessarily specialized and multiform; the argument against schism is very

simple and admits of no substantial variation in its presentment. Consequently it never ceases to be of deep interest to follow the reasoning that has been employed by the champions of the Catholic Church, at any period of her history, on behalf of her exclusive and peremptory claim upon the spiritual allegiance of mankind. Upon this subject Optatus is perfectly explicit. Harnack says: "In this thought (of the Church as an institution) Catholicism was first complete. . . . But Augustine was not the first to declare it; he rather received it from tradition. The first representative of the new conception known to us, and St. Augustine also knew him, was Optatus."

While it must be noted that this "conception" was never really "new" in Christendom, and that Optatus did not invent it, but received it from tradition, as those before him did, it is perfectly true to say that Optatus is the first writer known to us who sets out in detail the Catholic conception of the one true Church of Christ. The opportunity came to him only with the Donatist schism. It will always be the great merit of Optatus to have seized the opportunity, and to have availed himself of it to such an extent that Augustine had but to broaden it out and illustrate it with his matchless genius. St. Augustine had only to fill in the picture which St. Optatus had already drawn in clear outline. To the end of time the Catholic theologian, preacher or controversialist desirous of showing the true nature of the Church and the obligation (binding everywhere, always, upon all persons and under all conceivable circumstances) of living within her visible unity will find everything that he needs ready to his hand in the writings of St. Optatus.

This important work is now brought within reach of all by this faithful and clear translation. The notes are extensive and informing. Father Phillips is to be warmly congratulated on having completed his task in such a scholarly manner.

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THE HISTORY OF MOTHER SETON'S DAUGHTERS. The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio, 1809-1917. By *Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M. A.* Two Vols., 8vo., pp. xxvii.—336 and 334. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton was born September 5, 1774, and died January 4, 1821. She married in 1794, was the mother of five children, became a widow in 1803 and entered the Church in 1805. The members of her family thought they were disgraced when she became a Catholic, and they withdrew all support from her. She opened a private school in New York to support herself and her children, but it was not a success. She looked on this failure as providential afterwards, for it brought her in contact with Father

Dubourg, at whose earnest solicitation she went to Baltimore and there began what proved to be the foundation of the American Daughters of Charity and of the great Catholic school system. Her first school, opened in 1808, was successful at once. It drew pupils and teachers. After the death of her husband Mother Seton adopted a simple widow's costume and began to follow a rule of life which attracted other holy souls to her side, so that a community began to form about her without any deliberate effort on her part to organize it. Indeed nothing was farther from her purpose, because her humility forbade her to think about it, and the most that she hoped for was to be permitted to take the last place in some convent already existing. But Providence had other designs for her, and in 1809, when a wealthy man gave a sufficient sum to found a community at Emmitsburg, the little group from Baltimore took up residence there, and Mother Seton's Daughters began their community life under her direction and advanced in wisdom, age and grace before God and man, as did their Divine Master.

At this time the Bishop of Boston, afterwards Cardinal Cheverus, one of Mother Seton's spiritual directors, wrote to her: "How admirable is Divine Providence! I see already numerous choirs of virgins following you to the altar. I see your holy order diffusing itself in the different parts of the United States, spreading everywhere the good odor of Jesus Christ and teaching by their angelic lives and pious instruction how to serve God in purity and holiness. I have no doubt, my dear Sister, that He who has begun this work will bring it to perfection."

This prophecy was fulfilled, and in these two volumes we have the story of the fulfilment. It is told, as all history should be told, in simple language, but truthful, and founded principally on original documents. It is beautiful, edifying and valuable. It is not only the biography of a holy woman, but a record of current events during one of the most important periods of the history of this country, and therefore it is a very valuable contribution to history.

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CATHOLIC CHURCHMEN IN SCIENCE. Third Series. *Sketches of the Lives of Catholic Ecclesiastics Who Were Among the Great Founders in Science.* By James J. Walsh, K. C. St. G., M. D., Litt. D. Crown Octavo. Pages x.—121. Price, \$1.00 net. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

This third volume of Catholic Churchmen who became distinguished in science follows the lines of the well-known author's first and second books of the series. Like Dr. James J. Walsh's other instructive and apologetical writings, the present volume answers in a telling fashion the oft-repeated question whether there is a real opposition between Religion and Science. The Middle Ages, the

Renaissance, the eighteenth and the twentieth century are represented in this volume by short lives of churchmen who found the time to do work in science that has made their names immortal in history. In every case their church affiliations proved a help, not a hindrance, to their scientific studies, in spite of the impression to the contrary that is prevalent in many minds in our time.

Probably the most interesting chapters of the book are the two that tell the story of the magnificent research work of the Abbé Breuil and Dr. Obermaier into the modes of thought and manner of life of the earliest ancestor of man in Europe.

Another chapter which is interesting from a human point of view, but still more significant because of the light that it throws on the real relations between the Church and science, is that which discusses laboratories at the Vatican and Papal scientists.

Roger Bacon is the subject of another chapter. This Franciscan friar, who lived in one of the supreme periods in the history of humanity, was called the "wonderful teacher," *Doctor Mirabilis*.

Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, another famous scholar and scientist, who came two hundred years after Roger Bacon, has a chapter all to himself. And coming nearer to our own days we have Abbé Spallanzani, a clerical precursor of Pasteur.

These three volumes mark a very important contribution to controversial and historical literature, and they should be read by students and thinking men generally.

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THE MYTHOLOGY OF ALL RACES. In thirteen volumes. *Louis Herbert Gray, A. M., Ph. D.,* Editor. Vol. VI., Indian and Iranian; Vol. IX., Oceanic. Octavo: illustrated. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

It is gratifying to be able to state that this very pretentious work is progressing and that the publishers are living fully up to the high standard which they set in the beginning. This is worthy of note because the question may be asked by those who saw the prospectus or who are acquainted only with the first two volumes that were published. It may be said in answer that there is no diminution whatever in scholarship, in painstaking care, in letter-press and in all other details which in the beginning stamped the enterprise as exceptional.

Indian Mythology claims unique interest because of its unparalleled length of life. Its earliest record is contained in the "Rgveda," or "Hymn Veda," a series of ten books of hymns celebrating the chief Vedic gods. The rich variety of the mythology renders the task of concise exposition peculiarly difficult. For the mythology of the present day available material is enormous; there is also an abundance of ancient material. It has been neces-

sary, therefore, to circumscribe narrowly the scope of the subject by restricting the treatment to that mythology which is closely connected with religion, and which conveys to us a conception of the manner in which the Indian pictured to himself the origin of the world and life, the destiny of the universe and of the souls of men, the gods, and the evil spirits who supported or menaced his existence.

The ninth volume, which treats of Oceanic Mythology, covers a larger field, because it includes all island areas, great or small, from Easter Island to Sumatra, and from Hawaii to New Zealand. When we consider that the native peoples of these islands are almost as varied as their natural features and environment, we can easily understand the difficulty of anything like coördination. It must be remembered also that some of the islands furnish only scanty material.

In order to make clear the differences between the various portions of the area, each of the five subdivisions is considered by itself alone, and in its relation to the others, and then an attempt is made finally to sum up these results and point out their wider bearings.

The author wishes his readers to remember that at present the available material is still so imperfect that all conclusions must be accepted with reserve. Not only are there large areas from which no data whatever have been collected (and even some from which, owing either to the extinction of the population, or their greatly changed manner of life, none can be obtained), but very little, comparatively, of what has been gathered has been recorded in the language of the people themselves. Besides, a number of volumes containing material, probably of considerable value, were not to be found in the libraries of the United States, and disturbances consequent upon the European war have made it impossible to secure them. Gaps are also due to the fact that the author's insufficient knowledge of the Malay language prevented him from using some collections of tales published without translations.

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LIFE OF MOTHER PAULINE VON MALLINCKRODT, Foundress of the Sisters of Christian Charity, Daughters of the Blessed Virgin Mary of the Immaculate Conception. With an Introduction by the *Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D.*, Archbishop of Chicago. With Illustrations. 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.50. Postage, 15 cents extra. New York: Benziger Bros.

The subject of this new biography, Mother Pauline von Mallinckrodt, was one of those chosen souls whose life was radiant with the light of good works. Like the saints, whose example she imitated so successfully, she wished that her good deeds be told to no

one; but Providence had destined her for one great work which could not be hidden—the foundation of a religious community, one of those institutions which have ever been the pride and glory of the true Church.

The reading of this most excellent life will be quite as beneficial to lay people as to religious, for there are numerous interesting side lights on the affairs of Church and State, of school and fire-side, which are certain to fascinate and instruct the general reader. Catholics of every land will read the volume with intense interest, for not only does it bring home to them that "God's flowers bloom in every clime," but it emphasizes again those fundamental truths of human life concerning the priceless value of healthy surroundings, of clean social life, of the inspiring influence of a noble teacher. Few will read it without taking to heart the lesson of social service so beautifully exemplified in the life of this gifted woman—that true love is the mainspring of true and lasting beneficence.

But perhaps the greatest good of this book will be wrought in the hearts of the young. To them it will be like a seed wafted by the spirit that blows where it will. To some, indeed, it will be no more than the medium and the incentive of a noble thought or a charitable impulse, though even this is a signal grace; to others, however, it will be the germ of a new life.

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**GOD AND MYSELF: An Inquiry Into the True Religion. A Clear, Practical and Understandable Investigation with a Reasonable Conclusion.**  
By *Martin J. Scott, S. J.* 12mo., pp. 182. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

The author says: "This is a little book for those seeking a right understanding of the true religion. It is written in a simple and, it is hoped, friendly manner. It is an attempt to look at things in the ordinary common-sense way. The religion of God is for all people. It should appeal to the simple as well as to the learned. In these days even learned people are too busy to read long or learned treatises. This is short. It is not written in a theological way, but as a plain statement, which, it is hoped, will carry conviction. It takes nothing for granted. It begins with the beginning. Although it deals with the sublimest matters that can effect mankind, there is an endeavor to use the simplest language."

This quotation not only states the purpose of the book, but it also gives a fair specimen of the author's style. Throughout the volume we find the same simplicity, the same clearness, the same conciseness—so that it may be truthfully said here is the briefest, clearest, simplest, yet most complete statement of the subject which has been published. Given that every man is interested in the

subject, that every man is bound in conscience to study it, we may add here is the book to place in every man's hand.

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**LUCKY BOB.** By *Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J.* With Frontispiece. 12mo., cloth, \$1.00 retail; 80 cents net to Priests and Religious. New York: Benziger Bros.

The great charm of this delightful new book by Father Finn is in the characterization of the hero, Bob Ryan. There is a certain bigness, a jovial, wholesome atmosphere about him that will at once assure him an enthusiastic welcome in the hearts of Father Finn's readers.

Bob is veritably thrown into life. Cast off by his father on a lonely country road, with fifty dollars in his pocket, he is told that he must make his own way in the world. And he does—most efficiently. The account of his adventures while doing it makes a most absorbing and edifying tale. His acquaintances are varied, but all of them seem to fall under the spell of Bob's amazingly magnetic personality. And no wonder, for never was there such a boy. With a disposition so radiant that every one he meets likes him at once, and with an influence over animals and birds that is little short of marvelous, he has but to step into the scene and he gets the centre of the stage at once.

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**DARK ROSALEEN.** A Story of Ireland To-day. By *M. E. Francis* (Mrs. Francis Blundell). 12mo., cloth, colored jacket. Net, \$1.35. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

No novel since "My New Curate" is more deserving of consideration by thoughtful people of Irish birth and extraction than Mrs. Blundell's powerful story of the social and religious forces in Ireland to-day. "Dark Rosaleen" depicts, and most vividly, the tragic events in two households of different religious beliefs. The action and interest are splendidly sustained by characters who impress the reader with their strong convictions and virile personalities, while the construction of the story is a work of art and marks the author as a master in literary craftsmanship.

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**THE RUBY CROSS.** By *Mary Wallace.* With Three Illustrations. 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.25. (Postage, 10 cents extra.) New York: Benziger Bros.

This new novel centres around the Beresford family, at the head of which is the Honorable Luke Beresford, a stern, unbending jurist. David Beresford, his younger brother, a black sheep among the

aristocracy, who is at heart a scoundrel, has married for money, but discovering his wife to be poor, has deserted her. Anne Holloway, a relative of the judge's wife and the heroine of the story, finds this out and determines to aid the neglected wife. She discovers that the stock of the Buena Vista Copper Mine, a large block of which David's wife holds, which was thought to be worthless, has become very valuable.

From this beginning the author has constructed a powerful novel. The unscrupulous David uses every endeavor to obtain the stock certificates, but is thwarted at every turn by Anne. The struggle between the two is carried on with velvet gloves, so to speak, until David risks all on a desperate chance and brings matters to a climax. Just how things turn out we shall have to leave the reader to discover.

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IN SPITE OF ALL. By *Edith Staniforth*. With Three Illustrations. 12mo., cloth, net, \$1.25. (Postage, 10 cents extra.) New York: Benziger Bros.

When Eleanor Roche and her sister Mary came to Wharton on the squire's invitation, the hosts were scarcely prepared for the advent of a matchless beauty. But that is exactly what Eleanor was, and when she caught sight of Sir Philip Leigh she made up her mind to marry him. The fact that he was engaged to Sissy Wharton, the squire's granddaughter, did not affect her decision one particle. So the battle was on between Sissy, a pure, unselfish, lovable girl, and the heartless woman of wondrous beauty. The beauty won, as might be expected, but that, although it was enough to indicate the inconsistency of the masculine heart, was but the rising of the curtain on a drama that searched the very souls of its characters.

"In Spite of All" is a robust and vigorous story, quick with sentiment, yet tempered throughout with the leaven of a deep, practical Catholicity.

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THE REST HOUSE. By *Isabel C. Clarke*. Octavo, cloth, net, \$1.35. Postage, 10 cents extra. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This new novel of Miss Clarke's revolves around Peggy Metcalfe, the daughter of a wealthy family. Through what trials she goes, from definite opposition and attempts to "marry her off" on the part of her family, to discouragement and coldness on the part of those whom she most desires to help her, until finally she chooses what seems to her to be the pathway of poverty and privation rather than lose the pearl of great price, must be left to the reader

to discover. It is very probable that the delicate golden thread of romance which arises early in the book and finally enwraps Peggy in its folds will become evident to the reader before the heroine knows of its existence—which is another way of saying that the story is written with consummate art.

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MANNA OF THE SOUL. By *Rev. F. X. Lasance*. 384 pages. Oblong 32mo. Size,  $4\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{5}{8}$  inches.

"Manna of the Soul" was compiled by the author at the request of a number of his friends with a view to pleasing men and women, young and old, of the household of the faith, who want but a little book of prayer, a "vade mecum" that will not be cumbersome on the way to church. It is composed largely of prayers and devotions from "The Raccolta" and the liturgical books of the Church.

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AT THE FOOT OF THE SAND-HILLS. By *Rev H. S. Spalding, S. J.* With Illustrations. 12mo., cloth, \$1.00 retail; 80 cents net to Priests and Religious. New York: Benziger Bros.

This latest book from Father Spalding's pen is a wholesome and lively outdoor story for boys, in which a Chicago youngster, Walter Blakestone, goes out into the breezy prairies of Nebraska to visit Dr. Murt, a bosom friend of the family. The doctor is an enthusiastic hunter, as well as something of a natural scientist, so that Walter is treated to enough hunting to last him the rest of his life. At the same time he learns a great deal about the physical characteristics of the State.

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CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1918. 4to, \$0.25; per dozen, \$2.00. New York: Benziger Bros.

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